

THE AUSTRALIAN OVER 300,000 COPIES Sold Every Week FREE NOVEL

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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SYDNEY



He has made a million songs,
And fashioned them for you,
He has sung them in your hearing,
And your smile has been endearing;
For they have told you plainly
Just what he meant them to.

TO ROSALIND

By PHYLLIS DUNCAN-BROWN

He has sung a million songs
Around one lovely theme,
As you wandered in your garden
Near the forest slopes of Arden,
And you have smiled your answer
To his dearest dream.

WOMEN'S WEEKLY Looks Round WORLD!

Our Special Cables from Britain,
U.S.A., and Europe

Highlights of History made by Women
in the Home and in the Courts!

The Australian Women's Weekly has a world-wide cable "cover" for its news, and with special correspondents in London, New York, and Hollywood keeps Australian readers in touch with important happenings in every part of the globe.

On this page are given the highlights of this week's news from Britain, America, and the Continent—news of feminine and general interest, for the most part not elaborated by other Australian newspapers.

PRECAUTIONS to Guard World's RICHEST BABY

Kidnappers Feared in World's Sanctuary

By Cable from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our Special Correspondent in London.

Barbara Hutton Reventlow, the wealthiest girl in the world, and heir to some of the Woolworth millions, has given birth to a son at her mansion in Hyde Park Gardens under conditions of secrecy unparalleled even in the case of the birth of Royalty.

THE child is probably the wealthiest prospective heir in the world to-day, and the most extraordinary precautions were taken to ensure that members of the public were kept away from the palatial residence.

The house butler was posted at the tradesmen's entrance and a footman

guarded the front door to see that no callers were admitted. Three detectives were on duty outside the house, and workmen engaged on a new electrical installation in the home were not permitted to leave the premises.

Such elaborate precautions to prevent kidnapping have never been taken in England before, and appear unnecessary in a country where such a class of crime is unknown. It was for this reason that

the Lindbergh parents came to England as a sanctuary for their second child, after the tragedy of the first.

The boy weighed 7½ lbs. at birth, and to say that he is worth his weight in gold would be putting it mildly, as he will probably one day inherit fortunes said to exceed £10,000,000.

Six nurses are attending the Countess Reventlow, formerly Miss Barbara Hutton, and her baby son.

Later bulletins report that it was a Caesarian birth and that the mother's condition is causing great anxiety. The King's physician, Lord Horder, and other eminent surgeons are in attendance upon her.

The baby will not be christened for some weeks as the Countess is superstitious regarding early christenings.

The mansion in Hyde Park Gardens is being fitted throughout with burglar alarms and, in addition to the detectives, there are 15 male servants employed, as well as two doctors and six nurses.

MOTHER of Ten Leads Stork Race

By Cable from Our New York Correspondent.

WHAT is locally known as the "half-million-dollar stork race" is proceeding in Toronto.

An eccentric lawyer (Charles Miller) left 500,000 dollars for the woman in Toronto who gave birth to the largest number of children in the 10 years following his death.

The prize has been claimed by Mrs. Darrigo, an American, who formerly lived in New Jersey, but is now resident in Toronto.

Mrs. Darrigo is the mother of ten children, all born in the last ten years.

Dionne Quins Amass Fortune

Psychologist Now Fears "Emotional Starvation"

By cable from BARBARA BOURCHIER, Our Special Representative at Hollywood.

The total fortune of the Dionne quintuplets is now estimated to be £25,000.

As they are not yet two years of age, at the rate the fortune is increasing they will be worth £360,000 by the time they are 18.

A CONTROVERSY is now raging in Canada and America over the contention of Dr. Alfred Adler, famous American psychologist, that the "Quins" should be separated from each other to prevent emotional starvation.

The contention of Dr. Adler (one of the world's leading authorities on psycho-analysis) may have a simple explanation. Twins and triplets of the homologous or "like" type closely resemble each other, both physically and

mentally. The individuals act like the two halves or the three portions of one individual.

The Dionne quintuplets are of this type, and scientifically may be considered as one subdivided individual. If kept segregated from the other children they will miss the stimulating mental contact of individuals unlike themselves.

Their situation resembles that of the only child of the family, which modern psychologists consider productive of the nervous, introspective, dreamy type of individual in later life.



MRS. ANNA HAUPTMANN (wife of Bruno Hauptmann, sentenced to death for the murder of the Lindbergh baby), with her son Manfred, receiving the news that her husband had been granted a 30-days' reprieve. That period has since passed and Hauptmann is to die in the electric chair. —Air Mail photo.

Easier Divorce than Reno

By Cable from Our Special Representative in New York

THE city of Guayaquil in the South American state of Ecuador has taken a step which places it on the world's map. It now ranks as the easiest place in the world in which to obtain a divorce—easier than Reno.

Under the first law decree made by the new dictator, Frederico Paex, a five-minute divorce will be established, requiring eight days' residence and the presence of the petitioning husband only.

Hotels and boarding-houses are already packed with parties to divorce, awaiting their chance to appear before the new court.

SANCTIONS Affect LOURDES

By Cable from Mary St. Claire, Our Special Correspondent in London.

SANCTIONS are affecting a religious custom that has been followed since the middle of last century.

To conform to Mussolini's desire to keep Italian currency in the country and owing to what are referred to in official quarters as "prevailing conditions," sick Catholics are making pilgrimages to Santa Casa Delorotto, on the Adriatic coast, instead of to Lourdes, in France, in search of health.

It is now claimed in Italy that Santa Casa Delorotto has been the scene of miraculous cures for centuries in a cottage which, the legend states, was transported there from Nazareth.

LINDBERGH Baby MURDER

Hauptmann Trial Fair, Says Airman

By Cable from Our New York Correspondent.

The Lindberghs have informed the New Jersey authorities that they will return to the United States immediately, if necessary, to uphold the conviction of Bruno Hauptmann.

HAUPTMANN has been found guilty of the murder of the Lindbergh baby and sentenced to die in the electric chair.

Colonel Lindbergh has written to Colonel Schwarzkopf, head of the New Jersey police, saying that he and his wife had no doubt whatever as to the honesty of the prosecution.

He added: "We are ready to return at any time to defend our friends from political attacks."

Society Actress in Slander Suit

By Cable from Our New York Correspondent.

ONE hundred and fifty thousand dollars for a damaged reputation. That is the huge sum which Lucy Cotton Thomas Magraw, former actress and society leader, is claiming against her paid companion, Mrs. Raphael, for allegedly saying that the actress drank gin and beer for 24 hours of the day and was constantly drunk.

Mrs. Magraw was the star in the well-known musical comedy, "Up in Annie's Room." She is reputed to be immensely wealthy and recently bought a three-million-dollar playground at Miami Beach. She was hostess at a big dinner in honor of the birthday of President Roosevelt which cost 100 dollars a plate.

LOIS
FAR
LOVELIER



she's a wise, wily
maiden, this Lois of the petal-soft
skin! Nobody may see her without her
cherished Revelry face powder because she
has to admit in her heart, that her complexion
is really the most ordinary thing.
Praise be to Revelry that makes it look
so flawless.

Revelry

that artful, flattering Face Powder

2/6 Box — at all Chemists and Stores

Also Revelry Face Creams,
Revelry Talc and Revelry
Perfume ... echoing the same
exciting fragrance.

J. & E. ATKINSON (AUST.) LTD.



MADE IN

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



LEADER OF YOUTH

REV. DR. D. A. POLING, of New York, the world president of the Christian Endeavour movement, who has been visiting Australia, left last week for New Zealand.

From Christian Endeavour Junior ranks he graduated, thanks to his outstanding ability and enthusiasm, to the foremost position in the society.

Dr. Poling is a notable figure in the realm of international youth. For several years he has broadcast a "Youth Hour" over a network of 25 American broadcasting stations.

Dr. Poling is accompanied on tour by his wife, a convincing speaker, and Miss Helen Lyon, a trustee of the International Christian Endeavour Society.



FINE MUSICIAN.

GEORGE SAMPSON has done a great deal to further the development of music in Brisbane, for which Queenslanders should be grateful. Last year he celebrated his 37th year as organist for St. John's Cathedral, for it was in 1898 that he arrived from England to take up the position.

In 1907 Mr. Sampson founded the symphony orchestra called the Sampson Orchestra, and carried it on for many years. He now wields the baton for the State and Municipal Orchestra, which gives a number of fine performances every year.



FAMOUS COUNSEL.

SIR PATRICK HASTINGS, one of the most famous barristers in England, who is renowned for his cross-examination, is reputed to have an income of between £30,000 and £35,000 a year. Yet when he married Lady Hastings in 1906 their joint capital amounted to £20!

Sir Patrick studied for the Bar while working as a journalist in London, and was "called" in 1904. He has written three plays—"The River," "Scotch Mist," and "The Moving Finger," the last-named in a nursing home while recovering from a serious operation.

He recently bought the famous Brantridge Forest Estate in Sussex.

STEEL WALLS a Modern HOME Do MAKE!

Wonder All-Metal Dwellings Are Latest Fashion STYLISH NEW MODELS

"This season's home fashion" is likely to become as important a phrase to women as "this season's hat or frock style," with the development that is now taking place in home construction.

Pre-fabricated homes are becoming the rage. They have many advantages when one considers the importance of keeping up with the times in fashions—that bane of women's existence.

By Vivian Pynor

FACTORY-MADE, these homes can be erected on the allotment of your choice in double quick time, can be conveniently added to as the family grows, include radio, cookers, built-in furniture, and even three days' food supply. They can be discarded easily when you think it's time for a new model. It might even be possible to trade them in when the scheme gets fully under way.

In America you can, if you wish, move into your "new model" residence two weeks after signing your contract with the manufacturer, and have your friends turn green with envy at its beauty, its flexibility, its remarkable range of conveniences—and its price!

The matter does not end at small houses. Several elaborate and luxurious houses have been erected on the standardised and pre-fabricated plan, while the first standardised all-metal 17-storyed apartment-house made its appearance in Chicago in 1931.

Building is in for great changes, because an increasingly discriminating public will see to it that it is provided with amenities in its homelife equivalent to those it has in other fields.

For years the architects of Europe and America were at work on the idea of a new type of housing, but in Europe, at least, the problem had to be shelved on account of the depression.

In America, however, this very depression created a quite involuntary breathing-space for the manufacturing concerns, so they turned the energies of their technical research laboratory staffs into fresh avenues for the investment of capital. Result—the mass-produced home.

The Chicago World Fair provided an excellent opportunity for the exhibition of a dozen or so "models," all (according to the catalogues) ready for immediate delivery. More recent developments have already put these into the "old-fashioned" category.

Extra Rooms Idea

THE fundamental idea behind the ready-built house is that by rigid standardisation of the wall and floor units and by pre-fabrication, it is possible to offer to the prospective buyer a product which is economical and efficient at a relatively low price.

The building is constructed of pre-fabricated copper-pressed steel-insulated sheets, welded on steel frames. Insulated asbestos-cement sheeting is an alternative product.

Products so fresh from the laboratory that they often have no trade names are used for the construction and finish of your walls, floors and roofs.

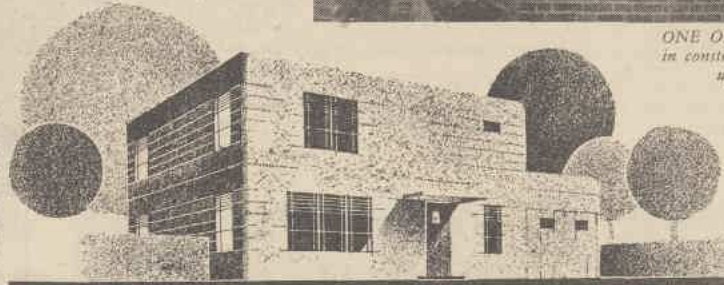
The walls in such buildings are only 2½ inches thick, but equal a 3-foot thick brick wall in insulation value, and the roof is in most cases flat and available for use for sunbathing.

"The house can be unbuttoned anywhere and as many rooms added as the growing needs of your family demand," quotes one manufacturer's catalogue.

You will find the inside walls finished in nicely-toned washable fabric, and the floors surfaced with laminated "cushion" blocks that look and wear like high-grade cork carpet. The windows are of plate-glass, without frames, and open and shut like the windows of your car.

Built into the wall and finishing flush with the surface, you see an electric clock and a radio loud-speaker. All the bedrooms are equipped with built-in wardrobes. The kitchen is fitted throughout with metal counter tops, and has a double sink with a removable metal top.

A cooker (gas or electric according to preference), a refrigerator, and a



ONE OF the new type homes in construction. The wall goes up in one piece.

TWO styles of new fabricated homes (left and below) to which extra rooms may be "buttoned on" when wanted. You can sunbathe on the flat roof.



A 1910 MODEL—not so fashionable nowadays.



part the normal building industry is expected to play in the national recovery from the depression.

But it is almost inevitable that such an artificial stoppage of new ideas and new industry must before long give way before the immense benefits that the new housing offers. Financing schemes must very soon make it possible for the small wage-earner to buy one of these houses on the instalment plan over a 15-year period; at present the terms are cash down on delivery.

The concerns handling these houses naturally enough divide into two groups

at the moment. Those equipped with plant convertible to housing manufacture are undertaking mass production and distribution, while others are working through a central organisation for assembly and distribution. Each group has its architect, who designs the original basic elements.

Behind all these companies stand the big electrical combines. If one can credit Dame Rumor. Whether this is so, or no, one thing is certain: There is almost unlimited capital available for experimental research, and (when the time comes for it) sales organisation.

dish-washing machine are all included in the purchase price, while a series of enamelled cabinets take care of your food and linen storage.

You even find yourself provided with brooms, saucepans, kettle, and toaster along with the house, and (crowning bargain) three days' supply of food to carry you over until the tradesmen call.

The bathroom is conveniently placed just off the lobby between the bedrooms, and is fitted with a built-in bath and shower, and an outside wash-basin in which it is claimed you can bath the baby.

Variety of Design

CLOSE by is the heating-room with a combination house-heater, water-heater, and kitchen-range; an air-conditioning apparatus with ducts to convey cool air in summer and warm, moistened air in winter; and all plumbing pipes, which are so standardised that if anything goes wrong with one or other of them you just order a new part and have it fitted.

A house such as this costs about £750 in America, exclusive of the cost of the land. Dull uniformity is avoided by the considerable variation in design and color allowed for in the units.

When it is considered that in 1924 six cars were produced for the same outlay of capital and labor required to produce one car in 1904, it is fairly safe to prophesy that, as a parallel, these houses will cost much less when the demand increases, as is confidently expected by the manufacturers.

The most formidable obstacle is going to be the old (but very understandable) objection of the artisan to the mechanisation of industry and the restriction of man-power employed.

Rumor has it that the powers-that-be in the United States deliberately held up the advertising campaign for these mass-produced houses in view of the enormous

UNHEALTHY KIDNEYS are the cause of many SERIOUS ILLNESSES



THE principal duty of the Kidneys is to filter the blood streams and so keep the blood pure and healthy. Should the Kidneys become unhealthy, impurities will soon accumulate.

These impurities are carried through the blood streams, poisoning the system and often causing severe Backache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Stiff, Swollen Joints, Headaches, Sleepless Nights, and general run-down condition.

"For many years I suffered with my kidneys, and was unsuccessful in finding a remedy that would give relief until I commenced taking Dr. Sheldon's Gin Pills, which gave wonderful relief and cured me of dreadful backache."
MRS. F. HADLEY, Richmond, Vic.

DELAY is often DANGEROUS

Many serious illnesses have been averted by taking Dr. Sheldon's Gin Pills in time. So don't delay if you have any cause to suspect that your kidneys are out of order. Begin taking a course of this Nationally-known Remedy at once.

You will find that Dr. Sheldon's Gin Pills will surely and speedily help your kidneys to become strong and healthy again.

You can place every reliance in Dr. Sheldon's Gin Pills, as their constituents are such that they contain no harsh irritants or harmful ingredients, and are unequalled as a Kidney Remedy.

Cease worrying about yourself—give Dr. Sheldon's Gin Pills a chance to restore your health.

27 Pills, 1/9 — Immense Sales — 60 Pills, 2/9

DR. SHELDON'S GIN PILLS

WOMEN'S SHOPPING BUREAU in New DAILY TELEGRAPH

Rich Cash Prizes : Unique News Services

Widespread interest was aroused by our announcement last week that The Australian Women's Weekly will shortly take over the management of the Daily Telegraph.

Sheaves of good wishes are pouring in through the post, and all the indications are that the paper in its new form is assured of a warm welcome, both from the general public and from advertisers.

Of the many innovations which will be introduced into the new Daily Telegraph, one of the most important to women will be a special bureau to assist them with their shopping problems and to encourage wise buying.

Shopping competitions are to be launched with attractive cash prizes—a feature sure to be immensely popular with readers. Full details of these will be announced shortly.

At present no Sydney newspaper attempts to give women a regular shopping news service. The Daily Telegraph will give them this service, covering fully in a most attractive manner the shopping activities in the big city stores. Attractive as modern retailers' advertisements are, they necessarily are confined to covering a portion, only, of the real news in retail stores. The modern retail store occupies a place of special



MRS. ALICE JACKSON, Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly. In launching the Daily Telegraph in its new form, the management is proud to announce that it will have the benefit of her invaluable experience and ability in organizing the women's section and special shopping bureau.



Fragrance of Morning

YOUNG bud-leaves for your morning tea! Fragrant and rich in flavor, they make you feel as fresh as the dawn.

Everybody loves the flavor of bud-leaves. They make such a wonderful cup of tea. Bushells select them for you while they are still tender with rich sap.

A packet of Bushells Blue Label Tea in the house is an aid to cheerfulness throughout the day.

Has Finer Flavor

importance in a woman's life. There she finds the first actual examples of new fashions in clothing, home furnishings, and equipment—in fact, all those aids to fuller living, which are the heritage of every modern woman. It is this news that the Daily Telegraph will feature in its special Shopping Bureau.

The First Bureau

THE majority of our readers will recall the Shopping Bureau launched some years ago by "The Daily Guardian." This was the first attempt of its kind made by any newspaper to give its women readers a consistent service of shopping news and services.

It was brilliantly successful, and has since been copied in many leading newspapers in London and America. To quote only one paper with a world-wide reputation, the "New York Times" regularly devotes a considerable quantity of space to providing its readers with shopping news.

A spectacular feature of "The Daily Guardian" Shopping Bureau was the awarding of substantial cash prizes, daily and weekly, for wise buying. This idea also was adopted by many of the world's newspapers—some leading English papers awarding spectacular amounts as prize money.

Readers will also recall that "The Daily Guardian" Shopping Bureau was organized and under the control of Alice Jackson, who is now Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly. Mrs. Jackson's services are being made available to the Daily Telegraph to organize and supervise the new bureau and the women's section, which will be another important feature of the new paper.

Service To All

THIS announcement gives but a bare indication of the new shopping bureau service. We can assure our readers that there are many delightful surprises in connection with this section in store for them. The bureau will fulfil a long-felt want in the community. It will provide practical information, valuable suggestions, helpful hints, substantial cash prizes, and much interesting and worthwhile reading for the home-minded woman.

No other paper attempts such a service. Doubtless, however, the Daily Telegraph's plans will change all this.

Just as The Australian Women's Weekly has revolutionised women's journalism, and secured a host of imitators, so the Daily Telegraph's proposed Shopping Bureau and the unique coverage which it will

give to women's interests generally, is sure to be followed by others.

Leading retailers have already booked new spaces in the new Daily Telegraph, and their attractive display advertisements will add to the news interest of our columns.

Advertising is news.

More essentially news to the average housekeeper than news in the ordinary acceptance of that word.

It would be no figment of the imagination to say that in an actual majority of cases, the news of a substantial re-

"YOUNG SIMPSON"

Next Week's Free Novel

HUMOR, adventure, and love-interest are cleverly blended in Jane England's novel, "Young Simpson," which will be the free book supplement with next week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly.

It is a story of Rhodesian life which Miss England knows and understands thoroughly, and this quality of authenticity, combined with the originality of her plots, has earned for her a wide circle of admirers who will be far from disappointed in this, her latest story.

The humor in this novel is light and spontaneous, and the story never lags.

duction in the price of some household necessary commodity is of more vital concern than the cabled news of the fall of some European dynasty.

In a community where the big majority are living on a wage based on the lowest common denominator of the very necessities of existence, every penny has its vital worth. Every penny of that wage has to be spent to make life possible without thought of even the smallest luxury.

For the minority, more richly blessed in money, there is a continuing necessity for the wisest expense to maintain that standard of living.

The columns of a daily newspaper spell a more direct and touching story in their advertising sections than in the spaces devoted to the high lights of the world's doings abroad, and the lesser or major scandals of our own cities and suburbs and provinces.

A "bargain sale" is a long-standing joke with humorists as a sort of periodical female Armageddon. In truth, it may be a real battle for survival, in which meagre purse is pitched against meagre purse for the odd shilling that will make a hard-wrung existence a little more supportable.

Advertising is the supremest intelligence test, and those who find the solutions quickest live best and more securely.

Advertising is both news and service.

SACKCLOTH into SILK

By
Warwick
DEEPIING

Author of
"Sorrell & Son,"
and
"Old Pybus," etc.

Illustrated
by
WEP



A Drama of Tender Mother-Love

REBECA SLOPP, a widowed Jewess, has three sons. Karl, the youngest, is brilliant and her favorite. She decides that her other sons, Augustus and George, will go their own way and her mother-love finds outlet in planning the career of Karl, and assisting him in every way to become a great playwright.

Rebecca is proud of Karl's genius and his essential cleanness of outlook. She is brave as well as fond; however, and when the Great War comes she endeavors to get the older brothers to enlist, so that Karl may continue his career. This is

not to be, and her youngest son goes to the war and is held prisoner in Germany. She is heartbroken, but continues doggedly with her business in Paris, and when Karl returns she has made a great deal of money. His plays—half-finished when he left—are awaiting him, and Rebecca is happy again.

Karl has written a great play while in Germany, and is anxious to have it produced. The weary ordeal of finding a theatre comes to an end one night, when Karl says calmly to his mother: "By the way, I think Sir Oscar Bloom, the great producer, is going to stage my play, 'Golden Rain'!" Now read on:

detach himself from all the machinery of the show, to forget all the failing, the plywood and paint, the boredom of interminable re-

Karl swung and caught Marsden on the jaw, a boxer's blow from the shoulder.

Someone came into the box. Sir Oscar. He was smiling. "Not so bad, young man. Rather better if your prize start at cold fish. We'll warm them up—later." He looked hard at Karl. "We shall want you on the stage—at the end, you know." "Think so, sir?" "I do."

THE second act. The dim house was very still, and yet Karl had a feeling that the audience—like dark water—was troubled by emotion. Some of his detachment fell away. He, too, was moved by that second act, both as a craftsman and a man. Had—he—written that? Dawn was playing a great part. And Ernest Williams was superb. He became aware of a little sound beside him, heavy breathing; his mother was in tears. She had her handkerchief out and was dabbing a large face.

Lights up. Applause, more and more applause. The house was a flutter with white and clapping hands. Rebecca, with the white roses to her face, leaned over and touched her son on the shoulder.

"It's wonderful, Karl."

He was beginning to feel persuaded that it was. The mechanism had ceased to creak. He had forgotten the

Someone popped a head into the box. It belonged to Sir Oscar's publicity man. "Great, great, Mr. Kesteven. Sir Oscar's compliments, and he wants you in the wings before the last drop." Karl nodded at the head. "All right, Mr. Gains. Many thanks." He heard his mother emit a profound, rapturous sigh. She held his hand during most of the last act. She whispered to him, "Better go, now, dear."

He kissed her and went. He found himself in the wings with Sir Oscar, Gerald Smith, George Gains, and Mr. Veitch the stage-carpenter. Faces were aghast and satisfied. Mr. Veitch winked dryly at Karl. There was a profound stillness save for the voices on the stage. Karl was struck by the strangeness of the silence. There were hundreds of dim faces hidden from him beyond that dim partition. Not a sound from the audience. The vast auditorium might have been empty.

Gerald Smith was pressing a button. Pandemonium!

Karl stood with his hands in his pockets. That cataract of noise seemed to submerge him.

He was aware of Dawn flashing through into the wings. She kissed him.

Someone was thumping his back.

FIRST night. Karl's mother was dressing. She had had her hair waved—it had to be tinted once a month, but, unfortunately, you could not have your face dealt with like your hair. Rebecca contemplated the reflection of her large countenance with its creases and its pads of fat. How strange that you should look a hag when you felt seventeen!

She got up from her dressing-table stool and rang the bell. This was an unusual gesture, and Euphemia, fearing that something might be wrong, came hurrying upstairs.

"Oh, Phenie, be an angel and put on my stockings."

"Yes, dearie."

"Mr. Charles in yet?"

OF course Mr. Charles was not in yet, and she knew it. Rumor had it that her Karl had fallen into a pit of mutual passion with Miss Dawn Hayercroft, who played Gilda in "Golden Rain."

"O, my dear, I'm so strung up."

"There, there, dearie. Your hair looks lovely."

"O, damn my hair, Phenie. It's my wretched old face. It's like a chalk-pit. Talk about whitened sepulchres! Mind they don't split."

Euphemia, on her knees, unrolled silk stockings.

"I always do like you in black."

"Yes, one doesn't look quite so foully fat in black. I have hardly slept for two nights, Phenie."

"I'm sure it's going to be a success, dearie."

"Isn't that the door-bell? Quick, slip me into that frock!"

There was a sound of youth running up the stairs while Euphemia was dropping the circle of black silk over Rebecca's head. Karl knocked at his mother's door.

"Hallo, mother. Can I come in?"

Rebecca gave herself a shake as the silk frock fell into place.

"Yes, dear."

Karl came in with a large bunch of white roses.

"Thought you'd like these."

Rebecca's eyes were beautiful.

"O, my dear, how lovely! If there's one thing I do fancy, I may have a shape like a cabbage, but white roses!"

Karl smiled at his mother.

"I like you in that frock. Don't you Phenie?"

"It's a dream, Mr. Charles."

"I should say so."

Karl kissed his mother.

"Hails up. Everybody's got the jumps, but old Oscar is as bold as brass. Must go and change. I ordered the taxi for 6.30."

They were to dine at Amanda's quietly and a deus. No magnificent cornstalk blonde was to share in that Passover meal. For had not Karl said—"I shall feel just like I felt before zero hour. One's so shy of shouting before the event. If the thing fixates, one might look like a cocky kid with a damp squib. We'll just have a little dinner together."

The Parthenon was crowded. Karl and his mother had a box, and Karl did not go behind the scenes. He was in a coldly detached mood, and looking white and fierce—his war face as his intimates would call it. He wanted to

hearsals. "Golden Rain" had happened in his consciousness before other humans had mouthed and smiled it. And he was in a state of doubt and wonder. Almost, "Golden Rain" had seemed to be his. He had lost his sense of ownership, his craftsman's confidence. Was the thing bad or good? On that first night he felt like a boy sitting on a wall, watching some passing show.

HE was much less nervous than his mother.

Rebecca, her bosom full of white roses, leaned forward to look at everything. Paper, Press, Public. A post-war public was somewhat perfunctory in its dress. But the thrill of it! Rebecca could have said, "I've eaten too much. My heart's pushed up into my mouth." She looked at Karl. Almost he had the face of a young man who was bored.

Voices, movement, chatter.

The orchestra.

Up went the curtain.

The first act: Dawn Hayercroft, brilliant and blonde, with strange black eyes. A dangerous combination that

"Golden Rain" Triumphant

Darkness over the stalls and pit—that brilliant stage, a sense of something hanging in the air.

Curtain down, lights up.

Rebecca heard a voice say—"Sounded awful tosh, some of it, mother."

Rebecca put her roses to her face.

"I don't think so."

"wings," and that gaunt space behind the back-drop, the draughty passages, the gossip, the scene-shifters, the almost cynical phlegm of Gerald Smith, the stage-manager. "Golden Rain" was alive, pouring down in a splendid shower. His face felt hot, his throat turgid.

DURING the next three months Mrs. Kesteven had several matters to distract her.

Firstly, the trading of the fur business was beginning to show signs of the post-war reaction. Also, the revenue authorities were harrying Rebecca upon excess profits and super-tax. The bubble of the post-war boom was still tumescent, and there were many people who were deceived by its glistening iridescent skin.

Please turn to Page 26

IN PONDOLAND

By May
Edginton

HOW had he come to be ill in bed, with a young girl nursing him? That was the question which puzzled him. Moreover she said she was his wife!



"O, I'm not particular cussed this morning," said Lagg—he was one of the Westmorland Lagghornes, but we drop that, since he did to Stone, who was one of the Allantones of Un-esterehire, but we drop that, too. "And I don't often do it, but a man just gets thinking sometimes of all the women at home."

"Of a woman at home," replied Stone.

"No," said Lagg, cursing the troop horse for clenching his teeth against reception of the bit. "The women—all of 'em. In a drawing-room at night, in their dinner frocks, especially. Not that it matters. Nothing matters. I've seen nothing nicer in the feminine way than a black for two months, and I don't know that I want to. Anyway, the Englishwomen you occasionally see out here aren't the sort you have at home. Stock-keepers' wives and daughters, farmers' wives and daughters, post-office girls—not one with a thread of any sort of culture to make her bearable."

"Oh, culture!" said Stone, who had been at the Cape five years longer than Lagg, and therefore accepted life with philosophy, much as it came. Lagg's horse had taken the bit, and was unkindly swelling his barrel against the girthing. Stone added: "Culture isn't much out here. The girls are all right where you find 'em."

Lagg got into his saddle, sneering, and stayed back a moment, adjusting a pair of field-glasses that swung at his back.

"Much use," he said, quitting the subject, "me patrolling by Keever's store. He left a good three days ago, and, anyway, what's the stuff worth, if the Kaffirs did loot it? I'd rather be out looking for him on the veldt."

"A hundred pounds on his head!" said Stone, sucking in his lips derisively.

"But he quit three days ago," Lagg repeated. "As soon as he'd shot those two Zulus in the store, he up and ran

Man

This is to you, who dare to pause
Throughout your daily life
And wonder who in all the world
Will one day be your wife!

To you, who calmly meditate
And wish you were aware of her,
That in this whirl of gaiety
You might be taking care of her.

And should the thought occur to you,
I wonder would you tarry
To ever think about the women
Other men may marry.

—Yvonne Webb.

Keeping an eye on the store is a silly farce."

Their Corporal walked towards them. In England he had, as a boy, been an under-gardener, and he knew a gentleman when he saw him, and being a man of some constitution as well as penetration, he always spoke decently to the like of Lagg and Stone.

"Now, my lad!" said he. "Yes, sir," replied Stone. This kind of thing still amused him, but Lagg saluted without the obedient word, and rode off, pulling at his fair moustache. The Corporal, with Stone and a couple more troopers, mounted and loped away west over the veldt.

It was a burning February morning. When Lagg had done the five miles at a trot, he suffered and sweated, in spite of his excellent condition. The hard Cape



Illustrated by
FISCHER

His head was on the lumpy pillow when he woke, but she was at his side at the sound of his stirring.

horse, on the contrary, remained very comfortable.

Set solitary in the midst of rolling country, the small store which was the trooper's goal loomed into sight. From this emporium of blankets, beads, provisions, knives, concertinas, and such variety, had Keever, the Kaffir trader, escaped three days before, after shooting down two Zulus who had come in to buy. That the Zulus were refractory is possible; that Keever was provocatively drunk more probable.

Lagg rode by the locked place at a walk, pushing back his hat and wiping his forehead. The country was very still, except for the impression of pulsating heat. The slopes of the Drakensberg showed distinctly, parched and arid, with the growth dried on them. The store, built of mud, brick, wood, tin roofing, and any material that had come handy to the trader who made it, was a shapeless construction, with some attempt at a facade, but rambling away into lumps like little rough huts all joined together at the back, as Keever had added wing by wing. It was shut now into profound silence, and Corporal Sandys had drawn down the blind before the glimpse of loot in the window, so that no hankering Kaffir might be unduly tempted, had locked the doors and attached the keys.

BEFORE this emporium of precious plenty, then, Lagg patrolled that morning; he might ride three miles east and west, but that was the extent of his variety for the next eight hours.

When he rode by the first time, at a foot pace, relieving a bored trooper, it was about nine o'clock. It was eleven when Lagg, sweeping the country with his field-glass for the twentieth time, about two miles west of the store, descried in its vicinity a figure which receded from it at a stiff half-run, which was brawny and tall, which hurried, which limped.

The trooper sat in his saddle and took a long, leisurely survey. Into his lean, reddened face stole the joyful hunger of the hunter; his blue eyes snapped fire. "That's lame Keever!" said his brain, as he swung the field-glass to his back and shortened his reins. "Keever! What—hiding in the store all through it? And Sandys ransacking everything! My word! Go 'long, horse!"

So, at a gallop, he rode down upon the limping, running figure ahead. As he drew nearer, and the thud of the pursuing hoofs came to him, the fugitive wheeled round, stopped dead, uttered a little, savage, short cry, and whipped his revolver from his hip.

It was Keever—bloated, dirty, desperate. He was a clean-shaven man, as a rule, but three days' growth of stubble was now trying to disguise his face. Lagg knew it, though.

"Hands up!" he roared, as he rode

down upon him, loosening his own revolver from its holster.

And before either gun could speak—though both had the reputation of being tolerably quick—the Cape horse crossed his legs and came down in a heap, pitching his rider over his head at the murderer's feet.

THE sick man opened his eyes.

He was in some underground place on a mattress among bales and bottles. It was not altogether dark, because light was admitted through a trap-door which presumably opened into a ground-floor room, and a little lamp burned by the mattress.

"H-h-hullo!" he quavered to nothing in particular. It was the first word he had spoken for two days. He may have had a vague consciousness then of some change of position, but did not know that it was due to an arm sliding beneath his head, and of a different pillow with some ineffable quality about it, but did not know that it was a woman's breast.

He slept. Two hours later he woke again and said "Hullo!" His eyes, rolling up, found a bent-down face watching him, a young, dark, pale face that seemed filled by eyes of great intensity, and was shadowed by a cloud of loosened hair. He put up a hand to his upper lip and stroked it vaguely; but there was no moustache there. He was a clean-shaven man, albeit with two or three days' growth of stubble upon

him. He appeared to meditate in a childish way.

"How d'you feel?" said the girl's voice softly.

"I am—all right," he replied, in a voice that smote him to surprise by its faintness.

She smiled dimly.

"Lift yer head up," she invited.

"Try."

HE tried, and was seized with a dreadful pain that only ceased when he desisted and let his head lie helplessly on her shoulder. She continued to hold him protectively.

"Where am I, anyway?" he whispered presently.

She looked into the shadows of the bales and casks, and through the trap-door to the light above, before she answered:

"Don't you remember, then, Will?"

He tried; whereat the pain seized

him again, and he desisted.

"I remember nothing," said he weakly.

"You're in the cellar of our own store," said the girl, looking down into his face.

He repeated feebly: "Our—own—store?"

"Yes."

"Who am I, anyway?" said he.

"Why," said she, "don't you remember? You're Will Keever, dear, that killed two Zulu boys up above there, and the Mounted Rifles is patrolling for you everywhere."

He clung to her and whispered:

"What? I killed—"

"But they'll never find you," she said, holding him. Her hands were wonderfully lithe and strong, considering how small they were. She was a small-made girl altogether.

"You promise!" he gasped.

"I promise," said she. "I'll take care on you."

He slept again.

HIS head was on the lumpy pillow when he woke, but she was at his side at the sound of his stirring, with a cup of something steaming in her hand. She slid an arm under his shoulders, held him up, and put the cup to his lips. He was so hot, and it was so hot, that he would have turned naturally from it, but she said: "You got to drink it all. It's cornflour, made with condensed milk out of the store. I put some nutmeg in to flavor it. Come 'long! This cellar's damp,

Man-Hunt In Africa

and I can't hev you catchin' any low fever."

So he drank it all.

Afterwards she straightened his bed as well as possible, he watching her. Then she trimmed the oil-lamp and tidied up, and shut down the trap-door through which faint reddish rays had stolen.

Observing his piteous look at this, she came to him and said tenderly: "I got to shut the door now, see, 'cause the sun's settin', and the store'll get dark, and we musn't hev this little lamp shinin' up, never so faint, through the window. There'll be a trooper by directly."

He smiled, but shivered.

She put her hand on his shoulder and repeated: "I'll take care on you."

"Where are you going to sleep?" he asked, seized with a sudden horror of being left alone.

"On those blankets," she answered, nodding at a heap in a dim corner.

He was reassured, and lay holding

COMPLETE SHORT STORY

her hand. Then his head began to put him to excruciating torment, and he said selfishly: "I wish you'd hold me like you did before, and put me to sleep."

The girl sat down on the floor—she had been kneeling by him—slid her arm under him and took his head on her breast. So she bore his weight while unsupported herself, and she must have found him very heavy. Her free hand touched his forehead and temples rhythmically. The pain grew less, and sleep was descending on his eyelids, when he roused himself once more to ask, like a curious child:

"Who are you, then?"

She was silent, looking out into the shadows before she replied. Then:

"What, Will, don't you know me? I'm Mary!"

"Mary—Mary?"

"Your wife," said she, looking into the shadows.

He went to sleep without comment.

Half an hour later she laid him down and curled herself up, trembling with more than fatigue, upon the blankets. Twice in the night she woke, crept over to him, and, finding him aching and restless, took his head in her arm and stroked him to sleep.

In the morning, when by a watch she had hung upon the wall she knew the sun must be up—day and night were alike in the windowless cellar—she opened the trap-door, and air and light flowed beneficently in. She fed him that day with meat-extract, invalid nesses made from condensed milk, and the like. He grew more placid, and his head was clearer and more comfortable. And at moments, when the circling pain overtook him, he found peace on her breast and home in the shadow of her hair.

THEY talked.

"How long have I been ill, Mary?"

"Bout—three days."

"And they're looking for me, are they?"

"Yes, dear."

"Because—I killed two blacks?"

"Yes, dear."

"What shall I do?"

"I tell you, I'll take care on you."

"You're a small thing to take care of a man."

"I'm a woman." She looked very young and wan.

"What's the matter with my head, anyway?"

"You fell down and hit it. It's concussion, that's what it is."

Please turn to Page 14

The MAN in the Burberry

Can a broken heart be mended? When artist and world traveller Wynn Berkley returns from four years of travel he learns that his sweetheart, Jane Caldwell, is engaged to another. And the one to break the news to him is her young sister, Melissa.



THE community of River-side, from country club to village store, might have a fixed idea that Melissa Caldwell was a scatter-brain with no attainments beyond the ability to play a fair game of golf or tennis, drive her maroon roadster at outrageous speeds, have love affairs still more outrageously speedy as to their duration, and dance the feet off any other eighteen-year-old girl in the whole Dominion; but Melissa, despite public opinion, had pretty well defined ideas on what an artist and a man with a broken heart should look like—and Wynn Berkley looked like neither.

Melissa, swathed in a green polo coat against the September breeze that whipped at her over the folded-down windshield, one eye alone left visible by the pitiful green felt hat that covered her unruly tawny hair, had stopped to admire the strenuous efforts of Jiggs McCarthy, who drove the station hack, to put life into his wheezy old car with a much-used crank. At first Melissa did not spy the solitary passenger enthroned among sundry travelling cases and yellow kit-bags in the rear seat.

The cyclopean blue eye gave him a Nelson-like look and the pert nose and small round chin came up. He was gazing at her and the expression on his face was that of a man who sees someone who ought to be familiar but isn't. Melissa had been away at school most of the time when Wynn stayed at the old Berkley place, called the Glebe Farm, on the Dam road, up Rotherway way. When she was home he hadn't paid much attention to a creature who was all arms, legs and freckles. But Melissa remembered him.

"Hi!" she called. "Come on over and hop in with me, won't you? Jiggs lost the engine out of that hack a year ago."

Wynn clambered out and Jiggs assisted him in carrying his luggage and putting it into the rumble of Melissa's gleaming chariot. Jiggs wasn't particular, anyway, about taking his car over the Dam road, which had some

saw you—heard you rather—that was the day I was going back to Edgemoor school—you and Jane were in the arbor, and you were telling her your heart would break if you ever lost her."

"Was it?" There came a pensive look into his brown eyes, a tightness to his mouth. Melissa felt that he remembered quite well having said those words. She wondered if, assuming that hearts could really break, his was fully patched up again. Still, returning to her first idea of him, he looked as little like a man with a damaged heart as he looked like an artist whose work appeared on magazine covers with unfailing regularity. But then, one could never tell.

Melissa, on first recognising him, had decided to be kind and let someone else break the news—in case he still did care for Jane, whom he had loved so hysterically four years ago. But not often did a kid sister get a chance like this, so she carefully brought out the bombshell, held it poised while the roadster took a curve at fifty-five, then let it go—

"Jane is going to be married—she's engaged. Did you know?"

But he merely said quietly, "I didn't know, Melissa."

"You don't want me to turn and drive you back to the station?"

"Oh, no. I'm rather glad to be back here. It's the only home I have—that is, real home, you see."

"I judged that—you've been away from it about two-thirds of your life."

"Oh, well, I didn't forget it."

"And, of course, you'll promise not to be Lochisvarish about this business? You won't do any dashing? You know—coming out of the west and tearing up the aisle to snatch her from the jaws of matrimony?"

"I'll try not to. I promise. By the way, whom is she marrying, Melissa?"

"Man in a burberry," Melissa rounded another curve and almost

shoved the car's nose into a huge wain of hay that obstructed the road. Wynn looked at her in amused wonderment.

"What do you mean—a man in a burberry?"

Melissa sniffed with juvenile indignation.

"What I say. You know—one of those men who always seem to have on a burberry—all muffled up—all inhibitions and, bottled ego."

"GOOD! How are you getting along at school?"

"Was that nice?" demanded Melissa coldly. "I think you are making a mockery of me, sir."

"You're priceless," said Wynn. "A darling."

"Just another broken heart," said Melissa, "being patched up."

They turned into the Hampton road where a great harvest moon was rolling along the tips of the giant spirally cedars, where the air was sweet with the scent of the drying hay as the farmers cut, in the bottoms, the second crop of the season. Melissa, for a change, was silent and there was silence in her gay, laughing young heart, for suddenly she had found that it was good, it was wondrous good, to sit there beside him in the lovely twilight of this autumn evening, to drive on and on with him, their shoulders touching. And Jane—Jane had loved him. Wynn Berkley—the name had always meant so many things to her—dreams, glamor, adventure. His face was brown and thin, and the work he did, she saw now, was proclaimed in the delicate strength of his chin, the fine sweep of his brow; and his hair was crisp and brown under the pulled-down grey felt hat. Wynn Berkley—she remembered his evenings and goings from school and college; the summer that he and Jane had fallen in love.

It had been, even then, a wonderful thing to her, that love of theirs—wonderful if not fully understood

Complete Short Story



ILLUSTRATED
BY
Boothroyd

"Thank you," said Melissa. "You have always avoided me as if I were the devil, Mr. Siddons, and I'm going to punish you for it."

dream, she thought of him, of him and Jane, of the wondrous thing that their love had seemed to her four years ago.

The maroon roadster left the highway and swooped up through the arching shadows of the Dam road where the young moon played peekaboo, now from behind a towering elm, now from behind a birch or a rustling pine. And there was about Melissa with her grey-green polo coat and her very buccanearish hat and elfin face and her swift motor a glamor that pleased Wynn Berkley—pleased him and made him wonder if a man wasn't a bit of a fool to exist four years with a dream, a memory, when such as Melissa lived and was real. For though Wynn did not wear his heart for all to see, it was a hurt and wounded heart and it had never been patched.

Pride had sustained it, and hard work and the splendid dreams of youth, but Jane Caldwell had first filled it with beauty and romance and when she was lost to him something remained that pained at times, that, throughout those four years, had some-

Of memories—of dreams—of—of things that were perhaps better forgotten."

"Oh, memories that bless and burn," murmured Melissa, turning in between two grey stone gateposts, drifting along a narrow avenue, birch-bordered, that ended in a sweeping curve in the light of which nestled the Glebe Farm, long, rambling, low and ivy-covered, with lights glowing yellow from its old diamond-paned windows out on to the shaven grass. In a hollow hard by was a small house where lived, with her husband and her many children, Mrs. Merrill, who kept the Glebe house in neat order while her good man worked the farm. Melissa knew the Glebe Farm. She never passed the grey stone gateposts on the Dam road without a stir of dreams, of wistfulness, of sadness, that centred around Wynn Berkley.

"Home," said Wynn. "You were good to drive me here, Melissa. Now continue to be good and come on in with me and share my lonely repast. Mrs. Merrill is ready for me. I wired. You will come, won't you?"

"If—if I won't disturb your dreaming, or emoting, or whatever it is you're doing," stipulated Melissa. "I'm sort of new to you, I guess. And I don't want to crash in on the happy past."

WYNN laughed and marvelled at time's witchery: that could transform Jane's awkward kid sister into this slender girl who spoke a language he had all but forgotten, if he had ever known it to forget.

In the panelled living-room of the Glebe Farm, Melissa sat on the arm of a great oak rocker. The green hat and coat were gone, her other eye had emerged from its hiding and now co-operated with its deep blue fellow in giving Wynn Berkley a close-up once-over, unobtrusive, not rude, yet keenly searching.

Please turn to Page 24

Wanted

I'm looking for a playmate
To romp with me a space,
A song of youth within his heart,
A smile upon his face.
A vision in his dreaming
Of sun and wind and rain,
A touch of kindly humor,
A sigh for woe or pain.

I'm looking for a playmate,
To know within his arms
A sense of calm protection
Away from all alarms.
A tender understanding
Within his ready smile,
I'm looking for a playmate
To romp with me a while.

—Yvonne Webb.

of the best bumps in King's county; much easier to collect the fare and let "that crazy Caldwell girl" take his passenger alone.

"You're Wynn Berkley, aren't you?" said Melissa. "I wasn't quite sure—"

"You were right. And you—my word, I should, I must know you! I have it—you're Melissa Caldwell!"

"Um-hum, I'm Jane's sister. I was in the crab stage when you went away four years ago."

Wynn smiled cheerfully and got in beside her.

"How is Jane? How is everybody?"

"Jane is o.k. So's everybody. Were you worried about us?"

"Deep in my heart, yes, of course," said Wynn.

Melissa looked dubious.

"Heart all patched up?" They were away before Wynn could find breath to answer.

"Why—what do you mean?"

"Oh, what a man! The last time I

Everywhere, they were together, and there was that in Wynn's eyes when he looked at Jane and in Jane's when she met his glance that caused strange, soft stirrings deep in Melissa's heart.

She had cried that day, when, by chance, she heard them talking in the arbor. She had gone up to her room under the eaves where the twittering swallows nested and the creeping ivy leaves rustled in the wind and there she had cried at the thought of Wynn's heart breaking if he should lose Jane. That a thing so wondrous, so rich with beauty as that love of

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theirs, could be spoiled had seemed terribly wrong and sacrilegious to Melissa.

But soon it was spoiled and ended. None knew why, and Jane had gone her way with a different light in her eyes, a sadder look to her mouth and because everyone else forgot about it, they took it for granted that she forgot. For other admirers came and finally, with her acceptance of Paul Siddons, Wynn Berkley was definitely relegated, in the memory of those few who remembered, to the limbo of lost lovers. Even Melissa had ceased to think of him, of that old love, as anything real. Though still fondly as one thinks of a pleasant fairylike

BY

Louis Arthur Cunningham

times, inexplicably to the friends who knew him, brought to his mouth the wistful light that Melissa had seen—the first love of youth, with some, dies hard.

"You don't seem exactly gleeful," commented Melissa. "Usually when the far-traveller returns his heart swells with joy that, in turn, finds utterance from his lips. You know, from the fullness of the heart and so on—"

"Quite," said Wynn. "I know. But sometimes the heart is so full, Melissa—"

"Of what?" demanded Melissa mischievously. "Of Jane?"

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The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Laif,
sketched by Petrov



● **TYROLEAN** sports hat (above) is of green felt with a brown quill piercing the high, softly-dented crown.



● **MILITARY** model of black felt, banded with bright red cord designed for the severe frog-trimmed coats.



● **LANVIN'S** toque expresses the three-toned toque with matching scarf. It is of black, blue, and green velvet.

● **MARIE ALPHONSINE'S** model beret, worn well down over one eye, and very high over the other, is of brown felt.



● **MODEL** from Le Monnier, composed of circles of royal-blue velvet, almost eclipsed with black osprey feathers.



● **THE** new evening and late afternoon mode, presented in dark blue velvet with surmounting ostrich plume of pale blue.



● **FROM** Agnes comes this deceptive, high model, for its crown is as shallow as a dew-pond. The draped, wine velveteen ends give the tall appearance.

● **ANOTHER** version of the beret squared of green snede-felt. What importance it attains from the draped eyeveil!

FLIPPANT

A NEW hat is the best uplift to a well-worn summer wardrobe.

The forthcoming autumn and winter styles present a myriad refreshers that you'll yearn to try out.

After months of big straw hats, a tiny velvet cap adorned with feathers or one of the newest big berets will remove the necessity of battling with adverse breezes.

This season's models should present no trouble in finding hats to suit individual tastes. There are many freakish models—impossible for the average woman—but there are a multitude of becoming styles for everyone to choose from.

Any new shape takes time to get used to, but never be persuaded into buying a hat because it is the latest fashion if you feel at all uncertain that it becomes you. This season needs particular caution with such a variety to choose from.

Dashing Angles

SURELY there are more small hats than you've ever seen before—little caps perched at precarious angles on your head. One cannot say that they are to be worn this way or that way only. They are worn whichever way you wish, but they must be worn with a certain amount of dash. They mount high over your forehead, come down over one eye, or sit at the back of your head.

Turbans, toques, and draped caps of every shape parade with crowns high pointed, square and box-like; low, with much width at either side; high or low with the fullness jutting out in front. Some are fitted to the head with height given by bows—bows that slant rakishly up in the air; bows that bunch well down in front.

Where the crown of the hat is low generally a certain amount of height is given by the trimming—ostrich feathers, quills or two ends of the fabric jerked upwards.

Turbans With Furs

TURBANS are grand things to wear with furs or fur collars. They are twisted and draped like a rajah's head-dress. In two colors or one, in crepe, wool, or velvet.

These will be worn well down over one eye, exposing all the hair at the other side of the head.

Toques and the great variety of caps are made of velvet, velours, supple felts, velveteen, and antelope.

Velvet fashions 50 per cent. of the new models.

For late afternoon and evening entertainments little velvet hats surmounted by feathers are offered. Soft osprey plumes piled on top, curling softly over one side, or jutting out over one eye are alluring.

Entire toques are made of feathers, in black or a color. Smart little black or royal-blue hats are ornamented by shiny black coque feathers or black ospreys.

Disciplined Models

MILITARY styles are in battalions. There are stiff military caps with little brims to wear with your frogged suits and astrachan-trimmed topcoats. These are usually in black felt or velours with stiff high crowns and brims in the front only. Ornaments are cord, tassels, braid, and astrachan.

All hats expose nearly all your hair at the back. Curls must be brushed upwards, leaving the nape of the neck exposed.

Trimnings are seen on nearly every



● **THE** flippant turban in scarlet and black velveteen, with a smart, stiffened eyeveil is rather generally becoming.

model. Colored or black ostrich feathers perch on little velvet toques, coral feathers on black velvet, yellow feathers on navy, and brown feathers on brown felt. Strawberry feathers make an entire hat, puffs of colored feathers on a dark hat, feather birds, flowers, bows, parrot feathers, coque feathers, and straight feathers stand vertically from the back or front of hats. Then there are velvet flowers, bows, and gold ornaments.

Veils are another definite feature. Short flaring eyeveils, long lengths of net caught at the brim, and left to hang below the chin; big chenille dots

HAT WAYS!

widely spaced on black and colored veils.

Colored veils, green, red, and royal-blue, will match the hat color, which will depend, of course, upon your ensemble.

The New Colors

THE most popular shades are black, brown, bright blues, all the reds and greens. It will be smart to wear a colored hat with a black dress. Smarter still will be yellow, emerald, red, or strawberry velveteen hat with a green dress, a green hat with a brown coat, but, of course, black with black will be forever favored.

Simple Sports Style

TO wear with sports clothes, coats and skirts or sheer wool daytime frocks, there are the simpler styles. The perennial beret is bigger than ever. It flops down over one eye, and high up one side, and shows nearly all the back

of the head. It is made of felt, velours or velveteen, rather than wool.

For genuine sportswear there are felts with brims turned down all round, or down in front and up in back. Crowns are draped high in a point in Tyrolean manner, or creased in folds. Practically every sports hat is trimmed with a feather, either piercing the crown, or jutting from centre-front or upright.

Grosgrain ribbon, cord, and wool pom-poms are other trimmings.

Two bright colors on a dark hat are smart. A brown felt has hefting and green ribbons lying in bows in front, and is to be worn with a green or brown suit. A navy-blue model has strands of red cord encircling the crown.

It seems rather soon to talk of fur, but later on there will be fur-trimmed felt hats. Fur will replace the feathers. Black caps will be ornamented with strips of black astrachan, while Russian-officer turbans will be composed entirely of black astrachan to go with coats collared with the same fur.

PARIS SNAPSHOTS

FOR evening wear a cape—long and circular, made of yards and yards of velvet or crepe.

WITH a white evening dress wear two gold gardenias in your hair.

MANY now evening gowns are instep-length in front and touch the floor in back—trains are few and far between.

BERETS are back again. Renaissance velvet berets, big, and floppy, and small, all ostrich-feather berets.

WEAR colored gloves with your winter tweed—bottle-green with a grey suit and green hat, burgundy gloves and scarf with a blue suit, yellow calf gloves with brown or black.

NEWEST evening dresses accent the importance of the bodice. Loosely-draped necklines filled with flowers; very low front décolletés; long scarves hanging from the shoulders; bouquets and corsages of artificial flowers on the chest. As a contrast the waist and hips appear thinner.

SUITED for Autumn



● THIS snug-fitting felt toque resembles a Roman gladiator's helmet, but instead of waving plumes tiny flat feathers are used as a trimming.



● THIS tailored suit is of wool and latex thread. The jacket is fastened with large leather hooks, which match the buckle of the belt.



● NEW angora cloth fashions the delightful little two-piece trimmed with coffee-dyed fox. The dress has the popular laced neckline.

● THE Marcel Rochas suit (above) is carried out in green wool, and worn with a beige jacket. The initialed belt with its huge buttons is entirely new.

● THE beige-and-white check jacket model, at the left, is worn as a two-piece frock, or with a smart tailored blouse. The beige cheviot coat is a swagger model of three-quarter length.

Fashions on this page specially selected in London by Mary St. Claire, and sent by Air Mail.

Science's Triumphant Answer TO THE DEAF "THE SONOTONE."

It is the World's Greatest Hearing Aid—

AND IS SO AMAZINGLY SUCCESSFUL THAT DEAFNESS IS NO LONGER AN EXCUSE FOR NOT HEARING.

The "Sonotone" was perfected only in 1932, and already has enabled millions to hear—for whom nothing previously could be done.

It has supplied one of humanity's greatest needs.

The "SONOTONE" on a gentleman is less noticeable than his glasses. On a lady it is absolutely concealable. It sets deaf people FREE from a great handicap, and enables them to compete on level terms with those who are blessed with normal hearing.

ANGUS & COOTE have made it possible for anyone to call and try the "SONOTONE"—without money—and without obligation. Distributors have been appointed in every Capital City in the Commonwealth—and in various other Australian centres.

IF YOU ARE DEAF,

Come and try the "SONOTONE." Bring your friends. Let them see how easy it is NOW to make you hear. No more shouting on their part—no more strain and embarrassment on yours. Come—you are more than welcome.

IF YOU LIVE IN THE SUBURBS—AND CANNOT CALL—a demonstrator will bring a "SONOTONE" to your address.

IF YOU LIVE IN THE COUNTRY—ask your Doctor to write for a "SONOTONE" so that you may test it.

RESIDENTS IN OTHER STATES—kindly write to Angus & Coote for descriptive book and for the name of the nearest "SONOTONE" Distributor.

ANGUS & COOTE

Sole Australian Agents for
The "Sonotone" Hearing Aid
500 George Street
SYDNEY



An Editorial

MARCH 7, 1936

RICHES — AND SAFE MOTHERHOOD



ON Tuesday, February 25, the world opened its morning papers to discover that its richest baby had been born overnight. It weighed seven and a half pounds, and competent statisticians estimated that the infant son was worth at least £73,000 an ounce—a grand total of £8,760,000.

The babe, born of the Countess Haugwitz Reventlow, formerly Miss Barbara Hutton, was ushered into the world by a corps of doctors and nurses in a six-story mansion in Hyde Park Gardens, London. The nursery, comprising four rooms, is a magnificent product of medico-architectural art. It is as near as possible germ-proof, and has sun-attracting glass lamps, which produce synthetic sunshine. It is staffed by two doctors and six nurses.

At first reading, it looked as if a wealthy woman could go through childbirth with such care and attention that she would be practically assured of the safety of her life and that of her baby. But, following the announcement of the birth, came the cable that the mother's life was in grave danger.

The Countess Reventlow has the wealth to ensure that everything known to science would be available to her at this time. The fact that she had to fight for her life shows that motherhood is not yet safe, even in cases where a millionaire mother can command every aid known to science.

Australia is now making an effort to eliminate, as far as possible, the risks of childbirth. Many thousands of pounds were subscribed to the Jubilee Fund for this purpose, but so far nothing has been done.

How necessary it is that this money should be applied for the purpose for which the fund was inaugurated is painfully evident by the fight Barbara Hutton, with all the aids that riches can command, had for her life.

Many an Australian mother to-day is facing a crisis without money to aid her, and consequently without the care that is the due of every mother, rich or poor.

Delay in the administration of the Jubilee Fund means death to mothers, and it behoves Mr. Lyons to take the necessary steps to put the fund to practical use.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

Snares and Delusions

IN a broadcast debate over the National stations the other night, a male party to the argument declared that fashion was just woman's snare for man.

The reply was that a man likes a fashionably-dressed girl. "He would not like to take one to dinner dressed like a cave woman in a leopard skin." Pat came the answer: "He might like to, but he would not be game!"

Judging by the number of women abroad every night of the week in every Australian city and in just such a costume (spots and all), the standard of male bravery in the community rates pretty high.

In any event, fashion is not so much a snare as a very valuable form of self-expression. As a woman sews so shall she reap.

Waterlogged

REPORTED last week that the mailman at Newcastle Waters, taking over the outgoing English air mail, had to wade the local creek.

Judging by the lateness of the recent air mails in Australia, the postmen over the other side have to wade the English Channel.

A Grand Slam

QUEENSLAND'S Governor, Sir Leslie Wilson, in opening the Indooroopilly toll-bridge across the Brisbane River, praised the promoter, the director, the engineer-contractor, and the secretary of the company—in short, Walter Taylor—for his project.

Presumably Mr. Taylor will now collect the tolls just to round off the transaction.

Black and White

F. A. MACQUISTEN, K.C., member of the House of Commons for Argyle, is visiting the Commonwealth in connection with his interests as chairman of directors of the Australian Carbide Co., Tasmania.

According to a report of an interview with Mr. Macquisten in Brisbane, he said that "White labor in Australia was standing in its own light in refusing to employ black labor. . . . There must be many industries in the Commonwealth in which it would be possible to employ black labor."

It might even prove the salvation of the Scots' shipbuilding industry.

Such is Fame

WHO are the really famous?

At a well-known cafe recently a blonde young lady was sipping her nut sundae with evident relish. To her companion she said: "Oh, it wasn't a bad kid's picture, Lovey dancing and all that, but Joe E. Brown was wonder-ful!"

The picture in question was "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; author, one William Shakespeare, who said, "The play's the thing," but, of course, that was before the days of adaptation to the screen.

Sage Age

LOOKING back over ninety-six years, MISS Emma Sutton, of Melbourne, according to a news report, gives this advice to young people:—

"Don't work too hard, have a good time—and marry!"

Obviously we're never too old to learn!

Lyric of Life

Unlearned

There is a bloom upon the cheeks of youth
And such a brave defiance in their eyes,
So great a strength to conquer all the world
And dreams as splendid as they are unwise.

Nor is this all,
For there is laughter in the hearts of youth,
Perhaps the greatest blessing at their call.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

Flying Blind

INSTALLED on the Aorangi on her last voyage to Australia from Vancouver was a special apparatus to measure cosmic rays on voyages between the two continents. A similar apparatus was placed earlier on the Monterey.

Their purpose is to add to the knowledge of these rays gained three years ago in Australia by Professor A. J. Compton, of Chicago University. Making possible these excursions into applied science is one of the most popular forms of American philanthropy. Here in Australia it is the most neglected privately and publicly. In no country of the world are advance weather reports more essential from the point of view of national wealth: in no country is the scientific preparation necessary for such reports so inadequate. It takes our meteorologists all their time to discover what happened the day before yesterday.



MISS HELEN MARGARET HOBLEY, to whom Roper River is Paradise. The map is to help you locate this Paradise. (Story column 4.)

Vain Hope

WALTER LINDRUM, famous Australian billiardist, tells of an interesting experiment in color carried out by American scientists. They are replacing the conventional green billiard-table cloth with a cloth of a bright purple shade. Lindrum says these cloths reduce eye and nerve strain, and eliminate the "after image" which invariably troubles players after long sessions at the table.

If this is true, it knocks on the head beliefs of many eminent scholars who declare that green is soothing to the eye and the mind, and purple, composite of red and blue, has a violent action on the nervous system.

Late homing husbands will now be repapering bedrooms in purple.

Boiled Down

MRS. ELLEN AVENT, of Edmonton, in England, who celebrated her 101st birthday last month, has named the reason for her longevity.

She has been having boiled rice for dinner for as long as she can remember.

Quite a number of us would sacrifice a few years for an occasional helping of the curry of life.

Paradise to This Girl is the Roper River

If you're looking for Paradise, try the Roper River, in the Northern Territory. Living there, on Riverview farm, is Miss Helen Margaret Hobley, aged 19, who wouldn't exchange her lonely home for any other paradise.

SHE recently visited Perth for a holiday, and her quiet humor, fine self-possession, and refreshing philosophy stirred the complacency of city dwellers.

Two years ago, she told The Australian Women's Weekly that "I would not willingly leave my lonely Roper River home for Paradise," and from her latest comments on city life she is apparently of the same opinion still.

Miss Hobley has lived in the Never-Never since she was two, had not seen another white child until she visited Perth recently, and has never danced, played tennis, seen a play or watched games.

She first became known to The Australian Women's Weekly readers in December, 1933, when, at the age of 16, she wrote a spirited letter, attacking remarks by Dr. Marie Benoit, who criticized the suitability of the Northern Territory as a place for white women.

In a full page article of exceptional literary merit for one so young, Miss Hobley hit out straight from the shoulder in defence of her tropical homeland.

THIS girl of the Never-Never admitted quite frankly that a city had many wonders for a girl who had never seen anything beyond a stray pioneer's camp until she came for this trip. But she noticed Perth seemed dirty, and said so.

Many people rushed into print and criticised the "girl from Roper River." Some got quite nasty, and advised her to go back if the city did not please her.

She spiritedly replied: "I have a cold. Therefore I would be in the land where colds are not, and the weather is always what it is expected to be, and there are no pavements to fire one's legs, nor curious hands to explore one's shoes."

"Cannot Breathe"

SHE arrived in the city bewildered, excited, amused. Hemmed in with the noises, crowds, traffic, big buildings, and bustle she saw everything and enjoyed much of it. But she felt the city pressing down on her after a life spent in the wide open spaces in her little unknown corner of the Northern Territory.

"I feel as if I cannot breathe properly," she said. "The heat here seems worse than in the Northern Territory. When the thermometer says 80 deg. here, I wonder whether it means 80 deg. of heat, or whether 80 people have the air before I get it. People always hurry; always worried, they don't seem any happier for it. I do not think I would care to be in city too long."

Her life at home has plenty of interest and variety. After her mother and she have journeyed a bit further—this time in the country—and seen some more of what people in the South call civilisation, she thinks she will cheerfully return home to Roper River and not have longings for the cities and their gaieties—and heavy stress of life that seem to her to accompany them.

Educated By Post

MISS HOBLEY grew up on Riverview Farm. The mailman on a packhorse passed through once in every six weeks, so that she had some traffic passing the house. The Roper River Mission was a good many miles away, and a score of miles or more on were other isolated pioneer families. They had a neighbor down the creek that they saw once in eight years.

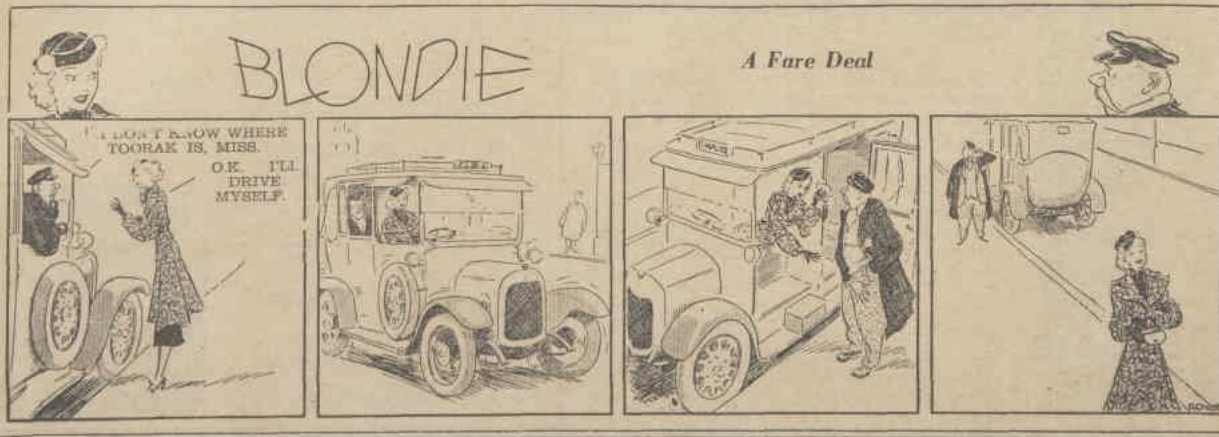
Her only regular companions were her father and mother, the pigs, fowls, horses, goats and bullocks, draught horses and cattle dogs, but as crocodiles fancied the latter's flesh, their life was often only short. Crocodiles abound in that part of Roper River.

After she had learned the three "R's" from her parents, a Sydney correspondence school attended to Miss Hobley's education. She read all the books and newspapers she could get hold of, but the latter were always three months old when they came.

She read at night, and when kerosene supplies ran short she would make a lamp out of a tobacco tin, a rag wick, and some fat—and still read at night.

Miss Hobley has found that few know where Roper River is. When told it flows 300 miles into the Gulf of Carpentaria, people do not seem to be enlightened.

But they all want to know about "the wild blacks." Miss Hobley laughs. She says: "They are as tame as the little pups that yell for dinner and sleep between meals, only I fear the pup, if it knew, would be insulted." She found the only way to insult a station black was to give him a bit of hard work!



ADDING an "Out" to KNOCK-OUT! How a Non-Parting Guest was Speeded on His Way

By L. W. LOWER, Australia's Foremost Humorist Illustrated by WEP

By crikey, I'll bet you're all glad I'm back!
And I'll bet the people with whom I spent my holidays are glad I'm back. They said I was a model guest, but they were all looking pretty haggard when I left.

It's much harder being a model host than a model guest. I found that out a couple of months ago when Edward Blurb stayed a few days at our palatial humpy.

NOW Blurb was a vegetarian. For a start. He couldn't bear the smell of tobacco smoke. Whisky, he said, was the cause of economic trouble, industrial strife, world uneasiness, and hiccups.

That meant that I had to go out in the back yard for a smoke and lock myself in the bathroom when I wanted a drink. I explained the decanter on the sideboard by telling him I only kept it for medicinal purposes. He looked at the decanter, sniffed, and said that it appeared to him the whole family was perpetually at death's door.

He told me that I used the wrong brand of shaving-cream, and said he didn't like the taste of my tooth-brush. Well, I didn't mind that. Any married man of ordinary experience can listen to that stuff and it just flows over him. He's used to it.

But it was the entertaining of

him that put warts on my soul. "Oh, Mr. Blurb," said the wife. "do you play ping pong?" "I was a runner-up in the R.S.P.C.A. tournament in 1925, but I haven't played for quite a while," he replied.

"I'm sure Lennie would love to give you a game," she said sweetly, flashing me a glance which meant "How do you like that dirty smack?" and I hissed between clenched teeth, "Yes, certainly."

"Now let me see," she said. "I think I last saw the ping pong set in a cupboard upstairs. I'll go and look."

Stark horror gripped me. I tried to stop her from getting at the cupboard, but she had gone.

Then a voice was heard far off: "Leonard! Come here a moment!" I dragged myself like a lamb to the slaughter and waited.

"What," she said, "are all these

empty bottles doing here? And this is what you did with the ties I gave you last Christmas!"

"I put the ties there, dear, because I didn't want them to get dirty, and as for the empties, well, all I can say is that I'm astonished. How on earth..."

"Ah, shut up! Take these ping pong bats and go and enjoy yourself with your guest."

"How much longer is that..." "Shh! He'll hear you!"

"Well, how long is he going to stay? Is he parked here for life? Fancy expecting a man to play..."

"Don't swear! Anyhow, he's your guest. I never invited him."

And soon the merry click of the ping pong bat was resounding through the ancestral halls, coupled with the merry laughter of the guest and the brilliant quips of the host.

Merciful interruption. "Oh, Lennie. Sorry to interrupt your game, but I want you to go up the street for me to the shop."

Out in the kitchen! "I've just remembered that that hound doesn't eat meat. Get me a lettuce, a pound of tomatoes and a cucumber. AND SEE THAT YOU BRING BACK THE CHANGE."

"Yes, dear."

"And take that..."

"Don't swear!"

"Take him with you."

"Yes, my love."

"Where did you get all that guff? Are you sickening for something?"

"Just because a man's a bit affectionate and obliging occasionally, you pick on him! Go to blazes!"

"That's more like your old self. Buns off now."

Out in the street I said to Blurb, "I always think a little walk before lunch sets the old gastric juices swirling and makes the atmosphere sit up and beg so to speak, don't you?"

The Final Blow

THEN he started to tell me about his gastric trouble. After about ten minutes I knew so much about that man's stomach that I almost regarded it as an old friend. The maddening part of it was that he wouldn't let me talk about MY stomach. I've got an extremely interesting one, and can reel off the names of doctors and patent medicines in a most instructive manner. But I couldn't get a word in.

"Pound of tomatoes," I said to the greengrocer. "A lettuce, and a cucumber and two shillings each way on Regular Bachelor. Book it up to Mrs. Lower, but don't tell her I said so."

"Gambling is a pernicious evil," said Blurb.

"Yes," I replied, "isn't it? I met a bonzer girl last week. If I hadn't cracked it for a win the previous day I'd never have been able to take her out, and if I hadn't taken her out she wouldn't be trying to blackmail me now. Thus showing," I said, warming up to the work, "what a pernicious evil every damn thing is when your luck's out. Carry this cucumber."

He said that he was shocked to hear that a respectable married man should be seen in low dives with strange women. He thought that, for my own good, he should drop a gentle hint to Mrs. Lower. "You don't smoke or drink, do you?" I asked.

"Certainly not! Neither do I gamble."

"Play tennis or surf or anything like that?" I asked, anxious to get him away from distasteful subjects. "We're quite close to the surf here. Good tennis courts just along the street. I can lend you a raquet."



Playing with fire in a new setting.

"I have other things to do with my time," he replied, loftily. "Do you box?" I asked. "No." "Quite sure?" "Decidedly! I have never even witnessed a fight."

"You couldn't knock a chop off a plate as the vulgar phrase goes?"

"I do not mix in that type of society which calls for a knowledge of fisticuffs."

"You're quite sure about all this? You wouldn't kid me?" "I am quite sure."

"Right!" I said, putting down my lettuce and tomatoes. "Cop this! Fair on the nose. A beauty."

I didn't go home for a few hours after that, and when I got back he'd packed up and gone.

As I said before, it's hard to be a really perfect host.



EXPANSION

For 119 years, the Bank of New South Wales has consistently promoted the expansion of Australian industry and trade.

Deposits and shareholders' funds now total over £105,000,000. This money is used to assist those who can profitably increase production or extend Australia's internal and overseas trade.

Every man or woman who deposits money with this Bank assists the Bank to co-operate still further in the development of the country's resources and the expansion of employment for Australian workers.

At each of the Bank's 753 branches throughout Australia, New Zealand and the Pacific Islands, interest bearing deposits may be lodged and cheque drawing accounts may be opened.

Bank of New South Wales

(Established 1817)



196 C.36

How does she keep so Slim and HEALTHY

SHE'S healthy, happy and deliciously slim and enjoys every minute of her life—all because she takes her nightly dose of Bile Beans.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They tone up the system, purify the blood, and daily counter-act fat-forming foods, thus keeping you healthy, happy and attractively slim.

So if you want to look and feel your best be sure and take Bile Beans regularly every night.

BILE BEANS

1/2 & 3/- EVERYWHERE.



"My husband says I am a picture of good health and I certainly feel younger, happier and have far more energy since taking Bile Beans. But they have brought me better health than I have had for five years and have checked that tendency to put on weight."—Mrs. E. Loveley.

"Since I have been taking Bile Beans every night I have lost 5 pounds. I used to be breathless after the least exertion. But now I'm energetic and alert and my general health is 100 per cent. better."—Miss A. L. Telling.



**"The Results
are amazing!"**

"I am writing to let you know the benefit I have obtained since taking Clements Tonic. I have been in the hospital a month after a very bad operation. Before being discharged I asked my nurse if she could recommend a tonic for me to take. She advised me to take Clements. I have just finished my third bottle and the results are amazing. My husband says I've lost my appetite and found a horse's. I was terribly weak when leaving hospital and thought life to me would never be worth living again. I sleep like a top and my colour is back again and I'm able to go about my household duties again and I'm only out of hospital a fortnight."

(Mrs. J.Y. Dunedin, N.Z.)

(Original letter on file for inspection.)

Prices in all Capital Cities in the Commonwealth 2/- and 5/- a bottle at all Chemists and Stores.

**CLEMENTS
TONIC**

WTS-106

"Gives you Nerves of Steel"

Clements Tonic achieves its results in a perfectly natural way. Clements Tonic is a nerve and blood restorer. It does not contain harmful drugs or opiates. Instead, it calms your nerves, enriches your blood stream, gives you strength to resist ill-health and depression... all with absolute safety and permanent results.



SKIN TROUBLES

Beware of Septic Poison

Neglect of a small sore or abrasion may cause not only pain and discomfort—it can start virulent septic infection. You should act at once! Apply Germolene Skin Ointment. Let this wonderful remedy remove all impurities. Germolene penetrates to the furthest point of danger, instantly killing every poisonous germ, soothing, cleansing, and healing with remarkable speed. The treatment which is so successful over ulcers, eczema, burns and scalds and many severe forms of skin disease is perfect for slight troubles. Don't be without Germolene in your home. It isn't worth the risk.



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for BAD LEGS, ULCERS,
PSORIASIS, CUTS, BURNS,
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Obtainable from all CHEMISTS & STORES

Germolene

SKIN OINTMENT 1/9 & 4/- Per Tin

NEW BOOKS

"Lady is Fickle" in Soutar's Story of Eternal Triangle

Reviewed by LESLIE HAYLEN

For those seeking a story with literary flourishes perhaps Andrew Soutar's new novel, "Robert Harlow's Wife," may not appeal, but as a straightforward and terse piece of sincerity it has more than usual merit.

SIMPLY told, the story has no big moments, but it has a salty flavor of life about it, with an economy of the grand scenes which do not always make good fiction.

Harlow is a self-made man, an engineer of world renown. Naturally, one does not expect much verbal fireworks from that sort and they do not occur.

He is in the prime of life, and decides to marry again. He does not write perfervid letters to his beloved, but sits down and reviews in retrospect his first marriage and why it crashed.

The best part of the novel deals with this "flash back" story of his early life and first marriage.

There is a certain cold narrative stream in these pages which might be a transcript of an everyday divorce court case. The real interest lies in the humanness of the incidents.

Modern Product

ZOE WILDING, who marries Harlow, is a typical modern product. At first she is amused by this genius in homespun whom her father brings to the house as a visitor. She later is attracted by his rugged honesty and tenacity of purpose, and finally she imagines herself in love with him.

We have been told that Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's lady are sisters under the skin, but the dear Harlow would have done better with a Judy from his own class, since he was a poor mixer, and too engrossed in his engineering inventions to worry about the social graces which were part of the life of Zoe Harlow. Of course, the marriage falls. There is a handsome cad in love with Zoe, and the stolid Harlow takes the impact when he deserts her.

Earthquake in Japan presents the final curtain for Zoe, and Harlow returns to England. One feels that in under the terse narrative somewhere is the pulse of a tender passion, the love of a man for his wife despite her faults.

Returned to England, Harlow receives yet another blow. His son dies at school and the last thread with his old life is severed.

Perversely enough, his success con-

times in a material sense. He is one of England's most famous men, but curiously apart and alone.

The second woman comes. She writes an impetuous love-letter. Is it hero-worship again—just a celebrity hunter? One can't tell. This young girl is charming—as Zoe was charming—she is well-bred, as his wife was well-bred. She is a believer in caste, a lover of success.

He reads her letter over again. Eleanor had said: "Start again at your beginnings and never breathe a word of your loss."

Pathetically he starts on his second adventure. (Hutchinson. 7/6.)



THE book: "Murder at the Inn."

Richard Coynne.

ALL good mystery novels are sure to be filmed, and when this one goes on the screen it should have as its theme song: "The Grandfather clock—stopped—never to go again—when the Landlord died."

BECAUSE that is really what the whole mystery is about. There is another funny thing about this thriller. It isn't so much a case of who committed murder, but why?

The antics of the clock which stopped, started, and did all sorts of strange things on the night of the murder were enough to make grandfather who owned and loved it turn in his grave.

RATHER a novel setting for murder: the publican with his eye on the clock—or isn't it?

Paul Templeton, K.C., is the sleuth, and the setting the Downs of Sussex. It will baffle you—and you'll stay baffled—until the last pages. The Crime Book Club recommends this. Our copy from Hutchinson's, the publishers.



SHORT REVIEWS



"FEATHER." Ruby M. Ayres. Admirers of Ruby M. Ayres will find this novel to their taste. Feather, by the way, is the delightful heroine, and she goes through varying heart searchings and incidents until the happy ending, which, like the "Promised Land" of romantic fiction, can be glimpsed afar off by the discerning reader. There may be nothing very deep in the story, but the characters are interesting and capably presented. Style is smooth and the plot well handled. A good book for a light mood. (Hodder and Stoughton. 7/6.)

"AND THEN CAME SPRING." Anne Hepple. Here is a delightful book for the spare hour. It does not profess to be profound, but certainly it is vastly entertaining. It concerns the romance of Elspeth, who, tired of the life of a teacher in her aunt's academy, escapes to the country and The Hopper's House, a quaint old Tudor cottage in the country surrounded by a beautiful garden. The entertaining people at the next farm are Luke and Lot, a most unusual brother and sister, who are sticking to England while their parents are in Canada making—or waiting for—a fortune.

Of course Luke and Elspeth fall in love, but the real value of the story is the manner in which it is written. The author has invested Elspeth with real elfin charm, and delightful ways with beasts and birds she writes about. Luke is whimsical and lovable. A book where the light touch of comedy runs smoothly with the course of romance. (Hutchinson. 7/6.)

"JUDITH." Clarissa Cushman. Can marriage alter a woman's outlook so tremendously that from being a lover of the country she becomes overnight as happy as a lark in a small city flat? Given love and all that, can she survive



ION IDRIESS, whose new novel, "Cattle King," deals with the life of the late Sir Sidney Kidman. It is a vivid story of the pioneering spirit.

this transplanting and be happy? That is the problem propounded in this novel. The husband makes no changes, lives his city life and becomes prosperous, but Judith tries of it all and flies back to the country.

Back there she finds that the song of the lark and her glorious garden are not enough. When Hilary comes seeking her she returns. Which seems mere perversity on her part, but it isn't really.

The book shows cleverly the clash of temperaments of a couple much in love, and their eventual better understanding of each other. A good love story told in a straightforward and attractive manner. (Methuen. 7/6.)



ANDREW SOUTAR uses a quiet but effective style in handling the drama in his latest novel, "Robert Harlow's Wife," reviewed on this page.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

WITHOUT CALOMEL

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A more bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Sold in two sizes only 1/3 and 3/4. Resent a substitute.***

How I ended my stomach trouble



"I can eat what I please and digest it with ease."

If you suffer from indigestion, if you cannot enjoy a meal without pain, wind, distension, and a feeling of weakness and low spirits, let nothing deter you from trying "Bisurated" Magnesia. It is the supreme remedy for stomach trouble, with over 20 years' proof of its unflinching efficacy. Perhaps you are even now dreading your next meal. Then why not make it the occasion for putting "Bisurated" Magnesia to the test? Get a bottle of "Bisurated" Magnesia, powder or tablets, from your chemist and take a little after your meal. But whatever you fancy. The result will be a revelation to you. The contents of your stomach will be made as bland and soothing as milk, instead of turning acid as before. The customary pain and wind will not occur and digestion will be completed with ease and comfort.

'BISURATED' MAGNESIA Banishes Stomach Ills

A concentrated preparation, very economical. The package bears the "Bismar" Trade Mark.

MAKES ALUMINIUM LOOK LIKE NEW! Steelwool

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Those lips of yours! Are they fresh, ripe, inviting? Michel will keep them so all day long, for Michel lipstick is truly indelible. So flattering in shade, so soft, so appealing, it makes you feel and look ravishing. Be sure to get the genuine Michel lipstick with the word "MICHEL" engraved on the case. Other famous Michel beauty aids include the most adherent compact rouge made and cosmetic for eyelashes that is non-irritating and water-proof.

Michel
OBTAINABLE FROM ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.

THE Third COINCIDENCE



other pink cow with one horn later in the day.

"Coincidences, my dear George," he said, "are inevitabilities—not accidents."

Manfred murmured something in reply—he was studying the dossier of one William Yape, of whom something may be told at a later period.

"Now, here is a coincidence," Leon was in no sense abashed, for it was after dinner, the hour of the day when he was most confident. "This morning I took the car for a run to Windsor—she was a trifle sticky yesterday—and at Langley what did I find? A gentleman sitting before an inn, very drunk. He was, I imagined, an agricultural laborer in his best Sunday suit, and it was remarkable that he wore a diamond ring worth five hundred pounds. He had, he told me, been to Canada, and had stayed at the Chateau Frontenac—which is a posh hotel."

Poicart was interested.

"And the coincidence?"

"If George will listen," Manfred looked up with a groan. "Thank you, Hardy had I begun questioning this insubstantial son of the soil when a Rolls drove up, and there stepped down a rather nice-looking gentleman who also wore a diamond ring on his little finger."

"Génation," said George Manfred.

"I shall be offended if you do not listen. Imagine the agriculturalist suddenly jumping to his feet as if he had seen a ghost. 'Ambrose!' he gasped. I tell you his face was the color of milk. Ambrose—if he will pardon the liberty—could not have heard him and passed into the inn. The laborer went stumbling away (it is remarkable that one's head sobers so much more quickly than one's legs) as though the devil was after him."

"I went into the inn and found Ambrose drinking tea—a man who drinks tea at eleven o'clock in the morning has lived either in South Africa or Australia. It proved to be South Africa. An alluvial diamond digger, an ex-soldier and a most gentlemanly person, though not very communicative. After he had gone I went in search of the laborer—overtook him as he entered a most flamboyant villa."

"Which, with your peculiar disregard for the sacredness of the Englishman's home, you entered."

Leon nodded.

"Truth is in you," he said. "Imagine, my dear George, a suburban villa so filled with useless furniture that you could hardly find a place to sit. Satin-covered settees, pseudo-Chinese cabinets, whatnots and wherefore crowding space. Ridiculous oil paintings (pointed by the yard) in heavy gold frames, suspicious enlargements of photographs covering hideous wall-paper—and two ladies, expensively dressed and bediamonded, but without an 'it' between them. Common as the dirt on my boots, shrill, ugly, coarse."

"As I entered the hall on the trail of the laborer I heard him say: 'He wasn't killed—he's back,' and a woman say: 'Oh, my God!' And then the second woman said: 'It must be killed—it was in the list on New Year's Day!' after which I was so busy explaining my presence that further enlightenment was out of the question."

George Manfred had tied his dossier neatly with a strip of red ribbon, and now he leaned back in his chair.

"You took the number of the Ambrose car, of course?"

Leon nodded.

"And he wore a diamond ring?"

"A lady's—it was on his little finger. A not very magnificent affair. It was the sort of dress ring that a girl would wear."

Poicart chuckled.

"Now we sit down and wait for the third coincidence," he said. "It is inevitable."

A few minutes later Leon was on his way to Fleet Street, for he was a man whose curiosity was insatiable.

By....
Edgar Wallace

For two hours, in the office of a friendly newspaper, he pored over the casualty lists that were published on four New Year's Days, looking for a soldier whose first name was "Ambrose."

"THE Three Just Men," said the Assistant-Commissioner cheerfully, "are now so eminently respectable that we give them police protection."

You must allow for the fact that this was after dinner, when even an Assistant-Commissioner grows a little expansive, especially when he is host in his nice house in Belgrave. You must also allow for the more interesting fact that one of the famous organisations had been seen outside of Colonel Yenford's house that very night.

"They are queer devils—why they should be watching this place beats me—if I had known I should have asked the fellow in!"

Lady Irene Belvigne waved her long ostrich fan languidly. She seemed scarcely interested in the Three Just Men. Yet every word Colonel Yenford spoke was eagerly stored in her memory.

A beautiful woman of thirty-five, the widow of a man who had held Cabinet rank, she might claim to be especially favored. She had been the wife of a many-times millionaire who had left her his entire fortune. She had the lineless face and serene pose of one who had never known care.

"I don't exactly know what they do," her voice was a soft drawl. "Are they detectives?" Of course, I know what they were."

Who did not know what that ruthless trio were in the days when every hand was against them? When swift death followed their threat, when a whole world of secret lawbreakers trembled at their names.

"They're tame enough now," said somebody. "They wouldn't have played their monkey tricks to-day, eh, Yenford?"

Colonel Yenford was not so confident.

"It is queer," mused Irene. "I did not think of them."

She was so wholly absorbed in her thoughts that she did not realise she was speaking aloud.

"Why on earth should you think about them?" demanded Yenford, a little astonished.

She started at this and changed the subject.

It was past midnight when she reached her beautiful flat in Piccadilly, and all the servants, except her maid had gone to bed. At the sound of a key turning in the lock the maid came flying into the hall, and with a sinking of heart Irene Belvigne knew that something was wrong.

"She's been waiting since nine, m'lady," said the girl in a low voice.

Irene nodded.

"Where is she?" she asked.

"I put her in the study, Miss."

HANDING her cloak to the maid, the woman walked up the broad passage, opened a door and entered the library. The woman who had been sitting on the hide-covered settee rose awkwardly at the sight of the radiant woman who entered. The visitor was poorly dressed, had a long, not too clean face, and a mouth that drooped pathetically. She looked up at Irene under her lowered lids, and though her tone was humble it also held a suggestion of menace.

"He's terribly bad again to-night, m'lady," she said. "We had all our work-out out to keep him in bed. He wanted to come here, he said, him being delicious. The doctor says that we ought to get him away to—her eyes rose quickly and fell again—"South Africa."

Continued on Page 16

Your Dog

He Needs **CONDITIONING** regularly every week—
Give Him **BARKO**
CONDITION POWDERS

FOR DOGS OF ALL AGES

Puppies and older dogs need Barko Condition Powders. They need them particularly after distemper, worming, colds and influenza. When a dog is recovering from a sickness he requires a tonic. Barko Condition Powders are a splendid tonic. They are pure, safe, tasteless and easy to give. No dog owner who has any regard for his dog should be without them in the house. Whenever your dog's coat becomes dull, ragged or loose—whenver he loses his appetite or is constantly scratching himself—whenver he is listless, miserable, sulky—whenver you find his nose is warm—you should give him Barko Condition Powders immediately. They purify the blood, tone up the system, and ensure a beautiful coat.

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CONDITION POWDERS
Price—1/6 per Box of 20 Powders
At all Chemists. 7/10

AN EFFECTIVE DRY INHALATION for LUNG TROUBLE

Results that are permanent—not merely a temporary relief—has been found in Membrous Dry Inhalation. Many results that have been achieved during past and recent years by this wonderful dry inhalation have been described as miraculous. The dry healing fumes come directly into contact with the affected parts of the lungs, readily dissolving the germ-laden mucus, giving wonderful relief, and also enter the bloodstream—therein lies the secret of its amazing success.

If you too, want to experience the wonderful feeling of relief... to enjoy not temporary advantage, but vital improvement in **ORIGINAL HEALTH, WEIGHT, STRENGTH, APPETITE, ABILITY TO SLEEP COMFORTABLY**, and every hope of complete recovery being made, then give **MEMBROSUS** dry inhalation a fair trial NOW!

A PREVIOUS SUFFERER FROM LUNG TROUBLE WRITES:
"My appetite is still good, and I am gaining weight. I was six stone, then six-twelve, seven stone; seven-thirteen now I am seven-twelve and a half. You can imagine how pleased I am, and how grateful we are since using Membrous. It is wonderful!"

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BRONCHITIS ASTHMA

There is a definite reason why Membrous Dry Inhalation is bringing daily reports of "COMPLETE RECOVERY WITHOUT RECURRENCE OF ATTACKS," from so many one-time sufferers in different parts of Australia and New Zealand.

With Membrous, the remarkable dry inhalation, the healing fumes act directly upon the affected parts, dissolving mucus, and enter the bloodstream, destroying germs, thereby gradually, but surely, aiding restoration to normal health.

Patients report that they are no longer VICTIMS TO CONSTANT WHIZZING AND COUGHING, SHORTNESS OF BREATH, NIGHT, DOUND-UP FEELING, LOSS OF SLEEP, ETC. Membrous can banish these afflictions and restore normal health.

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WITHOUT OPERATION

Membrous, a dry inhalation, has been proved a most effective way of treating these distressing complaints. It is a progressively effective treatment, entirely different from any other, and gets right to the base of the trouble, dissolving mucus, clearing the nasal passages. It drives out the toxins and germs, and leaves the patient invigorated and restored to normal health.

READ WHAT OTHER SUFFERERS SAY:
CATARRH: "This treatment has done me a wonderful lot of good. I feel almost as well as I ever did."
HAY FEVER: "I have had such wonderful relief from Hay Fever, I hardly know myself. I am enclosing money for further treatment."
ANTRUM TROUBLE: "I think Membrous is really marvellous. After three days' use I slept all night, breathing through my nostrils, and my head is quite clear. The other things I used enabled me to breathe clearly for a few minutes and then the usual blockage. With Membrous it did not clear my head so well immediately, but the effect came slowly and lastingly."

MEMBROSUS (Regd.)

DRY INHALATION TREATMENT

For particulars call or send a stamped addressed envelope, mentioning your complaint to **MEMBROSUS, care (City Office) IRVING'S PHARMACY** (estd. 30 years), Gwalia Building, Rangoon Rd., 41 Market Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

OUR KING *Enjoys a* QUIET SWIM!



TWO UNUSUAL AND INFORMAL STUDIES of Royalty at play. On the left is our own King Edward enjoying a quiet swim with his brother, the Duke of Kent. Inset, they are seen getting ready for a nice sunbake. These pictures, and the King's decree last week for simpler Court fashions, emphasise his ever-ready desire to get away from the formality that surrounds a throne. Above is Crown Prince Michael, of Rumania, out for a day's shooting, accompanied by members of the Royal staff.



ENGLISH SOCIETY was stirred recently when Miss Elizabeth Brooks (Princess Pearl of Sarawak) married dance-band leader Harry Roy. This is the latest picture of the couple, who, strangely enough, are starring together in a film called "Royal Romance" now being made at Elstree.



A NATION'S BEST-DRESSED WOMAN. Madame Dubonnet, who for years has enjoyed the reputation of being the best-dressed woman in France, with her daughter, Anna Patricia.



POPE PIUS XI inaugurating the conference of the Academy Pontifical of Science in the Vatican. This is one of the important yearly conferences in the Holy City.



WEST AUSTRALIA'S Blue army of bus girls whose work as a team is unique in Australia. They work on two charabanc services operating on different routes between Perth and Fremantle.

WHETHER father should do his bit pushing the pram has been argued by readers on our So They Say page recently. At right, one Englishman finds it a joyful task as he wheels his model yacht down to the pond for the afternoon's sport. Would be so enthusiastic if he had to wheel baby around?



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(* Australian Letters Patent 22598)

7/11

"—They fit the ankle without a wrinkle"



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AN OUTSTANDING ARRAY OF SAFETY FEATURES
... STRIKING BEAUTY OF LINE ... LUXURIOUS INTERIORS ...
DELIGHTFUL EASE OF CONTROL ... SURPRISING ECONOMY

FORD V-8 for 1936 is thoroughly modern in style and design, and particularly in its splendid safety features: Safety Glass all round ... All-Steel closed bodies ... Super safety brakes ... Easier steering and gear changing. That is why Ford V-8 appeals immediately to the thoughtful modern woman—the woman who demands all the latest, proved refinements in her personal or family car. In addition this magnificent V-8 is outstanding in the beauty of its appearance; the luxury of its finish and appointments; the comfort of its Centre-poise riding and deep, restful upholstery. The famous V-8 engine gives thrilling, effortless performance—

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"It was Canada last time," said Irene steadily. "That was rather an expensive trip, Mrs. Dennis." The woman mumbled something, rubbed her hands still more nervously. "I'm sure I'm worried to death about the whole business, me being his aunt, and I'm sure I can't afford no five thousand pounds to take him to South Africa."

Five thousand pounds! Irene was aghast at the demand. The Canadian trip had cost three thousand, but the original request was for one.

"I should like to see him myself," she said with sudden determination. Again that swift, sly look.

"I wouldn't let you come and see him, me lady, unless you brought a gentleman. I'd say your husband, but I know he's no more—I wouldn't take the responsibility, I wouldn't, indeed. That's why I never tell you where we're living, in case you was tempted, me lady. He'd think no more of cutting your throat than he would of looking at you!"

A little smile of contempt hardened the beautiful face.

"I am not so sure that really terrifies me," said Irene quietly. "You want five thousand pounds—when do you call?"

"Next Saturday, me lady," said the woman eagerly. "And Jim says you was to pay the money in notes."

Irene nodded. "Very well," she said. "But you mustn't come here again unless I send for you."

"Where shall I get the money, me lady?"

"Here at twelve o'clock to-morrow. And won't you please make yourself a little more presentable when you call?"

The woman grinned.

"I ain't got your looks or your clothes, me lady," she sneered. "Every penny piece I earn goes on poor Jim, a-trying to save his life, which if he had his rights he'd have millions."

Irene walked to the door and opened it, waited in the passage until the maid had shut out the unwholesome visitor.

"Open the windows and air the room," said Irene.

THE Third COINCIDENCE

Continued from Page 13

She went upstairs and sat down before her dressing-table, eyeing her reflection thoughtfully.

Then, of a sudden, she lifted the little doll-shaped cover of the telephone, pulled the instrument towards her, and had half-raised the hook when she realised she did not know the number. A search of the book gave her the information she wanted. The Triangle Detective Agency had their headquarters in Curson Street. But they would be in bed by now, she thought. And even if the members of this extraordinary confederation were not, would they be likely to interest themselves at this late hour?

She had hardly given the number before she was through. She heard the rattle of the receiver as it was raised, and the distinctive tinkle of a guitar. Then an eager voice asked her who she was.

"Lady Irene Belvinne," she said. "You don't know me, but—"

"I know you very well, Lady Irene." She could almost detect the unknown smiling as he answered. "You dined at Colonel Yenford's to-night and left the house at twelve minutes to twelve. You told your chauffeur to go back by way of Hyde Park ..."

The guitar had ceased. She heard a distant voice say:

"Listen to Leon. He's being all Sherlock Holmesish." And then a laugh. She smiled in sympathy.

"Do you want to see me?" This was Leon Gonzalez speaking, then.

"When can I?" she asked.

"Now. I'll come right away, if you are in any very serious trouble—I have an idea that you are."

She hesitated. An immediate decision was called for and she set her teeth.

"Very well. Will you come? I will wait up for you."

In her nervousness she dropped the receiver down while he was answering her.

Five minutes later the maid admitted a slim, good-looking man. He was in evening dress, and was strangely like a Chancery barrister she knew. On her part the greeting was awkward, for the interval had been too short for her to make up her mind what she should tell him, and how she should begin.

It was in the library, tainted to her sensitive nostrils, with her late frowny visitor, that she made her confession, and he listened with an expressionless face.

"... I was very young—that is my only excuse; and he was a very handsome, very attractive young man ... and a chauffeur isn't a servant ... I mean, one can be quite good friends with him, as one couldn't be with—well, with other servants."

He nodded. "It was an act of lunacy, and nasty, and everything you can say. When my father sent him away I thought my heart would break."

"Your father knew?" asked Gonzalez gravely.

She shook her head.

"No. Father was rather quick-tempered, and he bullied Jim for some fault that was not his—that was the end of it. I had one letter—just before the war. I heard no more until two or three years after I was married, and then I got a letter from this woman saying that her nephew was consumptive and she knew what—what good friends we had been."

To her surprise her visitor was smiling, and at first she was hurt.

"You have told me only what I have guessed," he said, to her amusement.

"You guessed ... but you did not know—"

HE interrupted her brusquely.

"Was your second marriage happy, Lady Irene? I am not being impertinent."

She hesitated. "It was quite happy. My husband was nearly thirty years older than I—why do you ask?"

Leon smiled again. "I am a sentimentalist—which is a shocking confession for one who boasts of his scientific mind. I am a devourer of love stories, both in fiction and in life. This Jim was not unpleasant."

She shook her head. "No," she said, and then added simply: "I loved him—I love him still. That is the ghastly part of it. It is dreadful to think of him lying ill with this dreadful aunt looking after him—"

"Landlady," broke in Leon calmly. "He had no relations."

She was on her feet now, staring at him.

"What do you know?"

He had a gesture which was almost mesmerizing in its calming effect.

"I went to Colonel Yenford's house to-night—I happened to learn that you were his guest and I wanted to see your mouth. I'm sorry if I am being mysterious, but I judge women by their mouths—the test is infallible. That is why I knew the hour you left."

Irene Belvinne was frowning at him. "I don't understand, Mr. Gonzalez—"

she began. "What has my mouth to do with the matter?"

He nodded slowly. "If you had a certain type of mouth I should have not been interested—as it is."

She waited, and presently he spoke. "You will find James Ambrose Clynes in his suite at the Picaresque Hotel. The dress ring you gave him is on his little finger, and your photograph is the only one in his room."

He put out his hand and steadied her as, while and shaking, she sank into a chair.

"He's a very rich man and a very nice man ... and a very stupid man, or he would have come to see you."

A CAR drew up before an ornate villa in the village of Langley and a poorly-dressed woman got down. The door was opened by a thickset man and the two passed into the over-furnished parlor. On the face of Mrs. Dennis was a smile of satisfaction.

"It's all right—she'll part," she said, throwing off her old cloak.

The coarse-looking man with the diamond ring turned to his other sister. "As soon as we get the money it's Canada for us," he said ominously. "I won't have another fright like I had on Tuesday—why were you so late, Maria?"

"A tyre burst on the Great West Road," she said, rubbing her hands at the fire. "What are you worrying about, Saul? We've done nothing. It ain't as though we ever threatened her. That'd be crime. Just askin' her to help a poor feller who is ill, that ain't crime."

They discussed the pros and cons of this for nearly an hour. Then came the knock at the door.

It was the man who went out to interview the visitor.

Please turn to Page 22

You, too, will
SMILE...



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NO-RUB

Smiles instead of backaches. Five minutes, where it used to take hours. There is no floor polish in the world that will do just what No-Rub will do. It's a liquid. You simply spread it on the floor with No-Rub applicator ... leaves it for 20 minutes ... when you come back you see a rich, glowing, even surface. Then a light mop over every day will keep your floor bright and gay.

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N7

Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



"Sh' erright, madam, it's a pleasure; I always shand fr lady."



"He knows nothing about art."
"Oh, no, one radiator cap is just like another to him."



MISTRESS: Jane, when you wait at the table, please don't spill anything.
JANE: Don't worry, ma'am. I'll keep me mouth shut.



"Isn't it lucky I thought of an umbrella?"



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NO one can be happy if the feet ache, or are swollen and painful. If you want to walk in ease and comfort, get on with your work, or enjoy your sport or exercise without foot trouble, just take the following simple precaution.

Each night, after bathing the feet in warm water, dry thoroughly, then rub Zam-Buk into the soles and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed into the skin and thus reach the seat of the trouble in the underlying tissues.

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are quickly relieved by Zam-Buk. Hard skin, corns and bunions are softened, joints, ankles, toes and feet are made easy and you can again wear shoes in comfort. Start with Zam-Buk to-night!

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SARAH: What makes you think we're in for another bad season?
DAD: I've just paid off the mortgage.

Brainwaves

A prize of £/5 is paid for each joke used.

"I'm a very clever magician, I can turn a glass of water into a glass of whisky."
"Then you're some magician! We want you at our party this evening."
"To entertain the guests?"
"No, to supply the liquor."

STUTTERING GOLF PLAYER: D-does he know anything about put-put-put-putting?
Other Player: Yes, he used to have a canoe with an outboard motor.

"HAVE a chew of tobacco?"
"No, thanks. I don't like the stuff."
"Well, I don't blame you. My wife left me when I started chewing it!"
"Give me a chew quick!"

GIRL: I want a divorce.
Young Lawyer: Sorry, I have so many divorce cases on my hands that you'd have to wait ten months.
Girl: That's all right. I haven't married the man yet.

"Is your husband intelligent when it comes to an argument?"
"Yes, he never starts one with me."

WIFE: The trouble with you is you never know when you've had enough.
Husband: Forget it! I've had enough of marriage and nobody knows it better than I do!

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Try this simple but successful recipe yourself!

CHERRINGTON CAKE

Cream sugar and butter, add well beaten eggs. Sift flour and baking powder together. Mix well and add milk. Bake the mixture in square baking dish in moderate oven for 30 to 40 minutes. Turn on to a cake cooler when cooked. Ice with soft white icing and decorate with Aunt Mary's Crystallised Cherries cut into rings. Half the above recipe may be used if a smaller cake is desired and baked for 15 to 20 minutes.

- 2½ cups flour
- 1 cup butter
- ½ cup milk
- 1½ cups sugar
- 4 eggs
- 2 rounded teaspoons Aunt Mary's Baking Powder

Send a shilling, plus twopenny for postage, to Tillock & Co. Ltd., Kent and Liverpool Sts., Sydney, for a copy of Aunt Mary's Cookery Book.

AUNT MARY'S CREAM OF TARTAR BAKING POWDER

SAVE THE LIDS
When you have so fresh lids from the tin of Aunt Mary's Baking Powder send them to Tillock & Co. Ltd., with your name and address and you will receive Aunt Mary's Surprise Pocket Free.

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HOWE	Including boat fares and accommodation.	HOWE
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WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU Radio House, 296-300 Pitt Street Telephone MA4496

BETTY'S "Racey" NARRATIVES

How a Shopping Excursion was Spoiled by Half a Nose

By BETTY GEE

Fancy taking 5 to 4 about a hurdle race! But they do that with impunity in Melbourne.

The girls of the village set up by Batman put more faith in a jumper than they do in their husbands. And they might be right, too, judging by the errands I have run across in a week down here.

BUT that isn't what I set out to tell you about. They fairly fell over themselves to take 5 to 4 Blackford for the Hurdle at Flemington on Saturday, and people said he was a certainty. But Cliff Mahony whispered a tip about African, from Sydney, and in I went for £20 to £2. He stumbled, but still ran Blackford to a head, and the sole satisfaction I got out of it was seeing the Melbourne men get the scare of their 5 to 4 lives when he looked like beating Blackford.

Incidentally I climbed to the top of the official stand to see the race, and got the shock of my life to see Maurice McCarten and his wife sitting there. Not that they had to make up a quarrel to be found together, but that's so unusual on a race day. Maurice is resting from racing for a month, and they were seeing the racing together for the first time for years.

The Ideal Husband

There's the ideal husband for you. Take his wife everywhere he goes riding. But she's a sweet thing. A Sydney girl, one of the Scotts from Randwick, Maurice married her when he first came from New Zealand.

Anyhow, Maurice told me Gold Rod couldn't lose the next, to down I trotted, poked round the bag for the full holding, and put £10 into the bookie's hand as even money before I could change my mind.

Then I walked about a bit in a daze, and I was still shaking a bit even after Gold Rod had won by seven lengths. As if that wasn't enough to settle a girl's nerves.

When I drew the £20, who should I run into but Mrs. Uta, who owns Sylvandale. I DID like Cuddle, myself, but Mrs. Uta said, "I think we'll win." She always uses the plural pronoun like that, and I often wonder whether she means herself and Sylvandale, or herself and the doctor.

Whoever she meant, she said it with such quiet, deadly confidence that I was all-froed for Sylvandale, and cooled towards Cuddle at once. I was still holding the £20 in my hand and young Jim Hackett sang out 6 to 4 Sylvandale, so it was just like Providence that forced me to stick up the £20 under his nose.

Certainty Missed

WHEN I finished clutching the £50 ticket while Sylvandale ran over Cuddle in the straight, it was like a bit of paper pulp. Fancy, £50 in hand! And did I stay in the ring and put it "all up" on the next race, the Newmarket? That is the exactest thing I did not do. Instead, I poked £40 back into the corners of the bag where the originals had come from.

But Bobbie Walder had told me about Gay Blonde, and I took £52 to £2. That's what I thought of the Newmarket. But she went like a duck with the webbing trimmed off its feet, and I said a few things about myself for not taking the "office" on Regular Bachelor after the way he beat Cuddle in the Futurity. But it's no use waking up after the race, but he did look a good thing, didn't he?

Running into Mick Polson, I asked him about the Lager, and he said Allanga. Of course, I couldn't be satisfied with that. What woman is? So I said, "What about Young Idea?" I was mad about him, but Mick blew the enthusiasm out of my sails. He said he'd pull his head off before the race was half over. Jack Munro told me Allanga was the fittest horse in the race, and couldn't lose. "You back 'bat,'" he said.

So it was £10 to 25 Allanga, and Andy Knox set his profile straight at the winning-post and did not stop grilling his nose and him together until he'd got there with a length and three-quarters up his sleeve.

I told you last week I had the big tip about Amalia, and not to take any notice of her being beaten at Caulfield. Yes, these Adelaide smarties time their runs pretty well. I had £40 to £5, and I thought it was in my bag when



JOCKEY ANDY KNOX, whose victory on Allanga helped to fill Betty Gee's purse at Flemington.

Amalia just caught Greenhorn on the post and they flashed over the line together.

But Greenhorn got it by half a nose. That would have been £100 for me for the day's work, and would I have given these frocks the glad-eye on the Green? Still, there are more days.

I'm waiting for Gay Lover in the Elms, Dark Sky to win the Leonard Stakes. And on Saturday I'll put the "big purse" on Cuddle for the Cup, because I know the New Zealanders think she's a certainty, and Mr. R. J. Murphy — he owns her, you know — believes that she's the best staying mare we ever saw in this country.

Then with whatever I've got I'm going to empty on Gold Rod for the Ascot Vale, and they can have all their Fidelitys, etc. But save a few shillings for Naloh, because that's what Mick Polson has brought over specially, and Gay Blonde should win the Breeze, not because she belongs to another bloke, but she was never as good as now, and these seven-furlong races round Flemington are made to order for good finishers.

DIABETICS

Mrs. W. Glebe, Newcastle, who had high blood sugar content, writes (20/2/36) of "Symonds Diabotin" as follows:—

"Since I commenced taking 'Symonds Diabotin,' I am a different woman. For eleven years life to me was continual suffering; I never knew what it was to have a night's rest, and it was the same through the day. A lady met me in the Hospital the other day; she said, 'Mrs. W., you are a marvel.' Another said, 'Well, I would not have known you; the last time I saw you I thought you had not an hour to live.' People are amazed to see me, knowing what I have gone through."

"I don't mind even if you advertise my full name and address; I am more than grateful for what your medicine has done for me."

"Symonds Diabotin" is a medicine and not an injection. Copies of testimonials will be mailed on request. Originals may be inspected at the office of "Symonds Diabotin," 14 Martin Place, Sydney. Mention this paper, please. W.W.N.

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.

Pennies will not be used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.



FOR FRIENDLY DEBATE

If you enjoy a friendly debate, write to *So They Say*—on any topic at all. Introduce your own or give your viewpoint on one of the subjects featured this week. Letters should not exceed 120 words.

BEAUTY EVERYWHERE!

THERE is so much beauty in everyday life that I often think it would be an even more wonderful world if one could cultivate the habit of seeing the beautiful. Little children are quick at seeing bright colors, and will exclaim with joy on discovering a single yellow daisy in the long grass, or a tiny butterfly flitting about a flower. As they grow older they are not encouraged to find beauty in little things, and they lose this joy in everyday affairs.

All around is beauty; maybe a peep of bright sky, a starry night, pictures, a pretty room, soft green grass, trees.

Women's domestic round may be full of color and radiate cheerfulness. A cake baked golden brown upon a dainty dish can be a thing of beauty.

Let us seek the wonders which lie so close, and in finding them I am sure much of the monotony would be banished from our busy lives.

£1 for this letter to Miss E. Willes, Toogoolawah, Qld.

CHOOSING A NOVEL

THE REV. C. IRVING BENSON, at Wesley Church, Melbourne, said that the way many women choose a novel always amuses him. He sees them in a bookshop select a book, read the first couple of pages, then a few in the middle, and some more to see how it ends.

I don't think women are the only offenders in that respect, and I know at least one man who reads the first two chapters, some of the middle, and the last chapter, then commences all over again.

Miss E. J. Meyer, 22 York St., Caulfield, Vic.

RANK BAD TASTE

WHY is it that many women always inquire the price of any new article which a friend or acquaintance acquires? To my mind it is rank bad taste.

What we pay for our purchases is purely a private and personal matter—like the amount of our bank balance or of our salary. We all like to think that our things look as though they are worth a little more than what we paid for them, and very few of us wish to be complimented on driving a hard bargain.

I wonder how many of us answer such inquisitive inquiries truthfully?

Miss P. Rocks, 112 Wellington Fde., East Melbourne, Vic.

WOOD-HEAP BOGY

WHENEVER I have been in the country I have always found that it was a slave-driver's job to get the menfolk to cut sufficient store wood for the day's needs.

After the housewife or help has asked, coaxed, and threatened one of them for an hour or two, he has condescended to cut about a dozen pieces. When asked next time for wood, he says: "Have you used up all I cut yesterday?" In view of the fact that, on a farm, the store usually has to be kept going all day, both summer and winter, that attitude is ridiculous and inconsiderate, and makes the housewife's task more of a burden. This is one of the aggravating things the city housewife is spared.

Mrs. M. Rowland, Farm 137, Hanwood, via Griffith, N.S.W.

SUSCEPTIBLE TEENS

IT is a tragedy to take our children from school in their early teens, at a time when they are blossoming into intelligence and when they are susceptible to suggestion and sympathy—and inclined to imitate.

With the birth of new forces there is the urgent necessity for directing them into safe channels. This is the time for the wise mentor to teach the child to know what is worth while and what is not. It is also the season for cultivating the habit of learning—for the infinite development of mentality.

After many years' experience as a teacher, I believe that boys and girls from 12 years to 16 years absorb knowledge quicker and more thoroughly than at an earlier age.

G. D. Macdonald, Miles St., Tenterfield, N.S.W.

Why Must Girls Call Customers "Dear"?

I AGREE with Mrs. J. Roberts (15/2/36) about those shop assistants who call strangers by endearing names. It is a most objectionable practice, and it is an indication of insincerity to address a stranger in this manner. If their idea is to create a good impression I think they do the reverse in the majority of cases.

Mrs. T. W. Hennessy, Yeddenba, River St., West Kempsey, N.S.W.

Customers Err, Too

I HEARTILY agree with Mrs. J. Roberts (15/2/36) in her opinion on underment from shop assistants. To me it indicates in the girl not only lack of training, but very bad manners. Instructions are to address clients as "Madam."

In turn, I would like to know why so many customers will persist in addressing the assistant in the same terms of endearment stated in the letter. This is a daily occurrence, and is most embarrassing to the assistants.

Miss V. Bennett, 4 Mascott Flats, 71 Pacific Highway, North Sydney, N.S.W.

Friendly Attitude Helps

I FAIL to see anything annoying in being addressed by salesgirls in just such a friendly way as mentioned by Mrs. Roberts. It is the policy of some business houses to make friends of their customers, and the assistant is creating a friendly atmosphere.

Our girls are the last word in efficiency, and earn the lasting gratitude of many shoppers for service with the "human touch" from behind the counters.

Civility is essential in business; but a friendly attitude goes one better.

Mrs. A. Daly, Devitt Place, Adelaide.

Penalty: Dismissal

LIKE Mrs. Roberts, I find the use of underments by junior and senior shop assistants most annoying.

Although the habit has more or less died out, there are still a few women who make use of such terms, much to the embarrassment of elderly customers.

In my opinion it would be a good idea if the managers of departmental stores would prohibit such habits under penalty of dismissal.

Miss V. Maxwell, 39 Alfred St., Valley, Brisbane.

Never Been Addressed So

AS a regular patron of city stores, I would like to say that I cannot ever recall being addressed in endearing terms



SWEET ENDEARMENTS won't make them buy!

by any employee, either senior or junior. "Madam" is the recognised form of address to all customers, old and young alike. I have found courtesy and civility always, but never familiarity. . . . and I think that other readers will confirm my statement.

Miss Joan Hamilton, 34 Finch St., East Malvern SE 5, Melbourne.

Shows She Likes Us

ALTHOUGH the book of etiquette strictly condemns the addressing of customers by shop assistants as "dear," etc., I find no just cause for complaint.

In my experience the erring one is she who is the most attentive, obliging, and willing to please. Her face is wreathed with a cheery smile, and she seems eager for your approval. After all is said and done, isn't it rather a little feather in our own caps, for had our faces been forbidding and sour, no doubt such addresses would never pass the lips of the "girl behind the counter."

Miss L. Homer, 21 Cunningham St., Sydney.

Not Mother's Fault if Girls Cannot Cook

RE Anne Elizabeth Christie's letter on "Girls and Cooking."

I do not agree that girls should be taught how to cook by their mothers. I say it's time enough to learn when one has to.

My mother practised on dad, and now she's an excellent cook. But when they talk about olden days, dad always says, "Remember that 'hum duff you made,' etc., etc., and they have a good laugh together.

Florence Bradbury, 105 High St., North Sydney, N.S.W.

Rather Learn from Experience

RE Miss A. E. Christie's "Girls and Cooking" (15/2/36). It is not always the mother's fault that a girl has not been taught cooking. Many girls do not like being "taught," and would much rather learn from a cookery book and experience. I was like that myself.

However, many mothers do give their daughters only the tedious and uninteresting jobs to do to save their own time. They are so accustomed to doing the cooking themselves that they do not feel inclined to leave it to anyone else. Of course, this is not fair to a girl who is anxious and willing to learn.

Mrs. E. M. Vicary, Queen St., Yeppoon, Qld.

Girls Haven't Time

THERE is no doubt that the majority of girls learn to cook, when they marry, by cookery books and mistakes. But I do not agree that mothers are to blame for their daughters' lack of knowledge of this homely art. Most single girls simply haven't the time or inclination to be interested in cooking. They are too busy having a good time, and postpone such boring duties (they appear so in single days) until they are forced to do it. Even mother realises this, and does not insist on her girl spending time in the kitchen. Plenty of time for that later on. After all, cooking mistakes are not such a tragedy. A young couple only laugh over them.

Miss J. Struthers, c/o Backson, Wallsend Rd., Cardiff, Newcastle, N.S.W.

Learn at Classes

I DO NOT altogether agree with the views expressed by A. E. Christie (15/2/36).

Many a schoolgirl nowadays has not only mother to depend upon for her tuition in learning to cook. There are domestic science classes at our high schools, set apart for this special training, in which cookery has a predominant part, and those who have the inclination may avail themselves of this privilege.

One has only to see some of the appetising exhibits displayed at the agricultural shows in provincial towns to be convinced of the splendid work achieved by these students, who are thus fitted for their married life—should this ever be their lot.

The idea of relying chiefly on cookery books and mistakes should be a thing of the past.

V. H. Stringer, 25 Pitt St., Bundaberg, Qld.

Unexplored World

THE best way to learn cooking is "by cookery books and mistakes." What a thrill starting into an unexplored world! How delicious to pore for hours over the mysteries of a cookery book! And then to beat and stir without a soul to say, "You're doing it the wrong way."

What independent young person wants to cook anyone else's way? There is nothing like finding a way for yourself.

Margaret Trist, 26 Royal St., Maroubra Junction, N.S.W.

Can't Make Girls Learn

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Margaret Trist, 26 Royal St., Maroubra Junction, N.S.W.

Can't Make Girls Learn

GIRLS these days don't wish to be taught anything to do with the home, thinking it is plenty of time when they get married. Mothers are not entirely to blame; you can't make anyone learn if they don't wish to.

When I went to school there were cooking lessons given every week, and my friends and I used to dodge them. But most girls have watched their mothers preparing dinner, and with just these few simple lessons develop into excellent cooks.

Mrs. A. L. Wolfe, Australia Cottage, Denman Avenue, Cronulla, N.S.W.

Let Passers-by, too, Share Beauty of Your Garden!

I CANNOT agree with Miss Quick when she suggests gardens should be planned with the best aspect towards the house, as the passer-by admires, but soon forgets.

By all means plan gardens to give joy to the home occupants, but see that that joy can be shared by the passer-by. Who has not walked home "the longest way round" in order to pass a lovely garden? When I was out with a friend one afternoon she suggested walking down a certain street admired for its gardens, and each garden, quite different, with a charm and beauty all its own, suggested to us something of the owner's personality. Then, "Let's walk back the same way," she said, "we will see the same gardens, but from a different angle!"

Is not your beautiful garden worth while?

Mrs. R. Currie, North Street, Collingwood, S.A.

Selfish Scheme

MISS D. QUICK'S idea of planning a garden is a selfish one. She evidently does not realise the enjoyment a garden-lover experiences from viewing different gardens with their profusion of flowers and quaint designs. Have your garden designed so that it is lovely from all angles, and share your beauty with garden-lovers and those who have no garden of their own.

T. H. Butler, 22 Henrietta St., Waverley, N.S.W.

Plan for Everyone

PEOPLE do not soon forget a garden seen in passing. I have spent many pleasant afternoons when out walking admiring other people's gardens, and have very often gone back again to see some garden that I especially remembered.

While admitting that when you have put a lot of hard work and time into a garden you like to have the pleasure of it, I think the best way would be to plan your garden so that both yourself and the passer-by can enjoy it.

Mrs. E. Watson, Blooms, Hannes, Minto, N.S.W.

Kidneys Must Purify Blood



Women Need Help More Often Than Men

The only way your body can clean out acids and poisonous wastes from your blood is through 9 million tiny, delicate kidney tubes or filters. If your kidneys get tired or slow down in their work, these poisons remain in the system and make your eyes look dull and your skin coarse and dry, and at the same time you find yourself all Tired-Out, Nervous, etc.

Kidney troubles also may cause much more serious and disagreeable symptoms, such as Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Backache, Circles Under Eyes, Urine, Rheumatic Pains, Acidity, Burning, Smarting, and Itching.

Any doctor can tell you that the speed of modern life and present-day foods throw an extra heavy load on the kidneys. Fortunately, for sufferers, it is easy to help kidney troubles with the Doctor's guaranteed prescription, Cystex, which now is available at all chemists under a positive guarantee to satisfy completely or cost nothing.

Doctors Praise Cystex

Doctor T. J. Russell, famous Doctor of London, says: "Cystex is one of the most remedial I have ever known in my medical practice. Any doctor will recommend it for the definite benefit in the treatment of many kidney and bladder disorders. It is safe and harmless."

And Dr. C. Z. Randall, another widely known physician and medical examiner,

of San Francisco, recently said: "Since the kidneys purify the blood, the poisons collect in these organs and must be promptly flushed from the system, otherwise they re-enter the blood stream and make a toxic condition. I can truthfully recommend the use of Cystex."

World-Wide Success

Cystex is not an experiment, but is a proven success in 31 different countries throughout the world. It is prepared with scientific accuracy in accordance with the strict and rigid standards of the British Pharmacopoeia, and being designed especially to act in the kidneys and bladder is swift and safe in action. Most users report a great improvement in 48 hours and complete satisfaction in 5 days.

Guaranteed To Work

Because of its unusual success, Cystex is offered under an unlimited guarantee to do the work to your complete satisfaction in 5 days, or money back on return of empty package. Put Cystex to the test and see exactly what it can do in your particular case. You must feel younger, stronger, and better than you have in a long time—you must feel that Cystex has done the work to your complete satisfaction or you must return the empty package and it costs you nothing. You are the sole judge of your own satisfaction. Cystex costs very little at all, and as the guarantee protects you fully, you should not take chances with cheap, inferior, or irritating drugs, or delay. Ask your chemist for guaranteed Cystex (pronounced Ciss-Tex) today.

Schaeffer & Co., Sydney or Melbourne.

NOW! THESE ARE THE QUADS



PAUL being oiled. But, even so, he cannot make more than 4lb. 4½oz. on the scales.



A GROUP STUDY: Ann and Ernest (above), Michael and Paul (below).



MICHAEL, the smallest of the four. One month after birth he had gained 1oz., and turned the scales at 3lb. 8½oz.



TESTING ANN'S WEIGHT. Note the masked nurses, a procedure adopted to protect the babies from infection. Ann weighed 4lb. 7½oz.



A CLOSE-UP OF ERNEST. He's the heavyweight at 4lb. 11½oz.

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These pictures, the first of a series obtained exclusively by The Australian Women's Weekly, show the famous Miles quadruplets, of England, now almost three months old.

Here's Good News!

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Measurements and Estimates are Free. All Blinds Made Up Free of Charge. Order your New Blinds WHILE THIS OFFER LASTS. Prices specially reduced. Phone 32345.

BUY DIRECT from the WAREHOUSE

20/4/6

Or artistic design, with handsome contrasting Walnut Venetia, this new Bedroom Suite is most impressive. 4ft. 6in. Wardrobe, 3ft. 6in. Drop-centre, Kneehole Dressing Table and Double Railway 18ft. high, are all fully fitted with sliding trays etc. You can secure at the Introductory Cash Price, £19/10/- (Bedstead Extra) - or on Easy Terms.

20/5/-

Exceptional comfort and superb appearance have been achieved in this new Lounge Suite. Upholstered in rich Corda Velvet, with five fully-sprung loose cushions, this is an outstanding example of a better class Lounge Suite. You should examine this artistic production at the Warehouse, and secure at the Introductory Cash Price, £19/10/- - or on Easy Terms.



This modern 4ft. 6in. Breakfast Room Cabinet has numerous compartments, including Bread Cupboard and one drawer divided for Cutlery. Leadlight doors are particularly attractive. We have never offered a better bargain. This Week's Cash Price...



OAK BEDSTEAD
This comfortable Oak Bedstead has strong adjustable wire mattress. This Week's Cash Price 29/6



Comfort, appearance and sturdy construction are features of this new Cane Chair. Built of mottled Malacca, with coloured bindings, every home in Sydney should secure one or more at This Week's Cash Price 11/9



PERAMBULATORS
This useful design, fully fitted, finished in Cream and Blue or Pink tones, is specially reduced to for Cash, or on Easy Terms 75/-



A "Quality" Trouser Chest is desired by every young lady prior to "The Happy Day." Here is a new model with beautiful Walnut Venetia, Chrome legs and full fittings. The reduced Introductory Cash Price is 84/-



This fully-fitted Longboy is an ideal gift for a gentleman. It has sliding trays, trouser-rails, useful mirror, and fitted hanging compartment. Don't miss this bargain. Special Cash Price 59/6



Every home needs a Bookcase, and this popular size will accommodate a large range of books. It is in two-tone finish with attractive leadlight door and movable shelves. Special Cash Price is 45/6

PALM BOXES and COFFEE TABLES
See this year's wonderful display featuring choicely figured and matched Venetia of Oak and Walnut at attractive prices. The Palm Box shown is 24in. high, in two-tone finish. Cash Price this Week is 11/6



18/6 4/6

OPEN on FRIDAY NIGHT
This handsome modern Dining Room Set is another remarkable example of our Warehouse Values. 14ft. Sideboard has contrasting veneers of Polished Flamed Walnut, Oakside legs, and five-piece shaped mirror; 5ft. x 1ft. Rectangular Table has massive box-legs. Four chairs (two only illustrated) have capiton legs, aprons, 12in. oval seats, and backs shaped for comfort. Decide at This Week's Cash Price, £18/10/- - or on Easy Terms

SAVE £6 on NEW DUAL WAVE RADIO

Here is the very latest achievement in Radio construction—a wonderful Dual Wave at ordinary Radio price. You save £6 on usual retail value, and yet you have the whole World by the turn of a knob. Listen-in to London, Paris, New York, Moscow, Tokyo, etc., at no more cost than for Australian stations. You also get perfect Local and Inter-state reception. Visit the Warehouse and hear this wonderful set. You can secure at the Introductory Cash Price, £12/10/-, or on Metropolitan Easy Terms.



12/6 and 3/-
DEPOSIT WEEKLY

JUST LANDED! NEW DESIGNS in LINOLEUM and LINOLEUM SQUARES

BRITISH LINOLEUM SQUARES

Size	9ft. x 11ft. 6in.	9ft. x 11ft.	10ft. x 11ft. 6in.	12ft. x 11ft.
Special Price	42/6	50/-	57/6	65/-

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Size	9ft. x 11ft. 6in.	9ft. x 11ft.	10ft. x 11ft. 6in.	12ft. x 11ft.
Special Price	27/6	32/6	37/6	42/6

GENUINE CORK LINO IMIT. LINOLEUM

TWO YARDS WIDE—5/3, 5/11, 7/6 yd. 3/3, 4/3, 4/11 yd.

CARPETS SPECIALLY REDUCED

AXMINSTER SQUARES

Size	9ft. x 12ft.	9ft. x 11ft. 6in.	9ft. x 11ft.	10ft. x 11ft. 6in.	12ft. x 11ft.
Now at	£3/15/-	£4/5/-	£4/19/6	£5/17/6	£6/15/-

HALL CARPET BARGAINS

Wilton	23in. 9/11	Now 6/9
Wilton	27in. 9/11	Now 7/9
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Axminster

23in. 10/6	Now 9/3
27in. 12/6	Now 10/3
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MAKES NO LUMPS

Economical Beauty Hints

Do not trifle with sticky, messy dyes, unpleasant to use and unsatisfactory in effect. Dye hair in a healthy, attractive way. To restore grey hairs to their natural colour, apply laminate. This lotion is safe and pleasant to use, and the effect of laminate is wonderful—immediacy of rejuvenation! Entirely satisfactory.

And now, as to removing unwanted hair. Pure powdered phenol is quite the best of all known hair-removers. It removes hair safely, instantly and completely, discouraging future growth.

A simple, yet certain remedy for sunburn, freckles, windchaps, moth patches is recommended, which harmlessly removes aging discoloured surface skin, and thus enables the fresh, fine-textured skin beneath to show in all its beauty. An ideal cheek colour is one called collodium. It is marvellously perfect. Should you be troubled with excessive fatness this can harmlessly be reduced by taking citral berries. All chemists have these aids, as well as the lovely new Dearborn Face Powder, Glistening, refreshing, delightfully perfumed.

IN PONDOLAND

Continued from Page 14

MEANWHILE, Mary, who had opened the trap-door for that brief minute to look down upon the invalid, slept again among disordered merchandise in the store.

At half-past twelve, Corporal Sandys with a couple of troopers—of whom Stone was one—came looting through the darkness, leading a spare horse for a prisoner, and drew up. They pulled the horses' reins over their heads, and left them to stand while they unlocked the front door and crept in. Sandys first, on tip-toe, revolver cocked.

"Now, boys!" said the corporal, in an almost soundless whisper, and flashed on a little electric pocket-lamp. Then the three saw that they had walked nearly upon a girl who lay asleep on some folded blankets near to a closed trap-door, on which one arm was flung protectively.

"My word!" breathed Sandys, grinning from ear to ear. But Stone said, "Wake her up gently, Corporal!" and, stooping over her, called on her quietly.

She awoke quietly and stared at them, then leapt up, quivering so that she could hardly stand. She started to scream, but stopped herself, and put both hands over her mouth, while her eyes, full of despair at the world, never wavered from Sandys' face.

"Now, now, Miss," said he, "where've you got under that trap-door?"

"Nobody 't all," she denied.

"I should like to look, Miss," replied Sandys.

She stepped on to the door and stood as if to defy them, trembling.

"Don't do that," said the corporal quite kindly. "We could lift you off as easy's easy, see? But we'd rather you'd step aside."

She stepped aside, looked round as if for escape, found it impossible, and crouched down upon the blankets.

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"What are you saying?" he asked.

Sandys repeated it.

"I'm not Will Keever, wanted for shooting two blacks, and this store's not mine!"

"Who's been telling you that, man?" said Sandys.

"She did," replied Lagg inadvertently.

"Oh, she did, did she?" said Sandys.

"And what else did she tell you? The baggage!"

Lagg shut his mouth.

"You're very dazed, man," said Sandys, not pushing the question, having been, as we noted, an under-stander, and knowing that the English upper classes have peculiar ideas about women. "What happened to you? Can you tell me that?"

Lagg told him he knew.

"Put those trousers on," said Corporal Sandys, sitting down on a whisky-case and pulling out the bottles one by one, to find them empty. "Now, I should say you had some accident. Keever brings you in here, changes clothes, shaves your moustache, beard, takes your horse, cuts over the hills, changes clothes again, goes through Bangoland into the Transvaal, and there's an end of him 's far as we're concerned. That seems dead easy. So you've been mused up, eh?"

Lagg went on with his dressing.

"Who's she?" ruminated Corporal Sandys. "I wonder who's she?"

"She's Keever's wife," replied Lagg shortly. He remembered that.

"We'll take her to Umtata," said the Corporal. "She'll have to be dealt with. She's bin fooling you."

But Lagg remembered the ineffable rest of her breast, and her hands and her lips, and shut his mouth.

"It's one o'clock," said the Corporal. "The boys can begin getting breakfast out of the store, and as soon's the sun's up we'll start. I brought a spare horse for William Keever. Here he laughed so heartily that Lagg hated him. "But about her, I don't know. One of us'll have to take her in front."

"I'm the lightest," replied Lagg.

The Corporal said nothing.

They had an elaborate breakfast at two. The girl would take nothing but tea, though even Sandys descended to abject persuasion at the sight of her dreadfully big eyes in her little pale face.

"What'll you do with me?" she asked once, while two troopers watched

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ZOO MONKEY Cured of PARALYSIS!

First Application of Chiropractic Treatment to Animals

For years the science of chiropractic has been acknowledged as a valuable factor in the treatment of human ailments. Now comes a most interesting extension of this method to animals.

Mr. R. C. M. Searby, an Australian chiropractor, has effected a complete cure of paralysis in an orang utan.

Medical critics of chiropractic have frequently used the argument that much of the success of the treatment is psychological. In this instance no such factor could have entered into the cure, and this indicates most interesting possibilities in the development of veterinary science.

THANKS to the skilful "adjustments" of Mr Searby, Jane, the light-colored orang utan imported from Borneo for Taronga Park, has completely recovered from paralysis of the lower limbs, and now swings about in her cage as sprightly as Jimmy, her mate, who has never suffered illness.

When Jane and Jimmy arrived from Borneo to replace the old favorite Freddy, who died, the Zoo staff were very worried about their health. They had suffered during transport and, to use the words of Mr. Le Souef, the curator, "were in very bad shape." It was thought at first that Jane's

that the surfing accident had injured the spine, and the chiropractor diagnosed the illness from which he was suffering as its aftermath. A course of chiropractic "adjustments" completely restored her to health.

Interesting Study

WITH this knowledge Mr. Le Souef decided to ask Mr Searby to examine the X-ray photographs of Jane, and express an opinion as to whether chiropractic "adjustments" would benefit the animal.

Mr Searby thought the treatment would alleviate the condition, and in all probability be the means of the monkey recovering completely the use of her limbs.

Consequently he took his portable



MISS JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON, the well-known English actress, is a model railway enthusiast, and at her flat can show visitors a marvellous model railway system, much of which she has constructed herself.

inability to walk was the result of weakness or some internal disease. Remedies were administered and a special course of vitamins and nourishing foods given both animals.

They showed considerable physical improvement and, in addition to gaining weight, the condition of their coats indicated that there was nothing organically wrong. But, though healthy, Jane did not recover the use of her legs, and Mr. Le Souef came to the conclusion that she had suffered some injury which was causing the paralysis.

In an endeavor to localise the trouble special X-ray photographs of the spinal column of the animal were taken, and a chiropractor's examination of these revealed that there had been a partial dislocation of one of the vertebrae of the neck.

In the ordinary course there was nothing in veterinary science which could alleviate this condition, and if nature did not rectify the trouble the orang utan would have been destroyed.

Curator's Experience

IT so happened that many years ago Mr. Le Souef, while surfing, was "dunked" with such force that his spine was injured, causing internal trouble. He spent a lot of money with specialists in an endeavor to regain his health, without success. He even travelled to London, where a Harley St. specialist operated, yet the condition remained unchanged.

Then he heard of the success which had attended chiropractic treatment, and consulted Mr. R. C. M. Searby. X-ray photographs of his spine revealed

chiropractic table to the Zoo, and, with his wife, entered the orang utan's cage.

Attendants held the monkey in the position suitable for the "adjustments," and, after ten visits extending a little over more than a month, Jane had recovered.

Describing the recovery of the use of the limbs, Mr. Le Souef says that Jane was a most interesting study. Of course she did not like being treated, but being paralysed, could not offer much resistance.

Back to Normal

AFTER the first treatment she was noticed hanging to the rope in her cage trying to use her legs. Then, after a couple more treatments she discovered that there was some use in her legs, and tried to get round the cage, using her arms and feebly assisting with her legs.

Finally came the day when the rope could be relinquished and she was able to stand without its aid, and from that time onward Jane regained her agility all now she and Jimmy frolic round their cage in the full enjoyment of health.

Mr. Le Souef says that in between "adjustments" there was a period when recovery was more marked than before the latest "adjustment," and this state gradually disappeared as the injured vertebra was worked back into normal position.

So impressed has Mr. Le Souef been with the recovery of Jane that he is preparing a scientific report on the case for publication in a veterinary journal.



MR. R. C. M. SEARBY.



A MEDICAL EYE SERVICE

We have now established a Medical Eye Service, at a moderate fee, by an Oculist, late of Moorefields Eye Hospital, London.

This service will meet the needs of those whose eyes require medical treatment, and who dislike going to a public hospital and cannot afford the private fees now charged.

Parents with children whose eyes need medical attention, will welcome this service, which eliminates the long, tedious waiting before being attended to in the already overcrowded public hospitals.

THE OCULIST MAY BE CONSULTED AT OUR ROOMS AT 378 PITT STREET

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MASTER of the House (expecting mother-in-law): I've made out a list of her favorite dishes.
Cook: Yes, sir.
The Master: And the first time you serve one of them—you go.

"SHALL I get off this end of the car?" said a lady to the conductor on a suburban tram the other day, as it pulled up.
"Just suit yourself, madam," said the conductor. "Both ends stop."

Hand Knits are in again THE 1936 LUX BOOK LEADS THE SEASON'S STYLES



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IF IT'S SAFE IN WATER . . . IT'S SAFE IN LUX



GRECIAN PROFILE OF star tennis player—Mrs. Helen Wills-Moody, six times Wimbledon singles champion, posing beside a bust of herself created by Wheeler Williams, noted American artist. Mrs. Wills-Moody dabbles in art herself, a number of her sketches having been exhibited in European and American exhibitions.

WHAT 1936 Holds for PISCANS

"Live and Let Live"—and Don't Take Financial Risks

By JUNE MARSDEN, President of the Astrological Research Society.

1936 promises to be interesting, if rather confusing, for Pisceans. Financial success is possible, but other matters may spoil the taste of this good fortune.

Domestic troubles are likely, particularly in April, June, and October, and in most cases will be connected with health, legal complications, travel, quarrels, and heavy expenditure.

THEY should not drive motor cars carelessly, nor be too unreasonable with partners. They must guard health and expenditure; must not go to law; nor gamble in any way (particularly in racing).

Married Pisceans should try to follow the slogan, "Live and let live," but give no cause for slander, misunderstandings or jealousy. And only those born on February 24 can take financial risks this year, and even they must be extremely cautious.

Piscean people generally belong to a fascinating type. They are seldom commonplace, though often "backward in coming forward." They seem to touch the heights—or drop to the depths. They make a fine art of living, or else give it up as a bad job.

They haven't got quite enough fight in them, yet if they are fortunate enough to get into harmonious fields, whether business, home, social life, or sport, they seem able to reach high places.

Grasp Opportunity

THE Piscean woman is proud of her home, adores her sons, thinks her husband perfect, gets a little bit weepy and sorrowful at times, but can quickly be won round to cheerfulness and optimism again. She enjoys "putting on dog," a little, and impressing friends and neighbors, and has a flair for entertaining with dignity, poise, and good taste.

Marriage and business partners should be chosen with great care, for although the Piscean does better when "in harness," partners, if not harmonious and trustworthy, can bring much sorrow, loss and deception.

Success professionally is more likely at the end of life than early, since it takes many bitter lessons to learn to concentrate and direct his abilities into one or two worth-while channels instead of wandering aimlessly through life fighting against himself.

Ultimate gain usually comes through marriage, but caution is advised about servants and co-workers, for they can bring loss through misrepresentation, deception, and imposition.

Pisceans must fight indecision and lack of self-confidence; must learn to grasp opportunity tightly when it shows round the corner. With these assets, allied to the Piscean ability to follow two vocations at once (especially if one be literary, musical, or clerical in some way), he can snatch good fortune.

The Daily Diary

TRY to utilize the following information. Only an individual daily guide could improve upon it. The chances are

In the Looking-glass

AQUARIUS people (those born between January 20 and February 19) seem to have a start on those of other signs, all round, for they impress fellow men, whether they deserve to do so or not.

The face is usually long and oval, the forehead broad; the hair tends to be curly, or otherwise is noticeable by its coloring or "glint." The eyes are usually large, expressive, and seem to have a kindly expression, even if the owner is a "rogue."

Aquarians can be charming or curt, brilliant or brainless, heart-breakingly moody, or breath-takingly cheerful and enthusiastic. They rather like themselves, and will tell you so.

all in your favor that the information will prove correct, and therefore well worth the test.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Just fair. The 4th (after 4 p.m.), 5th, and 6th are the best days.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): The 7th, 8th, and 9th are worth utilizing.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Live quietly, especially on the 7th, 8th, and 9th.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Start early and stop late on March 3 and 4. You can make things go your way, except on the 9th (late) and 10th.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Nothing to brag about, though 5th and 6th fair.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Hide for the week. March 7, 8, and early 9 fair, but no important venture advised. Try to avoid losses, etc.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Fair only. The 9th (after dark) and 10th best.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Sleep lively. Be charming but aggressive. Go after things, especially on the 3rd and to 5 p.m. on the 4th. The 7th, 8th, and 9th will be fair, so follow up good work already started.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 23): A poor best on the 4th (night), 5th, and 6th.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Quite fair on the 7th, 8th, and to 4 p.m. of 9th, but be cautious on the 3rd and 4th.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Live quietly on the 5th and 6th, though the 9th (late) and 10th fair.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Work hard early this week, especially on the 3rd and until sunset on the 4th, but be cautious on the 7th, 8th, and 9th.

INTERESTEDLY, he returned her inspection, tried to see Melissa with the artist's eyes, but found, not unexpectedly, that Melissa could not be studied as dispassionately as a model—too much life; too much of that magnetic aura that belongs to eighteen, too much sweet wisdom in those rather grave eyes, in the full, strong lips.

"Well!" he said at length. "This is a cheery homecoming."

"On behalf of the reception committee," returned Melissa, "I thank you kindly. But did no one know you were coming home?"

"No one but my housekeeper. I didn't know myself until a few days ago. Pretty hard to leave my work, you know, and it would be no rest to bring it along."

"So you just came for a rest," observed Melissa dryly. "Jane will be glad to see you again."

"You think so?" Melissa wondered if she didn't detect a note of eagerness in his voice. "You don't feel that I'll be sort of a—spectre at the marital feast?"

"Why no! If I were in Jane's shoes I think I would find a sort of piquancy in the presence of one who loved me in the long ago. It would lend spice to the wedding, I mean."

"Callous young wretch!" said Wynn. "Does it occur to you that it might not be so pleasant for the—spice? That it might hurt a little?"

"After four years," murmured Melissa. "Can it be possible! Such constancy—"

Wynn Berkley's face was a mask she could not read. Perhaps he was only jesting. She could not tell. Certainly he didn't seem to take it very hard. He was sprawled quite comfortably in a deep brown leather chair facing her, his grey, flannel-clad legs stretched out, a crusted briar pipe clamped between strong teeth, his crisp brown hair awry, his eyes amusedly upon her. All about the wainscoted walls were gay hunting-prints and in the red brick hearth, guarded by gleaming andirons, the birchwood crackled cosily. Melissa thought it was wonderful there, with the blue-black starry autumn night beyond the windows, with a gusty wind whining about the Glebe Farm's low-hanging eaves. She loved autumn nights, found witchery in them and magic. This was a magic moment for her—to sit and talk with Wynn Berkley, Jane's lover, once—while Jane "hemmed and broidered her bridal gear" and prepared to wed another.

A GONG sounded

softly in the dining-room across the hall. There were no electric lights in the Glebe Farm. Only the soft radiance of lamps shone on the ancient silver and shell-like china, on the venerable linen and the gleaming oak across which they faced each other. The servant was just a pair of hands that worked deftly out of the semi-gloom around the board. Melissa loved it all. It would be something to remember—something old-world and restful to think of in the whirl of the dance, something sweet and soothing to one used to the garish kaleidoscope of life as eighteen lives it now.

The night seemed chill and the stars sharp and lonely under which she rode home, cleaving the dark on wings of rushing swiftness, eager to see Jane, to tell Jane that he had come home, to see in Jane's black eyes the re-dawning of a light she knew had died when Wynn Berkley went away. He had told her, in part, shyly, awkwardly, why their love had ended. It was Jane's doing—Jane who, even then, had wisdom beyond her years.

"She wanted me to be free to paint, to study," Wynn had explained to Melissa over the coffee. "I wanted her to marry me then and we'd fight the fight together. She wouldn't have it; said it would be my fight and she would be only a hindrance."

"She was right?" questioned Melissa. "Very right, I guess," said Wynn. "Who shall say? But it was hard for me—a bitter fight. She would have suffered. It would have taken me longer to get there."

Melissa understood and loved Jane for the wisdom that was stronger than love. Not even with letters had she kept a check on him. He was free of her, and it had been a great test of his love and hers. Not until this summer had she taken any other man at all seriously—not until Paul Siddons came to spend his vacation with the Linklaters, who were relatives of his. A quiet, assured youth, Paul Siddons, wrapped up in his own thoughts, his own journalistic work, that had taken him, and would still take him, to the world's far places. Melissa found him stiff, impossible even, because he was never at home with the crowd, could never seem to adjust himself to their irresponsible, laughing ways. Perhaps he had seen too much of life, or too little, to want to laugh at it. Melissa always felt low in spirits when she thought of him as Jane's lover.

He was always too right for Melissa—besides he could beat her unmercifully at golf or tennis. Mostly, however,

THE MAN in the BURBERRY

Continued from Page 7

It was because he seemed to avoid her, seemed to fall deeper into his introspection when she, eternally chattering and wisecracking, was near him. It was she who had christened him "the man in the burberry." Maybe he had heard the name. Melissa didn't care. Maybe Wynn Berkley's return would jolt him out of his everlasting apathy. Melissa would relish that.

Jane was playing the piano when Melissa entered the Caldwell house. In the doorway of the living-room, Melissa stood, pulling off her gloves, watching Jane's proud, dark head poised so exquisitely on a neck whose whiteness was the envy of tawny-skinned Melissa. And Jane's fingers drifted over the keys, awakening snatches of half-forgotten tunes to which she and Wynn Berkley had danced.



THIS WINTER SPORTS outfit by Goetz is made from light brown wool jersey. The tam-o'-shanter is also of jersey cloth trimmed with colored pompoms. The boots and belt are of patent leather.

"Oh, Jane!" Melissa came, stood above her; Jane's night black eyes, so large in her pale, sensitive face, looked up into her sister's and widened at what she saw there.

"What is it, Melissa?"

"It's—it's Wynn Berkley—he's home—"

"I drove him to the Glebe Farm—had tea with him and—"

"Wynn! He came home—"

Jane looked down at her hands resting idly on the keys. "Why did he come home—just for a visit?"

"Who shall say?" murmured Melissa.

"You'll see him, Jane? He is coming over to-morrow to play tennis. He's a darling, isn't he?"

"Always was. You seem—pretty keen on him, Melissa. Well, go in and win. Don't let anything keep you—"

"No regrets?" said Melissa, watching the white gleaming facets of light from Paul Siddons' ring.

"Regrets?" Jane's head came up quickly. "One tries not to regret, where there was so much that was—"

—heaven, Melissa. But the story ended four years ago and the book was closed and locked and put away. There can be no sequel, there can be no reopening of the book."

"Not?" questioned Melissa. "Sort of 'moving-finger-written' business, eh?"

"We cannot lure it back," said Jane.

"Better not to try. He has made his career; I am going to marry Paul."

"Do you really know Paul?"

Jane started. Melissa was uncanny sometimes—the things she said.

"Know him? Why, what do you mean, young 'un?"

"Ever seen him without his burberry?" grinned Melissa. "Has he even been himself, been human, plastic, showing the emotions of love or fear or hate or envy that you and I

show? He has them—all buttoned up."

"He's pretty much a man," said Jane. "He is good."

"He is perfect," grinned Melissa. "I can sense his disapproval of me every time I come near him. He goes dumb or drifts away or just sits and smokes his pipe and doesn't look at me. I'm supposed to be seen and not heard. I guess. Well, here's hoping it will do you good to see Wynn once more. I don't think he has forgotten—anything, Jane."

Please turn to Page 26



THE SAFE WAY

TO CLEANSE YOUR SKIN

BEAUTY authorities now agree that soap-and-water is the most effective means of cleansing the skin. And Wright's Cool Tar Soap is definitely the SAFE soap. Its fragrant lather cleanses every pore; leaves your skin soft and smooth. Its antiseptic constituents provide a sure safeguard against skin infection.



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Intimate Jottings



Did You Know That—

During stay in Los Angeles, Mildred Mackinnon and hostess, Mrs. Sidney Laughlin, packed suitcases and made flying trips to Mexico? Date of Mildred's return not yet certain.

Nessie Crago invariably makes for Leura during summery week-ends? Delightful bungalow is tempting and Nessie plays good stick of golf.

April Wedding

ROUND of pre-wedding parties already commenced for Betty Robinson, of Gundagai . . . Marriage to Dick Osborne taking place next month . . . Mrs. G. Parkinson hostess at large sherry party at The Mill, Moss Vale, during week-end . . . Seventy guests present from near and far . . . Among them Mrs. Jimmie Burns and daughter Margaret, Cecil Delbridge (from Albury), Mr. and Mrs. Frank Throaby, sen., Mr. and Mrs. Sefton Cullen, Marcia Cordeaux, and Mrs. Gerald Campbell.

Lovely Dance Frocks

MARGARET Vyner showed how well purple and smoke-blue combined on dance frock worn at Romano's on Saturday . . . Charles Farrell was host to large party including Margaret . . . Outstanding white satin frock worn by Kathleen Cochrane of white satin with green ostrich-feather epaulets . . . Mrs. Cochrane entertained in honor of Captain Ratcliffe, English visitor who flew to Sydney.

Mrs. George Allingham paid a visit to Katoomba before returning to country home, Kyamba, Llangothlin. Young son, Davis Ross, more than delighted at pretty mother's return.

Travelling for Pleasure

QUITE a change to hear of Sydney girl travelling for travel's sake . . . Irene Mathers has gone off with mother for nine months' European jaunting without any intention of doing any special course of study . . . This is first trip, and Irene, being good all-round sport, will have best of good times . . . Intends to buy car and do some motoring in British Isles.

Wedding-bells for Joan Armstrong and Dr. Bruce Hall next month. Bride would look lovely in tulle and satins, but prefers informal, quiet ceremony.

Diminutive Pony

HAZEL HIRSCH leaves Sydney by Mariposa after visit of four months . . . Interesting visitor is cousin of Mrs. Lawrence Godfrey Smith, who has been hostess . . . Also paid visit to Margaret Wright, at Armidale . . . Hazel owns lovely home in Sussex, where she keeps menagerie of pets . . . Round-up includes pony by name of Smoky, only three feet high . . . Plays round house just like dog . . . Traveller is friend of Mrs. Jack London, and will stay with her on famous Californian ranch, en route to London.

Not Really Surprised

NO one really surprised at wedding of Bonnie Appleton and Peter Osborne . . . Ever since engagement to same Peter was broken and Bonnie contemplated job in London friends had idea that couple would dash off and get married without any undue fuss . . . Bonnie has figured in theatricals, both amateur and professional, in Sydney and London . . . Vivacious brunette is looking forward to country life at future home, Capawidgee, Bredbo.

Snow and Ice

DISPORTING themselves in snow and ice are Judith and Suzanne Dansey, accompanied by Mrs. St. John Dansey and Elizabeth Teece . . . Zurs, in Austria, made headquarters for winter sports . . . Kitzbuhel, made popular by King Edward last year, being visited by Edward Littlejohn and party of young people . . . Claudia and Joyce Beazley are also there . . . Anthea Mack, of Trangie, another Australian making most of winter sports . . . Switzerland present address . . .

"Touch Wood" Opening

TOP marks to Molly Brown for discerning choice of clothes in "Touch Wood," new Independent Theatre production . . . In role of Sylvia Herriott Molly wears loveliest purple evening frock, blue woollies and grey tweeds . . . Savoy packed for first night. Sir Alexander and Lady Gordon in front row to watch Anne's clever performance as Mab Lawrence . . . Mrs. Wilfred Fairfax and Dr. and Mrs. S. A. Smith also present.

Peggy-Brown has sailed for New Zealand with her cousin, Mrs. J. Bradley. Peggy is daughter of Captain and Mrs. A. A. Brown, of Collaroy, and full of enthusiasm over prospective holiday.

Commander of Penguin

COMMANDER and Mrs. H. D. Owens and their small brown-eyed son arrive in Sydney by Ceramic . . . Naval officer is new commander of H.M.A.S. Penguin and will also keep watchful eye on Garden Island . . . Popular couple have spent last two years on South African station, where they made friends with numbers of Australians living there . . . "Best country in the world" is description they have heard of new home.



MRS. PETER OSBORNE and her husband at the steps of St. Peter's Church after their marriage on Wednesday. The bride, who was formerly Miss Bonita Appleton, is wearing a lovely Paton model of carnation-pink.

Two Years Abroad

FROM five to seven, many old friends of Mrs. Gordon Wesche, who returned after two years abroad by Orion, bid her welcome-home at a party given by Mrs. Sydney Jamieson . . . Attractive home at Point Piper lavished with flowers for occasion . . . Mrs. Wesche, senior, delighted with first glimpse of granddaughter Roslyn Jamieson, pride and joy of Venn Wesche family.

Gold Lame Jumper

GLIMMERING gold lame jumper worn with brown skirt and brown velvet toque by Mrs. Alan Macgregor at screening of "Come Out of the Pantry," at week-end . . . Audience most social and included Mr. and Mrs. Neville Manning, latter in cream lace high to neck, Mrs. Warwick Fairfax, looking amazingly tan, in floral evening dress with bow of floral material in hair, Dr. and Mrs. Silverton, Carleton Kelly, and Bobbie Metcalf with a small nephew.

Family Flair

MRS. HAROLD COOK, after many weeks' illness, is able to receive visits from friends at Wootton Hospital . . . Complexion lovely as ever, and sympathy hard to come by . . . Patient thinks pale and wan invalids fare much better . . . Mrs. Cook hopes to return to Rose Bay home in near future . . . Hospital days have been much brightened by innumerable visits from many friends.

Rock-melon Decorations

ROCK-MELONS cunningly lit from inside by electricity and with grinning faces cut on rind were unusual decorations of tables for cocktails and savories at Mrs. A. C. Godhard's recent party . . . "At Home" served dual purpose of welcome to Mr. and Mrs. Norman Godhard, just arrived from Pago Pago, and to bid bon voyage to Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Doyle and Mr. and Mrs. James Russell . . . Lovely model ship, complete with cotton wool steam, bore evidence to travel atmosphere . . . Hostess wore lovely black net creation with graceful picture hat.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Watson, of Murilla, Narrabri, have returned to country home after breaking back of summer at Terrigal. Four daughters accompanied them to seaside resort.

Beautiful Norwegian

ALL Sydney who met her remember beautiful Elsa Andersen, daughter of Captain Andersen, popular skipper of Temeraire, who visited Sydney last year . . . Elsa had just left school in Norway, and fiance sailed after her to Sydney on different boat to finalise engagement . . . Wedding took place at famous Akershus garrison church adjoining castle lived in by King Angus in 11th century . . . Couple will live on silver fox farm at Valdres . . . Largest of kind in Europe.

Theatrical Families

DAME Sybil Thorndike's eldest daughter Mary is keeping to family theatrical traditions . . . Has announced engagement to William Devlin, young actor of great promise . . . William has been playing Richard III in "Old Vic" productions and is now in "St. Helena," play based on Napoleon's exile . . . Young couple to be married this month.

European Journey

CLAIRE McMAHON leaves by Strathaird for trip abroad . . . Claire has already travelled extensively in Europe, driving car from almost one end to other, so feels no qualms at starting forth this time without parents . . . London and spot of shopping first consideration, then plans are delightfully vague . . . Since selling of picturesque Vaucluse home McMahon family ensconced in flat at Meudon, Potts Point.

Doing the Sights

TASMANIAN visitors, Mrs. H. W. Dornan and Mrs. Bearup, full of regrets at leaving Sydney . . . Have spent last six weeks at Manly and have left nothing unseen in way of beauty spots . . . Motored to Mountains, picnicked at Bull Pass, climbed up and down stairways at Fort Denison, sailed up Hawkesbury, and generally did the sights.

Have You Noticed—

Superb ring of aquamarines set in flower design being worn by Mrs. Bill Durham, recently returned from American holiday?

Jane Lane

5000.000 WOMEN CAN'T BE WRONG in choosing this FACE POWDER



A complexion of fascinating beauty. A smooth 'matt' finish to the skin that lasts all day. A natural loveliness that is not affected by wind and rain or perspiration while dancing. These are guaranteed only by Poudre Tokalon. The secret is the patent process by which Poudre Tokalon is made. "Mousse de Cream," a marvellous new ingredient is blended with the finest triple silk-sifted powder. Therefore, Poudre Tokalon cannot dry up the natural oils of the skin causing it to become rough and dry like ordinary powders do.

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KILL FLIES
• Flies are filthy; germ laden. Mosquitoes inject poison. Both must be killed for your protection.

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SHORT STORIES WANTED. Romantic plots with Australian atmosphere, but no slang figures of speech. For publication in English, American, and Indian periodicals. Lengths: 1-5 thousand words. Send stamp with MSS (NOT stamped envelopes). S. CHRISTOPHER ROBINSON, Film, Dramatic, and Literary Agents, 37 Mortimer Market, London W.C.1, England.

Sackcloth into Silk

Continued from Page 5

M. R. ISENSTEIN was not one of the optimists. The little man had a wonderful nose, not only in the flesh, but in the spirit. He happened to know that the pawnbrokers were being flooded with superfluous fur coats.

"Get out of fur, Becky. Get into rubber."

Rebecca was worried. "What, wind up the company and sell out?"

"Yes—buy rubber shares."

"But I've got to live, Max."

"You'll live, my dear. And how's the box office?"

"A little quiet, just at the moment."

So, the Company ceased to exist, though Rebecca retained the Upper Street shop and converted it into a costumers. Having realised a part of her capital she bought rubber shares, but Mrs. Kesteven was not the woman to sit at home and bury herself in the pages of the "Financial Times." Moreover, she was worried about Karl, and about Karl's play.

"Golden Rain" had filled The Parthenon for a month, and the management had every cause to expect a steady run for the play—"House Full." Karl saw that mystic sign nightly, and the electric lights painting upon the immense facade the splendor of success.

"GOLDEN RAIN"

by

CHARLES KESTEVEN.

Those lights still thrilled him. Had this amazing thing happened? Had he captured London with a first play? His second play, "Captain Carter Comes Back," was being put into rehearsal at Sir Oscar's Coventry Repertory Theatre, but Karl, like his mother, was suffering from other distractions. He was in love with Dawn Haycroft.

It was a desperate affair, so far as Karl was concerned. Everybody knew about it. Sir Oscar, Rebecca, the dressers, stagehands, programme-sellers, orchestra, everybody but Captain Hugh Marsden—Dawn's husband—who was with the Army of Occupation on the Rhine. Miss Haycroft's marriage had been one of those war adventures. She had married a man who wore wonderful white riding breeches, a monocle, and silk underclothing. Some men envied Marsden, others laughed at him, but not in his presence. In spite of a flat, blue eye, he was a damned fine figure of a man, male to the fifth toe, and so deucedly sure of it. His vanity was like his face. Phobos at full noon, polished and shining, a vanity that was all the more offensive by reason of his staring serenity. Marsden had been A.D.C. to a very distinguished soldier, and the war had not soiled him.

But a married woman! When Rebecca was honest with herself she could confess that she was not concerned with the ethics of the affair, but only as it might affect Karl and his career. And Karl's friendship with his mother. Karl might have affairs with a dozen married women provided that the relations were impermanent. The fact that Dawn had a husband might be an insurance against possible conflagration; also, it might not.

She spoke in confidence to Sir Oscar. "I'm worried about—this—romance."

"No use saying anything, my dear."

So, it was as serious as that.

REBECCA confessed that she did not contemplate interference. Interference was the one foolish and fatal sin.

"Just what sort of woman is she?"

"Well, you've seen her. There's a tinge of red in her hair. Temperamental. The kind that flares up."

Said Rebecca: "Damn it, Oscar, men shouldn't have their wives lying about loose. Any chance of Captain Marsden coming home?"

"I haven't a ghost of a notion, Becky. There is something else I want to talk to you about."

"The play?"

"Exactly—It's ceasing to fill the house."

"You mean?"

"A little falling away—each night. No, I have no explanations to give. Two weeks ago I would have sworn that we were safe for six months, perhaps for twelve. Public psychology is a puzzling product."

Rebecca's face looked haggard.

"In it—the play?"

"Well, it is, and it isn't. Whether it's the newness of Charles, his novelty? What I mean is the public gets used to going to a play, say, by a man like Dorset Fagan, just as it goes on buying Empire butter. It may try a new brand for a month, just out of curiosity. Besides, one's public is not all of a piece. I should say that Charles hasn't yet caught suburbia."

"Just how does one do that, Oscar?"

Sir Oscar laughed.

"Oh, in dozens of ways. A scandal—for argument's sake. But I know of

no sure way of hooking the public. I have tried every sort of bait in my time. Mass psychology is a mystery."

MISS HAYCROFT flew up the stairs. They were rather dark stairs, but Karl followed tempestuous lingerie and a charming pair of legs. In the vestibule she had challenged him. "Race you," and she did.

Her fairness was of the slim and vibrant type, and tinged with red; she was no fat blonde. She could laugh at herself and say, "Yes, I'm supposed to be wonderful, but my nose sticks out like a clothes-peg, and look at my mouth!" but the world found these features provocative. She had one of those glowing skins, a large and poignant mouth, a mouth that filled men with anguish.

Karl followed those slim, swift legs. If she was a little mad, so was he, though his madness was more virginal than hers. Those who knew her would come to declare that in her relations with men Dawn was incorrigible. Her flat was on the second floor. Actually, she led him to the second floor landing, and there, panting and laughing, she was caught.

"O, my dear, I'm going to faint. Hold me."

She was in his arms, head retracted, eyes half-closed, her face all shimmer.

"What a night!"

He kissed her. He kissed her with the whole of his youth, and the fierceness of a passionate sincerity. She made her body strain against his. She exulted.

"Dawn, I'm—"

"Darling!"

She put her head back and looked at him.

"O, bad boy."

"Dawn—it's dreadfully serious. O, my dear, I know. I ought to be going now."

She slipped from him with an air of sleek, wise confusion. She was one of those women who, in the most tumultuous crisis, always kept her fingers on some secret thread. So, Karl was serious, devastatingly serious. Well, of course, she had known that. The ardor of a young lover? Rather charming, and so very satisfying as an incident. She dipped into a small silk bag for her key.

He stood there, watching her, hands tightly closed, his youth bleak and controlled.

"I'm not—a cad—Dawn."

She knew that he was trembling. She slipped the key into the door. She pushed it open with the toe of a green satin shoe.

And suddenly she put out a hand to him.

"Just—one—little drink."

He looked at her hair, her eyes, her mouth, and followed her into her flat.

KARL'S mother could not sleep. She had said to herself, "Go to bed, Rebecca. No use your sitting up like an outraged wife."

Shortly after one o'clock Rebecca raised herself in bed and turned on the light. She had heard the front door open and close. Footsteps came up the stairs with careful and considerate stealth. He would see the light under her door. And then she realised that the footsteps were going on and up. He had not stopped at her door and knocked.

Rebecca lay back and stared at the ceiling. She could hear her beloved moving to and fro in the room above. Presently all sound ceased. Karl—her little Karl—had not come in to tell her things.

But why should he tell her things? His secret life might go past her just as he had slipped past her door. Could she complain? Yet, had not mothers grieved since motherhood began over the young animal that went hunting to return in the darkness, silently?

Rebecca's hand went out and switched off the light.

AT that grim meal—breakfast—when illusions may become queasy over too much sugar in the coffee, Rebecca showed to her son a wisely everyday face. But, as Rebecca of the Essex Road and of the Par Co—now defunct—she did believe that a young man with ambitions should attend to business. He was too much abroad these days, and too little in his workshop, and his mother knew that he was making no progress with a new play.

Distractions! Pretty women, little drinks, flattery, supper dances at the Majestic, night-club adventures. Press photographers, interviewers. Karl was very young. His mother might be willing to allow him a slight swelling of the head, but her fear was that a sensation-loving world might leave him no head to work with.

Please turn to Page 28



BACK TO THE STONE AGE

THIS cocktail gown by Robert Digney is rather unusual. The skirt is of black silk crepe, while the bodice is fashioned from a panther's skin. The smart black cape which completes the ensemble is trimmed with a wide band of panther.

—Air Mail photo.

THE MAN in the BURBERRY

Continued from Page 24

IT seemed to Melissa that neither of them had forgotten anything, when she witnessed their meeting the next morning. The clasp of hands, the soft eager words of greeting, the play of eyes that said far more than words. All told Melissa that her belief in the undying nature of such love as theirs was a worthwhile and well-founded faith. Wynn and Melissa played tennis for a while, but Wynn's glance strayed too often to the sidelines where Jane stood and the game lost its zest.

"Colin Clout's come home again," murmured Melissa. "Forty-love—forty here."

And presently, quite naturally, Wynn and Jane drifted away—away in the direction of that same vine-festooned arbor where, in the days gone by, they had said words that might never be unsaid. Melissa's romantic eyes watched them fondly and philosophically, her slender shoulders shrugged over her own loss. Yes, it was sweet to ride with Wynn, to talk with him by the Glebe Farm's crackling fireside; but sweeter still to see love rise from the ashes of the past.

Each day, Wynn came. He and Paul Siddons agreed very well. Paul seemed to notice nothing untoward in Wynn's presence.

"Just a friend of the family, you know, Mr. Siddons," drawled Melissa; and Paul muttered something and turned away. Melissa made a face. Served him right for treating her like an infant. Maybe when his heart was broken—

It didn't take long. Even the sanguine Melissa had veered between a fortnight and a month before things would break. But it took just nine days and the moon still floated full and clear over the tree-clad hills and the winding river and the gleaming roof-tops of the village. They left a letter for Melissa, which, finding it on her dresser table, at seven o'clock of a magic evening, she read and thought familiar. Jane, with Wynn's collaboration, had written it.

"Dear Melissa: We're running away, taking the Montreal train out of Saint John at eight o'clock. I'm borrowing your car and will send it back from town. Will you be a darling as usual and break the news to Paul? You were right, I know now—neither of us had forgotten—anything. Wish us luck. Jane."

"O, bless your young hearts!" said Melissa, a smile quivering her full, firm mouth, a bit of a mist making the two candle-shaped lights by the mirror become blurred and indistinct. "I—I knew it would be so. But why—I wonder how Mr. Siddons will take this. I wonder if I shouldn't feel guilty for throwing them together. I wonder—oh, shucks, he deserves what's coming to him for the cool and casual way he treats Melissa."

It was moonlight when Melissa walked up the Linklater drive—moonlight and shadow and magic. No night for ill news such as this. She liked less with each step, the task set for her. After all, Paul Siddons had always been decent and gentlemanly, even if he had ignored her existence and gone out of his way to avoid her. She hoped he wouldn't take it too badly. Ugly job, telling him.

The house was in darkness, only

the moonlight shone on the window-panes. There seemed to be no one about. Then she saw under the portecochere, a long and softly luminous shape—another thing that had, somehow, seemed to remove Paul Siddons from her—a rooster of power and beauty and borzoi lines that far eclipsed her own car.

He was standing by it now—characteristically clad in a long burberry, a foulard scarf flowing free, a grey hat atop his dark head. He heard her step on the gravel and walked forward.

"The devil!" he muttered audibly. "Thank you," said Melissa, all her softness vanishing, all her resentment of his eternal poise returning. "You have always avoided me as if I were the devil, Mr. Siddons, and I'm going to punish you for it."

He came close to her. He looked down at her, and she looked up at him—for just a moment; and in that moment a great flash of light burst upon Melissa. She knew that she had been both blind and stupid, for in this tall youth's grey eyes she had seen—

"Why don't you look at me?" he said quietly. "You never looked at me—always through me."

"Oh!" Melissa's spirit felt timid, shrinking. This wasn't boarding the lion or punishing him. "How can you talk like that! You've always been unkind to me. You've always gone out of your way to avoid me."

"And—do you stand there and tell me you didn't know why I avoided you? You must have known, Melissa—it was because—because I was afraid."

He laughed. "I might as well have given in to you, child—you got me in the end, I'm going. I was just about to go when you came. But I'm glad of the chance to tell you—"

"You are telling me—"

"That I love you, that I loved you from the day I came here, that what you thought stiffness and pride was only—only a shy awkwardness. You always seemed to be poking fun at me, so I turned to Jane, and she was—wonderful. But I couldn't go through with it. I couldn't marry your sister when it was you I loved. I sent her a letter this evening to tell her—"

"She's gone," interrupted Melissa, cocking an eye at the moon. "She's gone away with Wynn Berkeley. They've always loved each other."

"Gone! Then she won't mind—and you won't think I'm a cad for getting out like this—"

"Well, must you?" said Melissa, ever so softly.

He gazed at her in wondering silence; then swiftly he took her in his arms, till her cheek was against the soft wool of his lapel, and he kissed her as she had always dreamed of being kissed.

"Melissa," he whispered, "You—you don't despise me, then; really?"

"Do I look," said Melissa, "like the kind of girl who goes around kissing the men she despises? Do I? I guess I didn't know you at all, Paul—but you don't know. In fact, I rather like you, Paul. Will you kiss me until I open my eyes wide—like that—?"

"Like that?"

"Yes, just like that."

(Copyright.)

What Women Are Doing

Victorian Conference

TWO hundred members of the Women's Section of the United Country Party, Victoria, 130 of them official delegates, will attend the conference opening in Bendigo on April 1. It will mark the eighth anniversary of the formation of the women's section.

Mrs. Rischbieth to Return in April

MRS. BESSIE RISCHBIETH, associate delegate League of Nations Assembly, 1935, and president Australian Federation of Women Voters, suffered a slight accident by falling downstairs when leaving a farewell party in her honor recently.

She hopes to be about again in a week or so, and to arrive in Australia on April 20 by the Mariposa.

Her Interests Are Out-of-Doors

VERY interested in everything to do with the outdoors, the Baroness de Tüyl, who was formerly Miss Beatrice Hordern, of Sydney, is returning to Australia for a holiday in the Blue Mountains after twelve years in England. The Baroness adores dogs, is very interested in gardening in her home in Surrey, and takes a special interest in horses, and it is chiefly for the racing and the fishing that she and her husband are out here.

Her husband is a Dutch nobleman, whose title dates back to the 13th century, and who is now a naturalised British subject.

After spending about 12 months in New South Wales with their cottage at Leura as their headquarters, Baron and Baroness de Tüyl will travel to New Zealand for the fishing before returning to England.

Known as the "Doll Lady"

CALLED the "Doll Lady," Miss Margaret Patterson, of Adelaide, has been the chief organiser in many exhibitions and pageants in which everything was in miniature. At the moment she is organising a doll exhibition for the South Australian Centenary Week of the Junior Red Cross, an exhibition in which, beside the 500 dolls of every variety and nationality, there will be a pageant of living dolls.

From Red Cross circles in France and England and all over the world the Junior Red Cross in Adelaide will receive tiny replicas of the people of the country for use as models by Miss Patterson and her helpers. Miss Patterson's chief helpers in this venture are the school children who are dressing the dolls, every stitch of their clothes being made by hand.

Apart from this delight in dolls and toys Miss Patterson is a tireless worker at the mission in one of the very poorest districts, where a depot has been formed for converting "something useless" into "something useful."

Outlines Interesting Plans

MRS. E. S. LEVINSON, the acting-president of the South Australian Women's Non-party Association, has outlined an interesting programme for the year, including a series of public discussions in part as a preparation for the conference of the Federated Women Voters of Australia which is to be held during the S.A. Centenary in September.

Mrs. Levinson is particularly interested in the "problem child," as she was studying every aspect of this interesting problem during her work in Melbourne as a special magistrate of the Children's Court, and as a practising psychologist. She says that this subject is to be included in the association's discussions of some practical aspects of an improved social order, which will include discussions of international friendships and disarmament, welfare of youth, and the domestic problem.

These discussions are the outcome of the campaign of education towards an improved social order, which was the society's interest last year when European conferences were being held on the same subjects.

Visitor From India

MISS CHECCA EIPPE, one of India's outstanding women of the moment, has been entertained by the Y.W.C.A. at the various ports at which she called en route to New Zealand, where she is to take a twelve months' post-graduate course. Later she will return to her post as vice-principal of the Madras Training College for Teachers.

This is one of the most important training colleges in India, where Miss Eippe graduated, as well as at Toronto University, Canada.

Australian Woman

Barriester Returns from Abroad

PUZZLED by the indifference with which the English legal profession regards its women members, Miss A. E. Evans has returned to Australia and tells of the alert and capable girls she saw practising in the courts in Edinburgh.

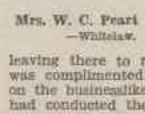
Miss Evans, a graduate of Sydney University, has the distinction of being one of the first, if not the first woman in the Commonwealth to qualify as a barrister, and to be called to the Bar in New South Wales. Before starting a legal career Miss Evans gained her B.A. degree; she first wished to be an artist. When she was at the University studying Law, she was the only girl in her year, so she knows something of the general attitude then and now towards women in such professions.

First President of C.W.A. in Tasmania

TASMANIA was very lucky in having, as it were, a president made to order to take charge of the first branch of the Country Women's Association recently formed in Launceston. Mrs. W. C. J. Pearl was an office-bearer of the C.W.A. in Victoria for six and a half out of the seven years it has been in existence.

Her first presidential experience was with the Merrin branch, and when she was leaving there to reside at Boort she was complimented from headquarters on the businesslike way in which she had conducted the branch.

At Boort she was again elected president. She was a group president for two years, and still retains her place on the central executive of Victoria.



Mrs. W. C. J. Pearl
—Widow.

Honorary Secretary to Many Organisations

THE Victoria Centenary Club celebrated its second birthday with a dinner held in the banquet hall of the Victoria Palace, Melbourne, on February 27. This club emanated from The Australian Wattle League. The motto of the league so appealed to Miss Alice Richardson that she became its honorary secretary, and has held that post for the past six years.

Besides this she is honorary secretary of the A.C. Club and an active member of the P.L.O. Old Collegians' Club. Miss Richardson, a native of Docker's Plains, near Wangaratta, did much charitable work in that district, being honorary secretary of the Wangaratta branch of the Victorian Comforts Fund during the war, also an active member of the Women's National League.

Her first interest on coming to Melbourne fifteen years ago was in the Austral Salon, and when the honorary secretary, Mrs. May Quinell, went abroad, Miss Richardson carried on her work so well that afterwards she was elected assistant honorary secretary to Mrs. Quinell.

She also was interested in the Common Interests branch of the English-Speaking Union, and was its honorary secretary for some years.

Broadcasting Hebridean Songs

MISS RUSSELL, -FERGUSON, a singer of Hebridean folk-songs, is at present broadcasting in New Zealand. Miss Russell-Ferguson accompanies herself on an ancient Gaelic harp known as the clarsach, and is considered one of the finest living interpreters of the Gaelic airs. She has travelled extensively through Europe and America.



Miss Alice Richardson
—Jack Cate

Testing and Tasting as Part of Her Duties

THE position of "official taster or tester" has been part of the duty of Miss Beth Ross, chief instructor of Domestic Science at the Adelaide School of Mines, and one of the authors of an interesting cookery book just published. Miss Ross says that every recipe and domestic science method has been personally tried by one of the four authors, who are all members of the staff there. The book, which is a revised and supplemented edition of the one Miss Ross helped to edit seven years ago on her arrival from Scotland, gives special pages to food values.

Miss Ross trained at the famous Edinburgh College of Domestic Science, following a three-year course, which is a very complete and comprehensive study of every branch of domestic science.

Since taking over the position as chief instructor in domestic science in 1929 Miss Ross has travelled to England to attend a reunion at the Edinburgh College, where she gained many new ideas, and has also had a visit from the principal of the College, who is very interested in all trainees, many of whom are in various parts of the world.

New Zealand Girl Appointed Abroad

MISS HUTH MACKY, of Auckland, New Zealand, has been appointed private secretary to Mr. G. W. Clithard, New Zealand Trade and Tourist Commissioner in Europe, who will be stationed at Brussels. Miss Macky is in her early twenties. She is a Master of Arts, and speaks French, German, and Italian.

Woman Oboe-player Studied Abroad

MISS MIGNON WESTON, who is well known as an oboe player in several States, returned to Australia just in time to join in the newly-formed Australian Broadcasting Commission Orchestra in Adelaide.

Before going abroad, Miss Weston was with B.O. Melbourne, and the South Australian orchestra, and during her recent travels she studied in England and Vienna. Through Dr. A. Boulton, Musical Director of the British Broadcasting Commission in London, she was able to attend rehearsals and concerts at B.B.C. House. In Vienna she studied with the principal oboe player in the Philharmonic Orchestra.



Miss Weston.



English Horsewoman Visiting Australia

THE HON. MRS. NIGEL BARING is on her first visit to Australia. She is an expert judge of horses and a great equestrienne.

She acts as adjudicator at Shows held in Nottingham and other parts of England, as well as in Dublin. Mrs. Baring was an owner of race-horses before her husband's death, but has only kept Roman Bachelor, now in America. The late Mr. Baring was for some years Master of Hounds in Limerick and Dunblow, County Cork, which was originally Mrs. Baring's home, and she is looking forward to seeing some good hunting there ere long.

Mrs. Baring, like half the women riders in England, rides side-saddle, which is she thinks most graceful and dignified. She does a lot of social work, particularly for the Dock Settlement Scheme, a charity King Edward is keenly interested in. Mrs. Baring besides helping in the canteen visits the workers' homes.

For International Goodfellowship

MRS. ANGAS JOHNSON was a representative of South Australia at the Lyceum Club Conference in Berlin, and has just returned to Adelaide with Mrs. Frank Rymill.

Representatives of Lyceum clubs all over the world presented reports and discussed activities. Mrs. Johnson said that the entertainments arranged for them in Berlin were wonderful. An eloquent speaker, Mrs. Shokling, arranged a reception.

Mrs. Johnson visited one of the working camps where, for six months after leaving school, each citizen has to spend a certain amount of time.

From New Guinea Missionary Fields

VISITING Adelaide is Mrs. J. R. Andrews, whose husband is chairman of the Papuan Methodist Mission, New Guinea. Since 1933 Mr. and Mrs. Andrews have been living on the small island of Dobu, about 70 miles from Samarai.

Mrs. Andrews is the only white woman on the island, and is busy all day training and helping the natives and looking after the children. Many of the natives come to the mission stations as children, and as they grow up and are married they go to the training institution at Samarai, and are sent out as missionaries to the other islands.

Studies Novel Kindergarten Method

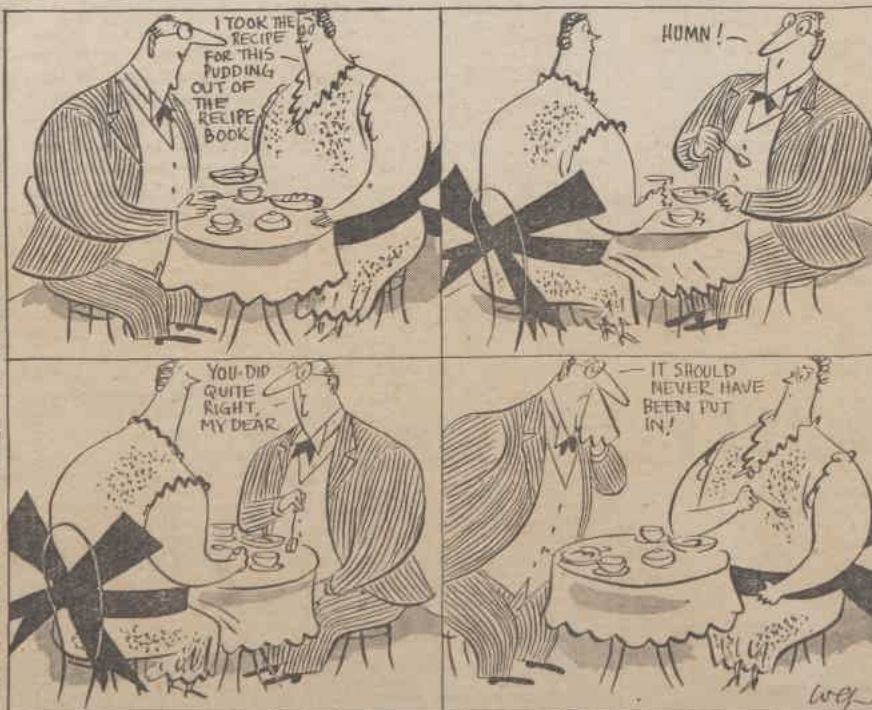
MISS VIRGINIA FINLAYSON, who has been appointed to the staff of Woodlands Girls' School, Adelaide, found a method of child training used in London schools, the "Project Method," extremely interesting.

Miss Finlayson explains that this novel method is carried out by finding a subject of special interest to the children and working all the lessons so that they relate in some way to this subject. She studied this method while training at the Froebel Institute, a teachers' training college in London, and saw it practised in several classes. She says that in London special emphasis is placed on the value of play and of handicrafts for child training, and hopes to encourage the interest in this South Australian school.



Miss Finlayson

IN and OUT of SOCIETY -- By WEP



"DID you have a good evening, dear?"

As she passed him his coffee she saw that his face was shut against her.

"O, not bad. Out to supper."

She waited, and then she said, "I want to talk to you about something, Karl."

His face opened momentarily like a window, and out of it his secret self looked at her sharply.

"Oh?"

"About 'Golden Rain'."

He looked relieved. So, he had expected her to probe his midnight passion, and he wanted to hide that affair from her. Well, wasn't that natural?

"I had a talk with Sir Oscar. Box-office depressed."

"Just a temporary fade-out, I expect. Sir Oscar got the wind up?"

His casual air troubled her. She felt inspired to slap him, even as God is supposed to chasten his pets.

"Well, I don't want the play taken off after two months."

That moved him, though he answered her with some assurance, "Not very likely, is it?"

She repeated the slap.

"More than likely, Sir Oscar's a business man."

Sackcloth into Silk

She saw him looking darkly at his bacon and eggs as though some one had peppered them with poison. Poor lad, these romantic storms were very devastating!

Both Karl and his mother discussed the crisis with Sir Oscar Bloom, but separately so, and from different viewpoints. Karl had been elected a member of the Garrick Club, and after lunch he asked Sir Oscar to give him five minutes. Sir Oscar and Rebecca had had a previous consultation. As a matter of fact Karl had become somewhat shy of that anteroom at The Parthenon, with Bertha Buck sitting there blue-eyed and casual, and once more attending strictly to business. The lad of one-and-twenty and the woman of thirty-three! Karl had floated up and out of the secretarial world into the splendor of the stars, but the refrigerating process had lacked simultaneity. Miss Buck might be no fool, but she was a good hater. She happened to hate Miss Hayeroff pretty considerably, and not merely because of Karl. Miss Hayeroff was too sidereal. She treated the secretary as though she

thought of her as "The Buck woman," a mere blousy satellite.

Mrs. Kesteven was not disturbed by Sir Oscar's secretary. She was nice to Miss Buck, for, as far as Rebecca was concerned, Miss Buck had justified her existence and her sex. The future might parade before Karl a series of wise and unwise virgins, and it was conceivable that the unwise wenches were to be preferred. Karl's mother might not be wholly ashamed of her son's success with women. Could it be prevented? All that she asked of life was that his career should not have its locks shorn by some Emily or Delilah.

MISS BUCK was really a very sensible creature. So far as Rebecca could judge, Miss Buck had torn up a temporary agreement and deposited it in the wastepaper basket. But this other woman with her thin, glowing, greedy loveliness was far more dangerous just what sort of man was Karl? A scandal, divorce proceedings, youth leaping into the sea with the lady, only to discover after the first sensuous sousing that she was mostly lips and legs. Rebecca's opinions upon matrimony were those of an experienced realist. Karl was years too young for marriage. Did not all men contrive to be too young for monogamy? Karl would go on falling in and out of love, but such experiences would not matter provided he did not drop into the sacrosanct honeypot. She would like him to be so keen on his job that no particular woman could matter too much. But was that possible?

If a man must marry, let him choose the "mother-wife." Also, in Karl's case, the unique creature would need to know when not to mother him too much.

Rebecca called past Miss Buck with a cheerful good-morning.

"O, yes, my dear—I rang up. You remember. My ten minutes due."

Miss Buck nodded stubbornly at her, and Rebecca passed on into the presence.

Men of affairs could say that Mrs. Kesteven was easy to deal with. She knew what she wanted, told you what she wanted, and wasted neither words nor time. She did not approach Sir Oscar as the sweet woman, or the persuasive mother, and for that he was grateful. He lived so much with people who were always acting. Rebecca just asked him a question.

"When are you going to take the play off?"

He sat there, sallow and solid, and looked at her with his flat, brown eyes.

"Next month."

"Is it a question of cash, Oscar?"

"No, not wholly so. It would be an error in strategy, wouldn't it, to let a young man's first play—fizzle? 'Golden Rain' has scored a moral success."

"You did not put it on to be a moral success."

"Hardly."

"You expected—?"

"I agree. I thought it was going to be a runner. I still don't understand why the public is falling away."

REBECCA appeared to reflect.

"I should like it to be given—another chance. Supposing I put in a thousand?"

"You?"

"Well, I'm the most interested person—after Karl. I could make it two thousand."

"I don't quite like the idea, Becky."

She smiled at him.

"I have a feeling about this play. I'd like to back my fancy. Give it another month, Oscar."

"Serious?"

"My dear, what do you think?"

She patted his desk emphatically.

"Karl's not to know—at least—not yet. God forgive me, but I feel he needs a slap."

"Stimulus?"

"Yes, something to wake him up. Oscar. You can tell him, like a father, that the play will have to be taken off."

"I see. A flick with a wet towel!"

"Yes, just that. My boy's a fighter, Oscar. I want—somehow—to keep his fighting. You know, after all we mothers ought to be a little wise about our sons. No. Of course, mostly, we're not. If you will do this—"

Sir Oscar's eyes had lost their flatness.

"You are a wise woman, Becky, and a generous one. Just a little more brimstone in the treacle. I'll give it a trial."

When, after lunch on that same day, Karl approached Sir Oscar at the club, Sir Oscar was ready for him. He was kind, his voice was bland and hushed. "Let's find a quiet corner, Charles. I want to talk this over with you."

Yes, he was proposing to take off "Golden Rain." Very disappointing. The theatre was losing money. Yes, but that was not the sole consideration. Karl had scored a dramatic success.

Continued from Page 26

and it was apparent that his first play should not be allowed to fizzle out like a spent firework. They must hope for a better run with "Captain Carter Comes Back." And what about the third play?

Karl had a very stiff face. "When are you going to take the play off, sir?"

"In a fortnight—perhaps."

"None of the cast know."

"I think some of them have a pretty shrewd idea. I'm sorry, Charles, but I feel that I shall be doing the right thing—for both of us."

"I'm sorry, sir. I'm afraid I've lost you money."

"O, we must hope to make it up on the next play. And what about—your third?"

Karl squeezed the end of a cigarette hard against the bottom of an ash tray.

"Not much of it written—yet."

"Buns up?"

"No, not exactly. I have been playing about a bit. I'll get back to business, sir."

Sir Oscar looked hard at him.

Please turn to Page 44

The Good Old Days

When I was a girl my Grandmother said, frowning and shaking her old grey head, "Times were better by far, in many ways. Than they are now, in the good old days."

Said Grandmother dear, with a happy sigh, "Youth had more fun in the days gone by. Smiles were brighter, and laughter rang true." So Grandmother said — and Grandmother knew!

I never disputed what'er she did say. For I felt I'd be saying the same, some day. For Grandma was telling me only the truth. For the "good old days"—are the days of youth.

—Kathleen Creelan Moriarty.

A SURE FRIEND IN UNCERTAIN TIMES



Have YOU a Treasured DAUGHTER?

WILLIAM BURROUGHS is not his real name, but it will do for this recital. Mr. Burroughs has been a member of the A.M.P. since he was 26 years of age. He has two A.M.P. policies on his own life. One is for £750, payable at death; the other is for £500, payable when he reaches 55. Bonuses are steadily mounting up on both of them, and he is very happy about them.

Mr. Burroughs has, also, a treasured daughter, for whom he has an A.M.P. policy for £200, payable when the girl reaches 21.

Many men hesitate to give themselves the comfort of more policies because they fear that something may happen to prevent them paying the premiums regularly, and that they will lose all that they have invested in them. The fear is baseless. After two years, an A.M.P. member can have a policy converted into a paid-up policy with no more premiums to pay, provided such paid-up policy is for a sum assured of not less than £50. A man CAN'T LOSE when he invests in A.M.P. policies.

If you, who read this, feel that you need the comfort of more assurance, ask that an experienced adviser be sent to you at once, or that the Society get in touch with you by mail.

A.M.P. SOCIETY

SIR SAMUEL HORDERN, Chairman.
C. A. ELLIOTT, F.I.A., Actuary.
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● "Ha! Goody—goody! She's all tuned up pretty—but was it a job! I kind of thought Johnson's Baby Powder would fix her up, though. 'Cause it keeps me so comfortable and frisky. Let's get going!"



● "Now for a little spin to cool me off after all that work. Never tried to ride this gadget before, but it looks easy when Buddy does it! Step up—and OVER, baby! Seems like it's kind of tectery—CAREFUL!"



● "OUCH—for crying out loud! The horrid old thing doesn't work right! 'Course it didn't hurt, but I think I'll get Mother to smooth away the bumpy feeling with Johnson's Baby Powder. And here's something other mothers ought to know—"



● "There's a big difference in baby powders; some are really gritty! But Johnson's is soft as down. That is why Johnson's Baby Powder is best for babies."

That is also why so many mothers are using Johnson's Baby Powder for their own toilet use. Made originally to keep baby skins sweet and lovable, it must be the best for their own skins, too.

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BEST FOR BABY—BEST FOR YOU

● A product of Johnson and Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, Talc the Modern Toothbrush, etc.

Johnson's Baby Soap Reduced in Price.
Now 6d. Per Tablet.

A2-34.

THE MOVIE WORLD

March 7, 1936.

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page 29

CALLING Australia!

Hollywood News As It Happens

From JOHN B. DAVIES

BY SPECIAL CABLE
from Hollywood

Dollars Wasted

I HAVE it on good authority that the banning of the film based on Sinclair Lewis' book, "It Can't Happen Here," has cost M.G.M. two hundred thousand dollars.

Although production had not actually commenced, this huge sum had been expended in preliminary expenses when Will Hays, Hollywood movie czar, stepped in and said that the subject dealt

Australian Girl Succeeds

ANOTHER Australian has started off well in New York. The critics are praising Agnes Doyle, who made her theatrical debut here in a Broadway show, "Fresh Fields," supporting Margaret Anglin.

All who have seen the young Australian are talking of her, and it is freely predicted that it will not be long before the screen claims her. A fine career in this field would seem to be assured to her.

with so forthrightly by Lewis was taboo so far as a picture went.

The reason ascribed to Hays for his autocratic action is that a film showing Lewis' idea of America under Fascism would give offence to Italy and Germany, and thus damage international relationships.

Funny, isn't it, how nervy the politicians are about the effect films may have. First, Hitler bans Chaplin because he might make good Nazis laugh, now Hays puts the lid on Lewis because he takes Nazism seriously.

Fairbanks for China

THE two Fairbanks—Doug senior and junior—have just arrived back in New York. Fairbanks the elder announces that he expects to leave shortly, by air, for China, where he will do a great deal of the "shooting" for his picture, "Marco Polo."

It is probable that Doug will select his son for the leading role in the production—that of Marco.

Something New

Stereoscopic pictures have been introduced in New York theatres. These—the latest thing in screen developments—combine sound, color, and the third dimension.

The effect is that films now have depth; the characters seem literally to step on of the screen.



A Lovely Study of ROCHELLE HUDSON, Fox Star

Quick's the Word

ONLY three months since Sylvia Sidney flew from Hollywood to Phoenix, Arizona, to marry Bennett Cerf, New York publisher—they are already separated and headed towards divorce. The brown-eyed screen star, 27 years old, has nothing to say against her husband. She says that she and Cerf merely decided to call it quits.

"We decided we made a mistake," she said, "and agreed to separate now. No plans have been made for a divorce."

Cerf is ten years older than Sylvia. They first met at a New Year party a year ago last New Year's Day.

Radiophone Conference

UNITED ARTIST executives have just set a new fashion in conferences. And this in Hollywood, where conferences of all kinds go on all the time! It was a hectic but harmonious discussion. The point of it was, however, that while Chaplin, Mary Pickford, and Sam Goldwyn sat around the table in Hollywood, the fourth member of the group, Alexander Korda, was in London.

The means used to allow the conference to be carried on as if all four were together was the radiophone. It proved a tremendous success.

Now She's Brunette

PERHAPS the most interesting point of Jean Harlow's newest starring vehicle, "Riff Raff," not yet released, is the star's new hair shade. After years of fame as the original platinum blonde, Jeanie has gone "brunette"—and most becoming it is, too. It certainly gives her face a much softer look and brings out the features to better advantage.

The question now worrying coiffeurs in this country is whether they are going to lose the big business they built up when the fashion for platinum tints came in.

RISE Of ALEXANDER the GREAT Korda, Ace-Director, Fought for Fame

By JUDY BAILEY, Our Special London Correspondent.

NOT ALL the romance of screen-dom is centred in the acting stars. These have their fights for success, their battles against obscurity, keen competition, hard luck. When they begin to ascend the ladder of fame, the spotlight picks them out — a curious public is told much that is true about them, much that is not. Their careers are made glamorous by their publicity agents.

But even more romantic stories can be told about some of those giants of moviedom who never face the camera, about men who are even greater than most stars — men who make stars.



JOAN GARDNER, who appears in one of Korda's latest productions, "The Man Who Could Work Miracles."

ONE of the most significant of these men to-day is Alexander Korda; his story is as absorbing as that of any screen idol.

Korda, a Hungarian, first began moving picture production as a hobby. He has ended by achieving world-wide recognition in this field, and by heading one of the largest and most important motion picture production units in England.

To savor the full, romantic flavor of Korda's present position, it is necessary to go back to the year 1893, to the small village of Turkeve, Hungary, on the morning of September 18, when the gossip of the place was spreading the news that a son had been born to the Kordas. This newcomer into our vale of tears was subsequently christened Alexander—a prophetic name.

The bucolic atmosphere of Turkeve, however, was not for long to nourish young Korda. He left the village at an early age, and was educated in Budapest, finally receiving his degree at the University of that city. Now came his time to step out into the world. He did so, but not, as might be imagined, by casting about for an opening in the theatrical business, but as a journalist.

As a newspaper man, Alexander Korda was a success. He was associated with many of Europe's leading papers, mixed with some of the most significant figures

of the time. But, although success in this field lay in his hands, he made no effort to use it to his advantage; films had become his hobby; at the age of twenty-three, abandoning all that he had built up in so few years, he succumbed to the lure of this new industry and, bidding farewell to journalism, commenced his new career.

Here, his progress was as rapid as it had been in the newspaper world. Directing in Budapest for a small company did not long satisfy him. Vienna, Rome, and Berlin saw this dynamic young man, whose ideas, as often as not, frightened the very people who felt they should have him working for them. He attained the peak in Continental film circles when he was made production-head of the famous U.F.A.—a German organisation which produced many fine pictures.

Hollywood Adventure

HE was satisfied now, for a few years. Then came the inevitable urge for bigger fields, more scope. Hollywood was the centre of screen-dom. It beckoned. The beckoning finally became irresistible, and in 1926 Alexander Korda, still a young man, deserted the security of the European studios to adventure in a new sphere.

No illusions drew him from the certainties of U.F.A. to the uncertainties of the West Coast of America. He expected no throng to meet him when he landed at New York, nor did the very tiny reception committee that greeted him at Hollywood injure his vanity. These things



A RECENT photograph of Alexander Korda, now one of the most significant figures in the world of films. His rise has been a romantic one.

BELOW: An interesting picture of Korda with H. G. Wells, whose "Things to Come" is claimed to be a triumph for both author and director.



he had expected, knowing that in this new land the business of conquest would have to start all over again.

First National Films were the first people with whom he linked up. "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," "The Stolen Bride," and other productions, earned him a fair measure of prominence. Four years passed; 1930 found him working for Fox. But, somehow, Korda could not get next to the Hollywood big shots. Possibly his European outlook, his stern insistence on certain qualities which have since become synonyms for his name, made him impossible for the world's greatest film colony to assimilate. He was unhappy; he decided to return to Europe.

Not even the tiny reception committee saw him off. Raspberries, not bouquets, were the order of the day. But Alexander Korda departed smiling.

Europe Again

BACK in his own sphere, he tried to form his own company. Sufficient support not being forthcoming, he went to Elstree, where he went to work on "Service For Ladies" for Paramount British. This picture made two young players—Leslie Howard and Elizabeth Allen. More, it made Alexander Korda. It was recognised as one of the best British pictures—if not the best—made up to that time.

Further struggles now took place for the floating of a company which would enable Korda to put into effect his strongly-held theories on film production. Distrust, enmity even, met him on every hand, but in 1932 he succeeded in his object. London Film Productions was floated; it has become one of the most outstanding of the British producing organisations.

Triumphs now began to fall thickly. "The Private Life of Henry VIII" had a world success; "The Scarlet Empress" brought him further acclaim. Then came "Katherine the Great" and, after that, one of his greatest productions, "Sanders of the River." Korda must be inhuman if, at times, he did not sit back and think smilingly over what the men in Hollywood—the big shots who had let him leave them—must be thinking.

And now he has rounded off the preliminary work of advancing British film prestige by snaring—of all people—H. G. Wells to write the scenario of "Things to Come," a film which has had a triumphal premiere in London, and which should arouse the interest of intelligent people the world over. This, up to date, has been the crowning feat of a man who is a force now, but will be a greater force yet in the celluloid kingdom he chose for his own in 1916.

Cultured Personality

SIX feet tall, slim, brown-haired, blue-eyed, Korda looks anything but a film director. Indeed, in almost everything he is the direct antithesis of the usual run of directors. For instance, he is cultured, can talk on any subject, can order a meal, is quiet and unassuming; he even has ideals. No wonder Hollywood was no place for him.

And that, very briefly, is the Alexander Korda of to-day—a man who, born in a small Hungarian community, has become a true cosmopolitan and a true artist.

HOLLYWOOD STARS STILL STEP OUT

... But What A Difference to the Parties of the Brave Old Days

By JEANNETTE MACMAHON

I WENT TO a party at Kay Francis' father's evening... and not one of the famous Hollywood luminaries who were there got one tiny bit sozzled... and nobody even hit somebody else, or said nasty, rude things.

So I stand right up and shout... Hollywood parties are not what they used to be!

Don't you remember those halcyon days when to read of Hollywood parties was to conjure up vague imaginings of wine, women, and song, to conjure up scandalous happenings of temperamental people, typical emotionalists who gave full vent to their feelings when pepped up by the excitement of champagne or just ordinary joie-de-vivre, who generally gave the newspapers something to write about?

MEMORIES of that ill-fated party at which Patsy Arbuckle met the nemesis of his screen career will come to your mind, and you'll no doubt think that all of Hollywood's social gatherings are just one heiter-skelter for the cup that cheers, with the resultant boisterousness.

That kind of business now, my little snapper, is just a lot of hokey! The socialites of filmdom certainly sling parties—and what parties! But everything is done so, so nicely, thank you, with cocktails, coffee and whatnots, and with everybody saying just the right thing at the right time. Nobody hits each other—much—and the guests go home to their own beds with pleasant recollections of having had a darned good time.

But even so... lavishly entertaining is still an important institution. In fact, it can safely be said that a goodly portion of life in Hollywood begins at parties.

But Things Happen

THE stars nowadays sling parties for a variety of reasons... to entertain a visiting celebrity whose presence may reflect credit upon his host; the party to entertain an important executive who may be persuaded to give you a job; the costume party which furnishes such excellent publicity material when photographs of the guests appear in the morning papers.

And then there is the party which you give merely because you pine for a bit of gaiety or a little light-hearted frolic, and there is the party which simply happens to you without your having planned it at all... like measles.

And despite the fact that these gatherings are far from being as lurid as in the "good old days," almost anything can happen, and frequently DOES, at a Hollywood party. Romances spring, contracts bloom, divorces loom, and lawsuits ensue. And the sound of axes being ground to good purpose with someone higher up than yourself often draws the melodious strains of that expensive orchestra.

Some hosts seem to attract important events at their parties whether they like it or not. Carl Brisson was regarded by me, anyway, as either a blessing or a menace, whichever way you look at it. It was at a party at Carl's home that Virginia Cherrill and Cary Grant began the argument which ended, ere the evening was over, in their separation.

Romances Start

AND though, at that particular party, something happened which marred her immediate future and happiness, one recalls the fact that Virginia met Charlie Chaplin at a party at Sue Carol's house some years ago, and that meeting was responsible for her entrance into motion pictures and her subsequent career, which was indirectly responsible for her meeting with Cary. Oh, yes! Life begins, and sometimes ends, at parties.

It was at one of Carl's parties that Jack Oakie said some rude things to a fellow named Martin, who sued him and won several hundred dollars because Jack couldn't control his tongue.

You see? Anything can happen at a party.

Sometimes people meet at parties, and the acquaintance ripens on the spot.

Below:

Nothing is too much trouble for a Hollywood outbreak. Herb Moulton, Paramount director, and two of his players—Johnny Ralston and Dick Arlen—dressed for a "hay-ride and barn dance" party. You'll notice, however, that not ALL the pep has gone from moviedom's affairs. Moulton retains his glitz.



Sometimes the thing works round the other way. Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone met on the set at M-G-M. Joan thought Franchot a nice young man, and asked Connie Bennett to invite him to a dinner party at her home. There were complications. Franchot, recently arrived from New York, dug into his trunk for his formal evening clothes. Imagine his feelings when he found that he had brought the trousers of one suit and the tails of another. The fabrics did not match, and he could not possibly appear on so important an occasion with trousers and coat which distinctly and unmistakably disagreed. He did a great amount of scurrying and telephoning, and finally managed to borrow a suit which fitted him acceptably.

It seems, in view of subsequent events, to have been worth the trouble. The courtship that preceded the eventual marriage of Joan and Franchot began that evening!

Let's examine a party. Or rather, let's talk first about those dining and dancing cabarets which cater especially for the stars and their friends, and which save a Hollywood luminary the trouble of having beer spilt on the carpet of her home by alighting a little get-together at one of these particular



Top: Kay Francis, who achieved a brief celebrity in Hollywood with her "farm yard" party.

Ramon Navarro entertains at the home of his parents, Dr. and Mrs. Samson. These affairs are very Mexican.

There's the Mayfair, established in Hollywood in 1926 as an exclusive club for those engaged in the motion picture profession. Membership is by invitation only, and no new member can be accepted unless an old one drops out, and I can assure you that very few are considerate enough to withdraw, even when they're down to their last bankruptcy court, as Mayfair is the best "front" in Hollywood.

Besides the exclusive Mayfair, there is, of course, the Coconut Grove, the Trocadero, and the Vendome, all of which attract their fair share of Hollywood luminaries. To be present at one of these clubs on an evening when a movie big-wig is pitting the high spots with his pals is the ambition of every sightseer and autograph-hunter.

Barnyard Party

INDEED, I recollect an occasion when Kay Francis and Kenneth Mackenna, from whom she is now divorced, tossed an original party by hiring the Vendome and converting it into a barnyard, real country store, real hay, real cow, real chickens, real apples, real ducks (and after a while even the smell got real), very real cider, and utterly, utterly make-believe people. A very, very good time was had by all those who got invitations.

Continued on Page 38



ROBERT TAYLOR
AND
IRENE DUNNE
in
MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION

BOBBY—
"I think I could grow to love you. Of course I'd have to see you often . . . just to make sure!"

Shortly after he spoke those carefree words came tragedy . . . the tragedy that changed him from a wastrel to a man, and led him on to a glorious destiny!

WATCH FOR IT SOON!



"MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!" HER DENTIST TOLD HER

AND SHE LEARNED HOW TO GET REAL PROTECTION

IMAGINE! HE SAID MY BREATH CAN BE BAD IN SPITE OF THOSE PREPARATIONS I USE!

BUT HOW DOES TOOTH PASTE HELP?

COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM HAS A DETERGENT ACTION THAT REMOVES THE CAUSE OF MOUTH ODORS.

WE'LL USE COLGATE'S HEREAFTER!

COLGATE'S keeps breath sweet while it makes teeth cleaner, brighter!

THE same thing that causes much tooth decay causes bad breath, say dentists. So they warn: To combat such troubles, see that your teeth and mouth are truly and thoroughly cleansed!

Don't rely on preparations which are not made to clean. Nor on toothpastes which merely polish exposed surfaces.

The safe, sure way to correct bad breath is through regular use of the thorough cleansing action provided only by the special ingredients in Colgate's Dental Cream.

Why Dentists advise Colgate's

This toothpaste makes a penetrating foam which works into all crevices of the mouth. Wherever they hide—between teeth, on tongue or gums—odor-breeding deposits are emulsified, washed away.

Every surface of every tooth is thoroughly cleaned—the cause of bad breath removed! You know, from the clean, fresh feel of your mouth after each brushing, that your breath is beyond reproach!



At the same time, a soft, grit-free ingredient gently and safely polishes the enamel. Stubborn stains disappear. Natural luster is restored. Teeth gleam again.

Using this method, no other treatment is needed for a bright smile and a pure breath. That means a saving. In addition, Colgate's Dental Cream costs less than any other leading toothpaste.

VISIT YOUR DENTIST EVERY SIX MONTHS!

LARGE TUBE 1/3



IF YOU PREFER POWDER . . . TRY COLGATE'S NEW PROPHYLACTIC DENTAL POWDER.

A special formula releasing oxygen that prevents inflamed gums and pyorrhoes. Sells at 1/6.

LONDON SPEAKING . . .

English Production News

• Robbing Hollywood • Shot in Dark • Horror Taboo • A Few Figures • Writer Prince • Homes of Stars

From JUDY BAILEY, Our Special Correspondent in London

By BEAM WIRELESS

A REACTION having set in against horror films, Gainsborough executives have decided to inject the saving grace of humor into "The Man Who Changed His Mind," a production starring Boris Karloff.

The story concerns a scientist who steals people's brains, transplanting them into other heads. John Loder and Anna Lee will be responsible for the lighter side which has now been added to the picture, and will help Karloff change his technique as well as his mind.

Robert Stevenson is the director.

ANNA LEE in private life is Director Stevenson's wife. She met Robert in Egypt when playing in "The Camels Are Coming." The romance started when, during a jackal hunt one night, Anna nearly bagged the director by mistake. Eventually she did bag him, but in a different fashion.

PRODUCTION companies here are going ahead more zealously than ever with the business of robbing Hollywood of its talent. Constance Bennett commenced work this week on "Everything is Thunder," Joan arrives shortly to star in Edgar Wallace's "Nothing Trump," and a whole flock of others are on the way.

Sylvia Sidney, McLaglen, Charles Ruggles, Chester Morris, and Richard Arlen are a few of those booked for British pictures.

Then there is Edmund Lowe, who is playing in "The Wrecker." He and McLaglen, partnered in "What Price Glory," are hardly likely to meet in England, as before the latter commences on "Soldiers Three." "The Wrecker" will be finished, and Lowe, no doubt, en route home.

PRINCE NICHOLAS of Greece, artist, and father of the Duchess of Kent, has now turned his talents to scenario writing, and Capitol Films have bought his first story, "Embers." It is a tale of love and sculpture, set in the bohemia of all artists. Capitol think it is good cinema, and will start producing it in July.

HOW the other half live will be demonstrated at the Ideal Homes Exhibition in London next month, when 60,000 square feet of space will be given over to reproducing the homes of the stars of the screen.

Mae West, Jean Harlow, Norma Shearer, Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, William Powell, Ronald Colman, Merle Oberon, Jessie Matthews, Clive Brook, Raymond Massey, and even Shirley Temple have agreed



Would You Recognise Him?

CHARLES LAUGHTON in character. A different being to the man who plays Bligh in "Mutiny on the Bounty."

to the reproduction of their favorite rooms.

These will be reproduced in all their detail—Mae West's boudoir and Shirley Temple's nursery—so that the public may judge for themselves the temperaments and the tempers of these stars as revealed by their own intimate surroundings. Most of the stars are loaning some of their personal belongings so that the rooms will have the authentic stamp.

THE statistical experts have been busy surveying the British film field. British companies formed in the last twelve months, they say, have a total capital of £3,500,000. The British film footage has increased from 788,954 feet in 1928 to 1,443,923 in 1935. In the same period the American footage has dropped by 900,000 feet, more than half the British total production. These figures are straws showing that a very big wind is blowing in the direction of the British studios.

Still Time to Enter Our Fascinating Shirley Competition

Those who have not yet entered our Shirley Temple competition still have plenty of time to do so. March 21 is now closing date. Entries have literally multiplied since we extended the competition, and each day has brought with it a further huge mail from enthusiastic competitors from all States.

AS already outlined in previous issues, The Australian Women's Weekly is spending £200 to get the best fifty-word answers to the question, "Why I Like Shirley Temple."

Competitors may submit as many

entries as they wish. For the best letters 100 beautiful Shirley Temple dolls, replicas of the little star, valued from 35/- to 95/-, will be the prizes. These Shirley Temple dolls have been specially cabled for by The Australian Women's Weekly. They are completely clothed and have big brown bubble-action eyes that flash and sparkle, and sleep and firt like those of the little star herself.

The competition is divided into two sections—adult and juvenile. The latter is confined to children under 14. In the adult section, 46 dolls will be awarded, while 54 will go as prizes in the juvenile section.

All desiring one of the special photographs of Shirley Temple should note that they must make application on the separate form published on this page. However, if a portrait of Shirley is not required it is not necessary to fill in the coupon.

Here is a typical letter from the juvenile section. This particular one was written by Nell Freckleton, a thirteen-year-old girl from Broken Hill.

"Shirley Temple, the world's ideal child star, is known for her naturalness, innocence, and charm in her films."

Entry in Braille

AN interesting entry came this week from Queensland. It was written in braille, and came from Marie Lowe, Pine Street, Killarney, Queensland. Here is Marie's effort:

"Anyone having the privilege of seeing Shirley acting can quite realise how this child star has achieved world-wide fame. She has culture, quaint mannerisms, and is devoid of coquetry; but, above all, it is her natural child-like simplicity and innocence that endear her in the hearts of everyone."

"No pouted lips or sulky expressions mar Shirley's profile, but always there is that mischievous smile and twinkle in her eye. Shirley has won my heart and others because of her naturalness."

Things to remember:

1. Entries must not exceed fifty words.
 2. Be sure to mark which section your entry is for—adult or juvenile.
 3. Entries must reach our offices before March 21.
 4. The form on this page must be filled in and a penny stamp enclosed if a Shirley Temple portrait is wanted.
 5. All entries should be endorsed "Shirley Temple Competition," and addressed to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 137CC, G.P.O., Sydney.
- There is no fee whatever for this competition. All you have to do is to write your letter and mail it to-day. The decision of the Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly will be final.

ENTRY FORM

Shirley Temple Competition

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

AGE

(if entering junior section)

(I have attached my entry for Shirley Temple Competition and a 1d. stamp to cover postage of portrait which goes to all competitors. I agree to accept the Editor's decision as final.)

(Signature)

CHEVALIER as Paragot in "BELOVED VAGABOND"



"THE BELOVED VAGABOND" is another of the famous novels the screen has seized upon. Betty Stockfeld appears as Joanna, and is shown here in charming contrast to the queer monkey, who also has a role in the film. Between scenes, Chevalier and Betty chat with director Kurt Bern-

hardt. Another lovely actress in the cast is Margaret Lockwood, also pictured here, who plays Blanquette. Maurice Chevalier is, of course, the big figure as Paragot. Here you see him wearing his familiar expression, and, left, in character.

HERE'S Hot News from All the STUDIOS!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, BARBARA BOURCHIER, and JUDY BAILEY,
Our New York, Hollywood, and London Representatives.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, sen., is back in Hollywood after six months in England. His rooms have been prepared for occupancy, which means that he will begin work on his new film, "Marco Polo," at an early date. He is undertaking an ambitious production in "Marco Polo," which will be filmed both in California and China, and will require considerable "commuting" across the Pacific Ocean.

Fairbanks left London on January 1, and was accompanied to Southampton by Lady Sylvia Ashley, his companion since his separation from Mary Pickford.

Fairbanks will not act in "Marco Polo." From now on, he says, he will act as producer only. As a matter of fact, Fairbanks sen., appears heavier than we remember him, and it is a little difficult to imagine him scaling walls or fencing with the beautiful agility that was once his.

FAY WRAY, sweetest of stars, was not impressed with English women's styles while she was here working at Elstree. "I think English women are charming," she cooed, "but—"

DOTS... and DASHES

• **BOB MONTGOMERY** and **Bruce Cabot** getting all set for the auto race that will determine the best of their super-super cars. • **Jean Harlow** brutally learning to ice skate, for her art. • **Luisa Rainer** painting her furniture bright yellow for cheeriness. • **Leslie Howard** lunching with **Genevieve Tobin** at Warners' Green Room. • **Jimmy Cagney** also there, with a moustache. • **Alice Faye** getting home with the milkman, after working till 6 a.m. on "King of Burlesque." • **John Boles** finishing his mansion between the homes of **Chaplin** and **Mary Pickford**, to their relief.

She raised her hands and her eyebrows in horror. "—the chemises, slips, knickers and the corsets. With such a multitude of clothing the streamline figure is in hard luck. Why they wear so many things and those I cannot understand. The climate is hard, but it is not so cold as New York winters, and American girls wouldn't dream of wearing one-quarter what an English girl does."

Fay thinks that if the English woman would forget to put on about half her underclothes she would be about four times as smart, and, strange to say, she did not find the weather too bad—"certainly not bad enough for all this wrapping up."

BRITISH films have taken a rather unusual but eminently sensible course by asking the children themselves whether films are of any use in the

educational system. Fourteen thousand youngsters are to be taken in groups to local cinemas to give their verdict on two pictures made by the general post office film unit—a government department which certainly knows how to make instructive films. The pictures are "The Quiet of Britain" and "This Was England." These are both agricultural pictures, and they are selected specially to get the reactions of children from the industrial quarters of London where grass is something one must "keep off of." If the children decide in favor of these pictures the London County Council educational authorities intend to take the matter up.

CONSTANCE CUMMINGS is to star in the Gaumont-British production, "The Wrecker," in place of **Sally Eilers**, who has been forced to abandon her visit to England through illness. "The Wrecker" is a thriller, centring around the mysterious activities of a train-wrecker, and you can see for yourself that this is a subject lending itself to spectacular treatment—a fact that director **Albert de Courville** has not overlooked.

Gaumont-British picture, "If's Love Again," starring **Jessie Matthews**, her husband, **Sonnie Hale**, **Robert Young**, and **Ernest Milton**, is well on its way to completion. The song and dance numbers and the newspaper office scenes have already been shot, and they say this picture is the goods.

THE greatest daily fan mail is received by **Mae West**. She reads the letters faithfully and finds in them a great source of amusement. One girl wrote to ask if it is true that she does not smoke or drink. "It's true," says Mae, "but I don't mind other people smoking or drinking. After all we can't make love all the time."

On the set **Mae West** is very much in command of the show. The director, camera man, and actors all take their cues from her. She is glad to have director **Raoul Walsh**. "You know," she said, "I always get my man."

Miss West is seldom seen studying her lines. She has written them herself, and when she steps before the camera is well prepared.

FROM experience with her own little girl, **Jane, Ann Harding** has decided that special children's films should be made, and if she ever gets enough time she will produce and act in a series of fairy tales and children's classics, to be given at special children's showings, or rented, with projection equipment, to schools, libraries and private homes. Proceeds, she plans, could be given to charity.



ERROL FLYNN, a young Australian who was given his first big chance in "Captain Blood."

Don't fail to see "Last of the Pagans," a South Sea film, authored by **John Farrow**. From the standpoint of acting and photography, not to mention story, it's one of the most beautiful pictures in many moons.

THE stork is hovering persistently over Hollywood. During 1935 the old bird paid 15 calls to famous film folk. He is now scheduled for an early visit at the **Norman Posters**. Mrs. **Poster** is, of course, the former **Sally Blane**.

Norman Posters, you will remember, is the ex-husband of **Claudette Colbert**, and **Sally** is **Loretta Young**'s sister.

THE studio physician advises **Miriam Hopkins** to drink two quarts of milk a day while working. The terrific heat of the lights saps the strength, and actors need all the energy they can get to do a good job. The attraction of the milk diet, the doctor points out, is that **Miriam** will not gain an ounce. It seems worth trying.

Miriam Hopkins is a tireless worker. No matter what the role, she gives her all to it. "I don't care

Garbo. And director **Brown** probably understands her better than anyone else, having worked closely with her for many years.

Mr. Brown explains why **Garbo** is the finest actress in the movies. "Greta **Garbo**," he says, "is the most subtle actress on the screen to-day. She registers hope, fear, expectation, happiness, despair, without moving a muscle. People of every nationality know what she is thinking and exactly what she is feeling."

To him it is a miracle to see a person sit perfectly still and yet project her thoughts to the audience. "In private life," he says, "when a person is confronted by a great crisis, he does not go into hysterics. Nine out of ten people sit still and think about it." And so, **Garbo**, by living inwardly the emotions of the character she portrays, is able to make clear every shade of feeling and thought.

Clarence Brown is known as the director who never produced a failure. He has seen **Garbo** through her greatest successes—"Flesh and the Devil," "Anna Christie," "Romance," "Inspiration," and "Anna Karenina."

SINCE **Merle Oberon** came back to Hollywood from her trip to England she and **David Niven** have been sharing every precious free moment. **David** visits her on the set, and they are even obliging enough to pose for news cameras. It certainly looks as if **David** is in line for the fair **Merle**'s hand.

AILEEN MARSON, who has been awarded a long contract by B.I.P. for her fine work in their last production, "Living Dangerously," is featured as **Sally** in the London stage success, "Someone at the Door," which **Herbert Brenon** is now directing at Elstree.

Aileen, in addition to being something of a beauty, is a determined young woman. She recently went into stage production on her own account and created quite a sensation in London theatre life by producing the Continental play, "Vicky," and starring in it herself.

The other day, when I was out at **Boreham Wood**, I heard this talented lassie, who, by the way, is the daughter of a vicar, carrying on an animated conversation in Rumanian with a foreign woman journalist. My own Rumanian is a little shaky, and I couldn't quite make out what they were talking about, but **Aileen** seemed very fluent.

A NEW SONG STAR

svelte... young... charming...
The girl with a voice of a thousand golden tones... already a star in the Metropolitan Opera... making her debut in Paramount Pictures in "ROSE OF THE RANCHO".



Gladys SWARTHOUT
A Paramount Star

Simple, Unaffected Garbo

what type of woman I play," she says, "so long as the person is interesting and has color." **Miriam** does not care if the character she portrays is a Sunday-school teacher or a street girl, so long as she can become interested enough in her to want to step into her character.

GRETA GARBO is a simple, lonely person as unaffected as if she had lived in the country all her life. She is natural and true-hearted, has no use for parties, and cannot pretend one thing when she feels another.

Thus does **Clarence Brown** sum up the reputedly mysterious, elusive, exotic

POSED by Margaret Vyner

Australian Beauty
Now Making Debut
in Films



1. MOST becoming is the rust-red felt hat with a tugged brim. The scarf combines rust-red, gold-and-grey checks and stripes.

2. THE rolled brim of the old-time bowler is faintly suggested in this smart model. The stitched band is made of the same black felt.

3. NEW and most becoming is the rogue for lame blouses worn with black velvet skirts. The design worn by Miss Vyner has wide elbow-sleeves gathered into a band and shirred at the shoulder-line. The V neck is offset by a velvet cravat, and the off-the-face bonnet is made of velvet.



4. NOVEL sleeves, tucked and strapped, are featured in the bottle-green angora cloth coat worn by Miss Margaret Vyner, whose beauty shows to advantage in the Australian film, "The Flying Doctor." This is the production for which Charles Farrell has been imported, and Miss Vyner is teamed with the Hollywood star and Miss Mary Maguire.

SPARE ROOMS

need
not be
SHABBY



It's the simplest thing in the world to "do over" that shabby furniture in your guest-room with "Dulux" and to turn it into a modern, charmingly coloured room. "Dulux" is DURABLE — it has an amazing "wear-resistance". It has such a beautiful lustre, too, which lasts indefinitely and is so easy to keep clean.

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OBTAINABLE
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NO MATTER HOW LOW THE COST

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THEY ARE IN PLATINUM, WHITE GOLD, GOLD—OR YELLOW GOLD.

You simply must see—amongst this wonderful selection—the very ring you have in mind—the one you've wished for. Therefore, come. A private office is available for those who care to use it when making this most important purchase, and remember those who mention the "Women's Weekly" secure the rings they fancy, at the ordinary price, less 10 per cent. discount. Choose first—claim your discount after. But you must mention the "Women's Weekly."



£10/10/-



£9/10/-



£12/10/-

Here are three beautiful rings—available at £9/10/-, £10/10/-, and £12/10/-. The diamonds in them are rich, white, sparkling gems, double-cut in the modern scientific manner. They yield their greatest radiance for your delight. The mounts are unbelievably pretty—of solid 18ct. gold—white or yellow as you choose. All settings are platinum.

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	Creamy	Grey	Light	Oily
	Medium	Hazel	BROWNETTE	Normal
	Ruddy	Brown	Light	
	Olive	Black	BRUNETTE	Moist
	Sun Tan	Light	REDHEAD	Dry
		Dark	Light	AGE

PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

★★ THE CHARM SCHOOL

Jack Oakie, Ned Sparks, Betty Groble. (Paramount.)

BASED on a situation that has done veteran service in the worlds of fiction and the theatre, this picture succeeds in being good comedy entertainment, chiefly because of the gusto that is evident in the work of the four men who carry it: Oakie, Sparks, Lynne Overman, and Joe Penner.

Working on a recipe which provides a mixture of snappy dialogue, ridiculous situations, dancing, fair singing, and mad comedy, Paramount have produced a picture which, while sent out on its travels as a support, is more rich in entertainment and good, honest laughs than some of the widely advertised "features" at present running in this town of ours.

I enjoyed it. More to the point, judging by the laughter, everybody else in the house did, too. Thoroughly.—Civic and Cameo; showing.

★ THE MAN WHO BROKE THE BANK AT MONTE CARLO

Ronald Colman, Joan Bennett. (Fox.)

LONG, long were the councils I had with myself before classifying this much publicised picture as being only f.a.g. "Is not," the craven side of me whispered, "that popular idol, Colman, the shining light of the production?" I had to admit it to myself, at the same time admitting that any other competent actor of the polished school could have done as well with this story.

But still, lest I be accused of lese-majeste, "knocking," or chronic dyspepsia, let's examine closely this tit-bit. Is there anything in it to cause people to rush madly to see it? There is not. It is an averagely interesting story, well-produced, and decorated by the presence of Ronald Colman, completely adequate as a suave, impoverished Russian aristocrat, but it neither awakens the audience to delighted chuckles or loud laughter by its wit or fun, nor does it stir them emotionally by the tenseness of its drama. There are, in fact, only two tense moments in the whole thing—and both are when Colman is at the gaming tables. For the rest, it just runs along—pleasantly enough, but as uninspired as the acting of Joan Bennett, who plays feminine lead.—Regent; showing.

★ DANGEROUS

Bette Davis, Franchot Tone. (Warners.)

THE acting makes this picture worth going to see; the story is good up to a point, but, after that point, it crashes into a welter of anticlimax and bathos.

I doubt whether a better team than Bette Davis and Franchot Tone could have been obtained for this offering. Tone puts in very restrained, forceful work that, at the end, is the only thing that manages to make the incidents even partially convincing; Bette Davis, as a temperamental actress, is really excellent. Indeed, the only comment I have to make against her is the unreal purity of her diction in moments of abandoned fury.

After this only very slightly qualified praise, you may wonder why the film is decorated with only one star. The reason is this: no picture can be made good by acting alone. This one, as I have hinted, is ruined by the martistic and unconvincing end that has been tacked on to the story. To say that it is poor would be flattering it. The only consolation is that the good woman gets her man back from the actress, as she usually does—in pictures.—Plaza; showing.

★ GENTLEMEN OF THE NAVY

Sir Guy Standing, Tom Brown, Richard Cromwell. (Paramount.)

MORE American navy; the U.S. Navy Department must be subsidising Hollywood. Worse, the story is as near to that of "Shipmates Forever" as it could be without one or other of the authors having grounds for a suit for breach of copyright. The question is: Did Paramount imitate Warner Brothers or did Warner Brothers plagiarise Paramount?

Of the two, Paramount have done the better job. While the actors still swallow convulsively every time good old Annapolis—or the Navy—is mentioned, their chances come less frequently. Further, although Mr. Powell's dulcet voice does not decorate this offering, the acting right through is on a higher scale. That of Sir Guy Standing is, indeed, excellent; it would lift the picture out of the ruck of "average" films only for the ending of the story—an ending that would kill any picture, so unconvincingly melodramatic is it. Even with this to cope with Standing has nearly got away with it.

If the film should come your way, see it, if only to see a good piece of character acting.—Civic and Cameo; showing.

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—
excellent.
★★ Two stars—
good films.
★ One star—
average films.
No stars . . . no good.

★ O'SHAUGHNESSY'S BOY

Wallace Berry, Jackie Cooper. (M-G-M.)

A LUSH picture, literally oozing with sentimentality. Most of us have been trained by now to accept a fair issue of this quality in the majority of films set before us, but, of late, American directors have been lading out such vast quantities of sob-stuff that even the most insensitive stomach must revolt.

As a circus lion-tamer who has been robbed of his son by a shrewish sister-in-law, Berry puts up as good a performance as his director has allowed him. In fact, if this film had an operation performed on it, during which the long-drawn-out, tearful scenes between father and son could be cut down by half, it would be a good show all through. The photography is excellent, the circus atmosphere real, and the animal scenes genuinely exciting.

But those heart-throbs, those tears . . . I could feel myself going red behind the ears.—Mayfair; showing.

★ DANGEROUS WATERS

Jack Holt, Robert Armstrong. (Universal.)

AS an action picture of the type in which Jack Holt is at his best, this film earns its one star with something to spare. The plot is well-constructed, interesting and not overloaded with improbabilities; the action moves briskly; and the acting is quite adequate for the story.

Instead of, as is the usual case, starting Mr. Holt off in pursuit of the girl he will eventually marry, the narrative, in this instance, introduces him as a liner officer with a wife who is not to the least what he thinks she is; in short, a faithless, gold-digging piece of goods. While the right girl waits in the background, Jack, with the co-operation of Armstrong, saves two ships, discovers his wife's real character, agrees to divorce her and collects a handsome cheque from grateful underwriters. This paves the way to a second and, surely, a more successful marital voyage.

A picture that succeeds admirably in what it sets out to do.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★ KING SOLOMON OF BROADWAY

Edmund Lowe. (Universal.)

A MUSICAL-CUM-GANGSTER picture that gallops pretty heavily over a well-worn track. Lowe, as "King" Solomon Maguire, loses more than he can afford in a poker game and pawns his night-club as security for his debts. This leads to all sorts of complications, most of which, unhappily, are unconvincing.

To the accompaniment of tunes composed by Pinky Tomlin (which are not, by the way, particularly "hot") the story moves to its appointed end, to wit, the final embrace between Lowe and his lady friend. The things that save it from being just too bad are Lowe's competence in the leading role and the constant action that has been injected into the story. The latter prevents too much brooding over the unlikelihood of a lot that goes on.

All in all, the film just makes the average class.—Regent; showing.

FRESHMAN LOVE

Frank McHugh, Patricia Ellis. (Warners.)

THE main claim to notice that this film can present is that it puts before the public one of the rarities of modern American life: a college president who actually insists on star athletes getting at least the rudiments of an education if they are to remain in his institution. This eccentricity makes him the nearest thing to the villain of the piece a very threadbare story will allow.

Some picturegoers might find this, plus the jazz antics of students and comedians, sufficient to justify the film. I can't.—Plaza; showing.

NO TROUBLES With DOUBLES

Studios Can Conjure Up Caesars or Rockefellers

By KURT MANFREDSON

WITH THE present cycle of historical films in vogue, the casting offices of the big studios have to exercise all their ingenuity.

Recently, George III was needed to pardon Franchot Tone following conviction for mutiny in "Mutiny on the Bounty."

Twenty-two Georges were tested by Director Frank Lloyd, who was dissatisfied with all of them. Armed with authentic engravings of the late King, talent scouts toured the State for the man they wanted.

"It's a tough one," murmured an assistant, "but we'll get him. We always get 'em!" They did.



GEORGE ARLISS, who would make a perfect John D. Rockefeller if the occasion arose.

LEFT: Warner's had to bring Louis XV to life. Reginald Owen was the dead king's double.

TRUE enough, Hollywood can produce a double for anyone who ever lived.

In the days when Greta Garbo was the hottest film news and seeing her the supreme thrill, an enterprising hotel arranged to have her one-time double drop in for luncheon or tea at its roof garden once or twice a week. The hotel management was careful never to mention the glamorous Swede, but somehow grapevine whispers went out that Garbo might be there.

The double, who looked more like the shadow self of the star than its original did, used to come up on the freight elevator, be elaborately smuggled to a seat at a table by a window where admirers couldn't miss her, order some Swedish dish which she barely tasted, and sit gazing off over the roofs of the film city with sad, sad eyes. She usually wore a beret and a coat with the collar turned up, and she adopted all the familiar Garbo attitudes in her brief stay. . . . Business boomed.

Then there's the story of the silent-picture male star with a weakness for bottle liquor. The publicity department had announced his personal appearance as a "draw" for his new film, but when a publicity man called for him the star had imbibed several drinks too many and lay in a befuddled heap under his living-room couch.

The P.M. wasted some moments trying to revive the screen hero, worried



FOR THE MARC ANTONY who had to be the great lover of "Cleopatra," Henry Wilcoxon was chosen as being nearest the description left by classic writers. What a compliment!

out a few of his own none-too-plentiful hairs wondering what to do, then telephoned the casting department to deliver at the stage door a duplicate of the gentleman under the couch, clad in appropriate evening garments.

Hectic moments later, the duplicate was delivered. His clothes were correct to the last pearl button, he was the right size, height, and coloring—slight variations such as eyebrows, moustache, and hairline had been taken care of by make-up; he was perfect—

but he had the merest squeak of a voice.

If he had been needed to do a scene in those silent days, all would have been well, but the studio's finest wit had sweated over a gay "impromptu" speech supposed to fit the star's personality. The double couldn't make it.

"Oh, what the heck!" said the P.M. "I'll fix that!"

He accompanied the elegant duplicate to the stage, explained to the audience

that Mr. Star was suffering from an attack of laryngitis, but so great was his sense of obligation to his fans that he had risen from a sick bed to let them look at him and to take a bow. The duplicate took a great number of bows.

Perc Westmore, head of the make-up department at Warner Brothers-Pixar National Studios, is compiling a series of scrapbooks in which he keeps a record of each country's prominent people; the family trees of every Royal house, sketches, portraits, photographs or descriptions of everyone connected with each house, fashions of the day, modes of hair dress, and so forth.

"You see," he said, turning to the pages devoted to the reign of Louis XV of France, "how carefully we have duplicated the styles of that period. That was, of course, comparatively easy. But I think we re-created the people, too. Reginald Owen got the role of Louis XV primarily because he is an excellent actor, but his features readily adapted themselves to those of that somewhat pudgy king. This reproduction of the painting of the ruler on his throne"—indicating a photograph in his scrapbook—"is copied almost exactly in one scene in the film 'Dabarry'."

Napoleon Easy

WESTMORE believes that almost any man tall enough can be made to look like either Washington or Lincoln.

"For Washington, you put on a white wig tied back with a ribbon, build up the nose, indicate a square chin and thin lips, and there you are!" he explained. "A high silk hat, beard, no moustache, rumpled hair, and a mole give you Lincoln. For an actor who is to play a small part, a mere indication of well-known definite characteristics is all that is needed. Naturally, if the actor's role is the lead in the picture, more pains are needed.

"It has been asserted that Edward G. Robinson is eager to play Napoleon, but that I am unable to make him look like the Little Corporal. This is ridiculous. Anyone can be made to look like Napoleon if not too tall and lanky. I have never made a test of Robinson for the role, but I'm sure I could get it on the first attempt.

"Napoleon had a high forehead, a chiselled nose, a mouth like a woman's, and a cleft in his chin. You cut the hair as it is cut in his portraits, put a little pocket in the back of his uniform so he can thrust a hand into it, lay the other hand across his chest, teach him

to look out from under his frowning brows, and there you are."

In order to select a Julius Caesar, Cecil B. DeMille, director, chose a contemporary bust of the Roman now in the British Museum. He kept a copy of this bust on his desk and had it photographed from every angle. Then he tested competent actors. Warren William bore the nearest resemblance to the bust, and this was heightened by cutting his hair after the fashion of Caesar.

Caesar and Antony

EVERY contemporary description of Marc Antony was compiled by the research department. Among these descriptions DeMille found that Antony "hid a chest on which a Roman legion could camp," that he was "as graceful as a big St. Bernard dog, who when he wagged his tail knocked all the dishes off the table." His size, appearance, and behaviour were accurately described and DeMille found his counterpart in Henry Wilcoxon, of the London stage.

James Ryan, Fox casting director, contributes a list of celebrities who can be duplicated in Hollywood.

"R. O. Pennell, who used to play King George V of England, died recently, but Mario Domini would be very good as that ruler," he decided. "Edgar Norton could be Senator William G. McAdoo without make-up. Assistant-Director Robert Lee Hough is uncannily like Jack Dempsey, and Henry Schultz, a bit player, is a double for Hindenburg. George Arliss would make a most convincing John D. Rockefeller. Charlie Farrell could be made to look like Charles Lindbergh, and Maureen O'Sullivan like Anne Morrow Lindbergh. Margaret Morgan, an actress of small parts, is excellent as Queen Marie of Rumania, and Lucien Littlefield, well-known character actor, can do Calvin Coolidge.

Stars Doubled

"IT is not surprising that we can find doubles for celebrities, when you consider that every casting office has on hand lists of names of those who can double for stars if necessary. Gladys Johnson, a bit player, has appeared in long shots as Mae West during Mae's absence from the set. Warner Baxter has a second self in the person of Frank McGrath, who could pass himself off any day as Warner. There's a little girl who photographs exactly like Janet Gaynor, but her voice is not the same."

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FREE COUPON

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For years I was worried to death with unsightly freckles and abominable pimples and blackheads. Other girls would avoid me. It was impossible for me to attend parties and dances, because both sexes would shun my company.

Whenever I went out I was actually dressed better and looked smarter than most other girls; nevertheless, I always felt miserable. Every cream and powder and lotion that I saw advertised I would try in the hope of removing these distressing blemishes, but one and all proved failures.

My father felt so sorry for me that he took me to France and Germany. During this trip, which occupied six weeks, I underwent the treatment of a famous Parisian Beauty Specialist. Within the first week after I commenced this treatment I noticed a remarkable change, and at the end of four weeks my face was quite clear of all blemishes.

I had almost abandoned all hope of ever being able to hold my own in company. You can, therefore, realize my joy on returning to London to have my old friends stop me in the street and exclaim, "How well you look. I would never have known you!"

Since my trip I have never been troubled with any old complaints, because I learned just how to care for my skin.

Realizing that there must be thousands of women, both young and old, who are to-day suffering as I did, you will not be surprised to learn that I am anxious to place my secret before them. If you will, therefore, simply send your name and address, with 2d. stamps to cover my outlay for postage. I will send you free, in a plain, sealed envelope, full information so that you may forever remove all traces of freckles, pimples, blackheads, and any other blemishes by the wonderful method that overcame my troubles.

Remember, it is different to any that you have adopted in the past. It does not consist of cosmetics, creams, lotions, salves, soaps, ointments, plasters, bandages, masks, vapor sprays, massage rollers, or other implements. No diet—no fasting—nothing to take, and cannot injure the most delicate skin.

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Miss Elaine Hamill

CURRENT FILMS

Condensed Reviews for Country and Suburban Theatre-goers.
The stars indicate our grading.

♦♦ **BLACK ROOM, THE.** Boris Karloff, Marian Marsh (Columbia). Mystery murder. Unconvincing in many places.

♦♦ **CASE OF THE LUCKY LEGS, THE.** Warren William, Genevieve Tobin (Warner Bros.). One of the most enjoyable murder mystery comedies of recent months. This is a verdict that will be expected by those who see this picture.

♦♦ **COME OUT OF THE PANTRY.** Jack Buchanan, Fay Wray (B.D.F.). This picture is typical of ninety per cent. of the world's output in pictures—not good enough to raise any enthusiasm, and not bad enough to justify a sterling kick in the shorts ribs. In brief, the reviewer's bugbear; an average show.

♦♦ **DIAMOND JIM.** Edward Arnold, Jean Arthur (Universal). This picture misses three stars by a very narrow margin. The story is unusual. Arnold's acting is splendid, the recreation of the 'thirties atmosphere all that could be desired.

♦♦ **DIRTY WORK.** Ralph Lynn, Robertson Hare, Gordon Barker (G.B.). A good comedy. With Ben Travers responsible for the story, only a consummately stupid director could prevent this film abounding in funny situations. The direction is splendid.

♦♦ **DANCE BAND.** Buddy Rogers, June Clyde (B.I.P.). A musical, and not a good one. Hardly worth one star.

♦♦ **ESCAPADE.** William Powell, Luise Rainer (M.G.-M.). Here is comedy as it should be played. William Powell has an airship, a chivalrousness that suits admirably the type of role in this picture. Good entertainment.

♦♦ **GERMANY.** Travel film (U.F.A.). One of the best-produced travel pictures we've had for a long time. Although tinged to a certain extent with Nazi propaganda, the film, with its picturesqueness and fine photography, could stand as an example of fine workmanship to any makers of similar offerings.

♦♦ **GIRLS, PLEASE!** Sydney Howard, Jane Baxter (B.D.F.). Hardly a laugh in the whole show. And someone should certainly have stopped Howard singing.

♦♦ **HELL BENT FOR LOVE.** Tim McCoy, Lillian Bond (Columbia). As an action picture this item should be satisfactory enough for those who like that kind of fare. Plenty of gun-fights with gangsters.

♦♦ **HERE COMES THE BAND.** Virginia Bruce, Ted Healy, Ted Lewis and Band (M.G.-M.). Ted Healy and Nat Pendleton make this picture worthy of its one star. These two comedians are indefatigable, and, for the most part, funny.

♦♦ **HERE COMES COOKIE.** Gracie Allen, George Burns (Paramount). Farce. Good entertainment.

♦♦ **I FOUND STELLA PARISH.** Kay Francis, Ian Hunter, Paul Lukas (Warner's). The theme of the story is not new (what theme is?). The treatment of the mother-love motif is not hackneyed. A picture that should go well with any audience.

♦♦ **MANHATTAN MOON.** Ricardo Cortez, Dorothy Page (Universal). Quite fair entertainment. Based on the complications which arise from the actions of a girl who acts as double for a famous actress.

♦♦ **MARCH OF TIME.** News Feature (R.E.O.). A fine panorama of movements and events that are changing the face of the world. A real magazine-news item that nobody should miss.

♦♦ **MARRY THE GIRL.** Sonnie Hale, Winifred Shottler (B.D.F.). Farce. All should like it.

WE'LL TELL YOU

A Section for Readers Who Seek Information

Beresford Earle (of Firecock, N.S.W.).—Ruby Keeler was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, in 1909. She is 5ft. 6ins. high and weighs 165lbs. Has brown hair, blue eyes. Married Al Joelson, who was born in St. Petersburg, Russia, May 28, 1888. He was taken to America when a baby. He went on the stage much against his parents' wishes. "Go Into Your Dance" his last picture.

J.S.—Gloria Swanson and Charlie Chaplin are the most married. Eddie Cantor has five daughters. Actors and actresses you mention use their right names. Helen Twelvetrees is married to Frank Woody. They have a little boy about three. Yes! Marlene Dietrich is married.

J. Walton (Neutral Bar, N.S.W.). Your best plan is to write to all the city theatres and tell them to place you on the mailing list of their theatre programmes.

Miss G. Barnes (Longford, Tas.). Write to him care National Productions Ltd., Pagewood Studios, Sydney, N.S.W.

♦♦ **MISS PACIFIC FLEET.** Hugh Herbert, Glenda Farrell, Joan Blondell (Warner's). Only a professional misanthrope could sit through this effort without laughing. A comedy dealing with the efforts made by two girls to win the 5000 dollars attached to a popularity contest.

♦♦ **MURDER OF DR. HARRIGAN, THE.** Ricardo Cortez, Kay Linaker (Warner Bros.). Mystery drama. Despite the stereotyped material the actors make a good job of the film.

♦♦ **MAN OF IRON.** Mary Astor, Barton MacLane (Warner's). This story concerns a workman who is a crackerjack as a shop foreman. Made manager and then vice-president of the concern, his new importance rushes to his head, and disaster follows.

♦♦ **NEVADA.** Larry Crabbe, Kathleen Burke (Paramount). This is a western from a story by Zane Grey. Starting off with the best intentions in the world, it maintains a fairly high standard of logic and coherence until the end. However, with this overlooked, the picture is good enough entertainment.

♦♦ **PEG OF OLD DRURY.** Anna Neagle, Sir Cedric Hardwicke (B.D.F.). A delightful romance. Speeches from "The Merchant of Venice" and "Richard III" provide some of the highlights of the film.

♦♦ **SANDERS OF THE RIVER.** Paul Robeson, Leslie Banks, Nina Mac MacKinney (United Artists). Drama. Very out of the ordinary.

♦♦ **SUPER SPEED.** Norman Foster, Mary Carlisle (Columbia). The story and photography poor. The acting?

Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT



Well, a bit in advance of the two just-mentioned ingredients.

♦♦ **SHIPMATES FOREVER.** Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler (Warner's). Judging by this film, the American navy is run mainly on sentiment. Powell does less crooner's tricks in this production and does more straight singing.

♦♦ **TEMPTATION.** Frances Day, Stewart Rome (G.B.). Dull as ditch water, and remarkable, in addition, for acting that could be bettered in many a suburban amateur dramatic society. Frances Day, in an effort to be Hungarian, vacillates between coyness and vulgarity.

♦♦ **VINTAGE WINE.** Sir Seymour Hicks, Clair Luce (B.D.F.). English drawing-room comedy. Ever-present humor and smart dialogue.

♦♦ **WAY DOWN EAST.** Rochelle Hudson, Henry Fonda (Fox). Three-quarters of this picture is good. Photography, acting and direction are splendid. Ending spoils this picture.

♦♦ **WOMAN WANTED.** Maureen O'Sullivan, Joel McCrea (M.G.-M.). A fast-moving, well-produced gangster picture that would be fair entertainment in any theatre.

♦♦ **PETER IBBETSON.** Gary Cooper, Ann Harding (Paramount). Paramount have done a courageous thing in bringing Du Maurier's love

fantasy to the screen, and it is no small tribute to Henry Hathaway, the director, to be able to record that the picture he has made is a finer piece of work than the book from which it is taken.

♦♦ **VANESSA.** Robert Montgomery, Helen Hayes, May Robson (M.G.-M.). This picture misses three stars by an exceedingly narrow margin. As it is, "Vanessa" is a good piece of work, better, indeed, than most "good" offerings, and certainly a film that will be enjoyed by most of those who see it.

♦♦ **WHERE'S MY MAN.** Tom Walls, Cleely Courtneidge (G.B.). If this production is intended to be a farce, the whole thing has been planned and executed too seriously; if audiences are to take it as a serious contribution to the mass of historical films, there are too many elements of farce in it to allow it a semblance of even screen reality.

♦♦ **WITHOUT REGRET.** Elissa Landi, Paul Cavanagh, Kent Taylor, Frances Drake (Paramount). Combining romance, mystery, and stark drama, this production caters expressly for the sentimental and romantic in human nature. There is interest throughout this production even though the theme is as old as the hills.

♦♦ **WICKED WOMAN.** A. Mady Christians, Charles Bickford (M.G.-M.). Drama. Poor entertainment.

♦♦ **AGE OF INDISCRETION.** Paul Lukas, Madge Evans (M.G.-M.). Drama. It is unfortunate, but this picture is not good enough for two stars, although it is above the average.

Hollywood Stars Still Step Out

Continued from Page 31

AND then there's the very, very different kind of party, where everybody is suave, sleek, and sophisticated. A hundred canaries are singing their little heads off. A photograph is posing with intoxicating tangos. And dozens of dark-eyed men who are too utterly handsome are saying perfectly lovely things to gorgeous dark-eyed girls. Ramon Navarro is giving a party at the home of his parents, Dr. and Mrs. Samaniga, Cousins from all over Mexico are there, and most of the Los Angeles Mexican colony.

Everybody eats and drinks plenty of divine Mexican and Continental dishes and wines. You dance... or you sit on a low divan and discuss the film business with your neighbor... or if you're feeling inclined, and are perhaps a little flushed by that very acceptable wine, perhaps you'll listen to the newest things from a daring caballer. But when it's all boiled down... it's just another Hollywood party.

Mandrake the Magician



THE CHARACTERS IN THIS GREAT SERIAL ARE

MANDRAKE: The Master Magician, is in Arabia on the trail of
SAKI: The world's most successful thief. Saki leaves
LOTHAR: Mandrake's Nubian servant, a captive in a cellar
 so that he may retain some jewels which he stole from
NARDA: A very lovely princess. Mandrake bargains with Saki
 when he encounters him, and Saki trades the jewels and
 Lothar for his own freedom. Mandrake returns the
 jewels to Narda. Saki then comes in the disguise of
INSPECTOR DUFFY: And is persuaded to look after the

jewels. Lothar is sent to escort him home. The real
 Inspector Duffy then comes to light. Mandrake then
 speaks to Lothar through his figure image, telling him
 how they have been deceived. The real Inspector then
 learns the truth and gives chase also. Things become
 involved. Lothar discovers the Inspector and Saki
 together, and as they are dressed alike cannot distinguish
 them. Innocently, he drags off the real Inspector and
 lets Saki go off free with the jewels. Saki then goes
 home and begins to disguise himself as Mandrake.



PLUCK THESE EYEBROWS
 A BIT AND ADD A LITTLE
 GREASE-PAINT FOR
 COMPLEXION.



STRAIGHTEN OUT THIS NOSE
 OF MINE WITH A LITTLE
 PUTTY, AND THEN
 FOR A NICE, DARK
 SMOOTH WIG.



HIGH HEELS FOR MORE
 HEIGHT
 AND NOW A
 LITTLE HAIR AND
 GUM MAKES A
 PERFECT
 MUSTACHE.



A GOOD JOB, SAKI. YOU LOOK MORE
 LIKE MANDRAKE
 THAN MANDRAKE
 DOES. NOW FOR
 THE PRINCESS.



I SHOULD
 LIKE TO SEE
 PRINCESS
 NARDA.



OF COURSE, COME IN,
 SIR. SHE'S BEEN
 EXPECTING YOU.



MANDRAKE! I'M SO
 HAPPY YOU'RE ALL RIGHT.
 DID YOU
 CATCH
 SAKI?

NO, NARDA. HE GOT
 AWAY AGAIN. HE'S
 TOO SMART
 FOR ME.



THAT TAKES CARE OF
 DUFFY, LOTHAR.
 NOW TO GET
 BACK TO NARDA
 AND WARN HER
 THAT SAKI
 ESCAPED
 AGAIN.



NARDA, I'VE ALWAYS LOVED YOU. I WANT
 YOU TO COME AWAY WITH ME AND MARRY
 ME AT ONCE.

WHY-- I-- I--
 DIDN'T KNOW
 THAT--



WHY--- MANDRAKE!
 HOW YOU'VE CHANGED!



YES, MANDRAKE.
 I'LL-- I'LL MARRY
 YOU.

MARVELOUS! NOW, NARDA,
 GET YOUR THINGS AND--
 ER-- JEWELS TOGETHER,
 AND WE'LL BE OFF.



THROUGH THE
 WINDOW, SAKI
 SEES MANDRAKE
 AND LOTHAR
 APPROACHING.



HURRY DARLING.
 THERE'S NOT A
 MINUTE TO LOSE
 IF WE WANT TO
 CATCH THAT
 TRAIN.

I'M READY
 NOW, DEAR.



I WISH YOU
 HAPPINESS,
 EXCELLENCY.

THANK YOU, LIZZIE. WE'RE GOING OUT
 THE BACK WAY SO NO ONE WILL SEE US.

COME ON, NARDA.
 LOCK THE DOOR
 AFTER US, LIZZIE.



THERE GOES THE FRONT
 DOOR BELL. WHO CAN
 THAT BE?

LIZZIE
 LOCKS THE
 BACK DOOR--



OH!

AND OPENS
 THE FRONT
 DOOR TO
 FIND.

To be Continued.

GRACE BROS.

Women's Industries Exhibition

And School Children's Handicrafts Competition

All Entries Free **£250** In Cash Prizes

COMMENCING THURSDAY, JUNE 4th, 1936

(1) All Competitive work must have been the work of the Exhibitor during two years previous to this Exhibition; non-competitive work can be any length of time.

(2) Judging for Prizes will take place privately on Tuesday, June 2nd, and two days before the opening of the Exhibition to the public.

(3) After Judging Prizes, which will be awarded by experts appointed by Grace Bros. Ltd., all exhibits to be shown in our windows at one of our Departments. The name of the competitor can be shown, if wished, after Judging.

(4) Exhibitors must place a value on their work when filling in the Entry Form, and state whether it is to be sold or not.

(5) In each class there must be at least 20 entries for 1st prize to be awarded. 15 entries for 2nd prize to be awarded. 10 entries for 3rd prize to be awarded.

(6) Entries should be made at once, but the Exhibit will be received at Grace Bros. Ltd., 1111 Office, 7th Dept., 1st Floor, 7-Storey Building, from May 20th to May 26th. A receipt will be given for Exhibit, and this must be produced before Exhibit can be handed over, at close of Exhibition. Competitors are requested to send their Exhibits within 7 days after the Exhibition. Country Exhibitors are requested when forwarding Exhibits by Post or Rail to attach name and address on goods.

(7) Every entry will be taken of the goods. Any damage or loss must be borne by the Exhibitor unless insured by the Exhibitor against loss.

(8) In all matters which may come up for discussion, Grace Bros. Ltd. decision to be final.

(9) Grace Bros. Ltd. reserve the right of refusing or accepting any entry without giving reasons for so doing.

(10) Each Exhibit must have a separate Entry Form.

(11) Competitors desiring Grace Bros. Ltd. to insure their Exhibits against loss or damage must forward a remittance to cover same, when sending in exhibit. Charge for insurance is 2d. in the £.

(12) Certificate available for framing will also be awarded to prize-takers; also Special Certificate of Merit for competitors whose work in the opinion of the Judges, comes next to the prize-winners.

(13) Where a pupil is a successful prize-taker, the name of the teacher will be published if asked for.

(14) All Prizes will be in CASH.

(15) Exhibitors are requested NOT to wash their exhibits.

Write to "Competition Editor," Grace Bros. Ltd., for ENTRY FORMS and FULL PARTICULARS

Women's Industries Exhibition—List of Prizes

- | | | | |
|--|--|--|---|
| <p>Class 1.
1. BEDSPREAD, HAND-MADE. Any kind of work. First Prize, £2; Second Prize, £1; Third Prize, 10/-.</p> <p>2. COLOURED FANCY CUSHION. Any kind of work (hand-made). To be made up ready for use. First Prize, 20/-; Second Prize, 10/-.</p> <p>3. CROCHET WORK AFTERNOON TEA CLOTH. First Prize, 20/-; Second Prize, 10/-.</p> <p>4. COLOURED TABLE CENTRE. Any kind of work (hand-made). First Prize, 20/-; Second Prize, 10/-.</p> <p>5. THE BEST AFTERNOON TEA CLOTH. Any kind (hand-made). First Prize, 20/-; Second Prize, 10/-.</p> <p>6. PAWN POPPIN CENTRE. For Calenderia or Lacy Daisy Work. First Prize, 20/-; Second Prize, 10/-.</p> <p>7. WHITE TABLE CENTRE. Any kind of work (hand-made). First Prize, 20/-; Second Prize, 10/-.</p> <p>8. WHITE TEA COSY. Any kind of work (hand-made). To be made up ready for use. First Prize, 20/-; Second Prize, 10/-.</p> | <p>Class 2.
9. COLOURED TEA COSY. Any kind of work (hand-made). To be made up ready for use. First Prize, 20/-; Second Prize, 10/-.</p> <p>10. SET OF SIX TABLE D'ORLAYS. Any kind of work. First Prize, 20/-; Second Prize, 10/-.</p> <p>NOTE.—If unable to buy "Sewer" Traced Linens or Threads locally, Grace Bros. can supply these goods at particularly keen prices.</p> <p>11. DUCHESS SET, HAND-EMBROIDERED. Centre and Four D'Orlays. First Prize, 20/-; Second Prize, 10/-.</p> <p>12. LADY'S NIGHTDRESS. Hand-embroidered, any design. First Prize, 20/-; Second Prize, 10/-.</p> <p>13. BEST SET SIX WHITE HANDKERCHIEFS. Any kind of work. First Prize, 20/-; Second Prize, 10/-.</p> <p>14. BEST PAIR HAND-EMBROIDERED FLOW SHAWLS. First Prize, £2; Second Prize, 20/-.</p> <p>15. HAND-EMBROIDERED KIMONO. First Prize, £2; Second Prize, £1.</p> | <p>Class 3.
16. GURRY TOWELS (SET OF 3). Hand-worked, any design. First Prize, 20/-; Second Prize, 10/-.</p> <p>17. BABY'S BOOTS, KNITTED. Set of Wool. First Prize, 20/-; Second Prize, 10/-.</p> <p>18. BABY'S BONNET, KNITTED. Set of Wool. First Prize, 20/-; Second Prize, 10/-.</p> <p>19. SPECIAL COMPETITION FOR THE BEST LAMP SHADE. Shades may be of any material, any size, colour or design. First Prize, £5; Second Prize, £3; Third Prize, £1.</p> <p>20. BEST SET OF SIX ARTICLES HAND-EMITTED. To be a baby. Prizes: First, £2; Second, 20/-; Third, 10/-.</p> <p>21. THREE-Piece TROUSERS SET. Hand-sewn. First Prize, £2; Second Prize, 20/-.</p> <p>22. LADY'S APRON. Hand-embroidered, any material. First Prize, 20/-; Second Prize, 10/-.</p> <p>23. PAIR MEN'S HAND-KNITTED WOOL GOLF SOCKS. (Any design). First Prize, £1; Second Prize, 10/-.</p> <p>24. MEN'S HAND-KNITTED FANCY WOOL PULLOVER. First Prize, £2; Second Prize, £1.</p> | <p>Class 4.
25. LADIES' HAND-KNITTED WOOL CARDIGAN (Any design). First Prize, £2; Second Prize, £1.</p> <p>Class 26.
SPECIAL "SEMCO" COMPETITION
"SEMCO" KERRY CLOTH AND FOUR KERRYETTES.
For the best work to any "Semco" designs in Kerry cloth, 4 1/2 in. x 5 1/2 in. x 6 1/2 in. Cash Prizes will be awarded as follows:
FIRST PRIZE, £2
SECOND PRIZE, £1
THIRD PRIZE, 10/-
Also 4 Consolation Prizes of 10/- each.
SPECIAL PRIZES.—Ten per cent. will be added to the above Prizes if "SEMCO" KERRY CLOTH AND FOUR KERRYETTES have been used exclusively. Labels of Threads to be attached to Cloth.</p> |
|--|--|--|---|

School Children's Handicrafts Exhibition—List of Prizes

- | | | | |
|--|---|--|---|
| <p>Class 46.
46. GIRL'S FROCK, HAND-EMBROIDERED. Age up to 15 years. Prizes: First, £2; Second, 20/-; Third, 10/-.</p> <p>47. BEST SET OF BABY'S CLOTHES. To fit a baby. Prizes: First, £2; Second, 20/-; Third, 10/-.</p> <p>48. GIRL'S PLAY-APRON. Any material. Open to girls up to 15 years of age. First Prize, 20/-; Second Prize, 10/-.</p> | <p>Class 49.
49. THE BEST AFTERNOON TEA CLOTH. Any kind of work (hand-made). Open to girls up to 15 years of age. First Prize, 20/-; Second Prize, 10/-.</p> <p>50. NIGHTDRESS, HAND-MADE AND HAND-EMBROIDERED (machine hemming allowed). For girls up to 15 years. First Prize, £2; Second Prize, 20/-; Third Prize, 10/-.</p> | <p>Class 51.
51. THREE-PIECE TROUSERS SET. Hand-sewn. For students any age. First Prize, £2; Second Prize, £1/10; Third Prize, 10/-.</p> <p>52. THREE-PIECE TROUSERS SET. Machine work. For students any age. First Prize, £2; Second Prize, £1; Third Prize, 10/-.</p> <p>53. BEST KNOVELTY COAT HANGER. COST NOT TO EXCEED 1/6. For girls up to 15 years. First Prize, 20/-; Second Prize, 10/-.</p> | <p>Class 54.
54. TABLE CENTRE, EMBROIDERED IN COLOUR. Open to girls up to 15 years. First Prize, 20/-; Second Prize, 10/-.</p> <p>55. BEST SET OF 3 HANDKERCHIEFS, HAND-MADE. Up to 15 years. First Prize, 20/-; Second Prize, 10/-.</p> <p>56. BEST HAND SEWN GARMENT (Any article). First Prize, £2; Second Prize, 20/-; Third Prize, 10/-.</p> |
| <p>Class 58.
58. WOODEN OBJECT (INLAIN). Competitor's own choice. Age up to 17 years. First Prize, 20/-; Second Prize, 15/-; Third Prize, 10/-.</p> <p>59. MODEL IN CARDBOARD. Round and covered; any design. (Up to 15 years of age.) First Prize, £2; Second Prize, £1; Third Prize, 10/-.</p> <p>60. TOY MADE OUT OF ODDS AND ENDS OF MATERIALS. Any design. (Up to 15 years of age.) First Prize, £2; Second Prize, £1; Third Prize, 10/-.</p> <p>61. WOODWORK—SMALL TABLE BOOK STAND. For boys up to 15 years of age. First Prize, £1; Second Prize, 10/-; Third Prize, 5/-.</p> <p>62. A TOY MADE OF 3-PLY WOOD, AND SUITABLY PAINTED. (For boys up to 14 years.) First Prize, 20/-; Second Prize, 15/-.</p> | <p>Class 63.
63. WOODWORK—ORIGINAL DESIGN. (Age up to 15 years.) First Prize, £2; Second Prize, 20/-; Third Prize, 10/-.</p> <p>64. STENCILLED TABLE COVERS. First Prize, 20/-; Second Prize, 20/-; Third Prize, 10/-.</p> <p>65. PARTIAL DRAWING, ORIGINAL DESIGN. (Age up to 15 years.) First Prize, £2; Second Prize, 20/-; Third Prize, 10/-.</p> <p>66. PARTIAL DRAWING, STILL LIFE. (Age up to 15 years.) First Prize, 20/-; Second Prize, 10/-.</p> <p>67. DESIGN ON WHITE PAPER. Invent a new design and colour scheme of not more than four colours in water colour, for a box in stained wood. First Prize, 20/-; Second Prize, 10/-; Third Prize, 5/-.</p> <p>68. DESIGN ON WHITE PAPER. Invent a new design and colour scheme of not more than four colours in water colour, for a box in stained wood. First Prize, 20/-; Second Prize, 10/-; Third Prize, 5/-.</p> <p>69. DESIGN ON WHITE PAPER. Invent a new design and colour scheme of not more than four colours in water colour, for a box in stained wood. First Prize, 20/-; Second Prize, 10/-; Third Prize, 5/-.</p> <p>70. DESIGN ON WHITE PAPER. Invent a new design and colour scheme of not more than four colours in water colour, for a box in stained wood. First Prize, 20/-; Second Prize, 10/-; Third Prize, 5/-.</p> | <p>Class 71.
71. DESIGN ON WHITE PAPER. Invent a new design and colour scheme of not more than four colours in water colour, for a box in stained wood. First Prize, 20/-; Second Prize, 10/-; Third Prize, 5/-.</p> <p>72. DESIGN ON WHITE PAPER. Invent a new design and colour scheme of not more than four colours in water colour, for a box in stained wood. First Prize, 20/-; Second Prize, 10/-; Third Prize, 5/-.</p> <p>73. DESIGN ON WHITE PAPER. Invent a new design and colour scheme of not more than four colours in water colour, for a box in stained wood. First Prize, 20/-; Second Prize, 10/-; Third Prize, 5/-.</p> <p>74. DESIGN ON WHITE PAPER. Invent a new design and colour scheme of not more than four colours in water colour, for a box in stained wood. First Prize, 20/-; Second Prize, 10/-; Third Prize, 5/-.</p> <p>75. DESIGN ON WHITE PAPER. Invent a new design and colour scheme of not more than four colours in water colour, for a box in stained wood. First Prize, 20/-; Second Prize, 10/-; Third Prize, 5/-.</p> <p>76. DESIGN ON WHITE PAPER. Invent a new design and colour scheme of not more than four colours in water colour, for a box in stained wood. First Prize, 20/-; Second Prize, 10/-; Third Prize, 5/-.</p> <p>77. DESIGN ON WHITE PAPER. Invent a new design and colour scheme of not more than four colours in water colour, for a box in stained wood. First Prize, 20/-; Second Prize, 10/-; Third Prize, 5/-.</p> <p>78. DESIGN ON WHITE PAPER. Invent a new design and colour scheme of not more than four colours in water colour, for a box in stained wood. First Prize, 20/-; Second Prize, 10/-; Third Prize, 5/-.</p> <p>79. DESIGN ON WHITE PAPER. Invent a new design and colour scheme of not more than four colours in water colour, for a box in stained wood. First Prize, 20/-; Second Prize, 10/-; Third Prize, 5/-.</p> | <p>Class 80.
80. FLAQUE IN STAINED WOOD. Original design. Not less than 4 colours. First Prize, 20/-; Second Prize, 20/-; Third Prize, 10/-.</p> <p>81. GLOVE OR HANDKERCHIEF BOX. Potwork or Stained Wood. Original design. First Prize, 20/-; Second Prize, 20/-; Third Prize, 10/-.</p> |

GRACE BROS. LTD. BROADWAY SYDNEY PHONE M 6506

TRAGEDY of Frustrated CHILDREN

"You Must Not"—
As Bad As
A Broken Home

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE,
Our Special Correspondent in London.

Fifty per cent. of the children who are treated for physical disabilities in the clinics of Britain come from broken homes.

This is what an eminent child specialist told the Mental Health Conference, which met in London a few days ago.

"DIVIDED loyalties in the home lead to divided loyalties between home and school," he said, "and amid these conflicting influences the growing child develops a sense of frustration and bewilderment that is bound to react unfavorably on his physical condition. Children need happiness as much as they need food, light and air. The broken home is the worst of all environments for them."

"Anything that upsets the even tenor of a child's life, giving him the idea that the love of his parents for himself or for each other is losing its strength, is extremely bad for both his physical and mental development. An accident in a car, a fire in the home, a fall from a height may have the same effect as the witnessing of a 'scene' between the parents, especially if the child forms the impression that his father or mother was in any way to blame for the misfortune."

"Death Sentence"

"ALL these things are shocks. All bring with them a doubt as to the infallibility and solidity of the grown-up, a state of mind that is to be very much deplored in children of the toddler stage."

Dr. Maria Montessori, the world-famous teacher of young children, agrees that this sense of frustration does incalculable harm to children, but she affirms that the very act of continually saying "you must not" to a child is almost as bad for him as having physical accidents or being perpetually mixed up in domestic strife.

"The bored adult who says to a child, 'you have done enough of that—now stop,' she says, 'is pronouncing the death sentence'—the hidden life development of the child."

"Fits of temper, inexplicable naughtiness, and even the slapping of other children for no apparent reason all indicate that something has upset the perfect harmony that should be maintained between the physical and mental development of children," she says.

"An environment that causes such upsets—the unhappy home is one of the worst—is taking from the children reared in it not only the happiness of their earliest years, but also a great deal of the best for life and the physical health that are going to be so absolutely essential to the prosperity and well-being of the young people of the future."

DON'T... FORGET

Courses of Training for Leaders planned by Committee of Combined Youth Movements. Month-end addresses to Young Men and Women, 7.15 p.m., St. Columba Parish Church, Woodlark, March 22.

Annual Red Cross Conference, N.E.W. Division of the Australian Red Cross, April 1, 2, 3 and 4.

Annual party under auspices of North Sydney Girls' High School, Parents and Citizens' Association, School Assembly Hall, March 11, 1.30 p.m.

Exhibition of pictures by Yasuhide, Macquarie Galleries, until March 12.

Dance arranged by Waverley-Bondi Auxiliary of Benevolent Society, at Society's Hall, Thomas Street, City, in aid of Royal Hospital for Women.

Model Aeroplane Competition
FOR BOYS UP TO 15 YEARS OF AGE

<p>Class 103. SCALE MODEL Aeroplane</p> <p>For Boys up to 15 years of age. 1st PRIZE .. £5 2nd PRIZE .. £3 3rd PRIZE .. £1</p>	<p>Class 104. FLYING MODEL Aeroplane</p> <p>Indoor or Outdoor Rubber Motor only. For Boys up to 15 years of age. 1st PRIZE .. £5 2nd PRIZE .. £3 3rd PRIZE .. £1</p>
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SLEEP WELL TONIGHT!

BEFORE you go to bed to-night, take two Nyal Esterin tablets with a glass of warm milk. You'll sleep like a top! Sleeplessness is usually the outcome of nervous unrest, pain or mental disturbance — troubles which can be traced back to a disturbed condition of the nerve centres. Esterin brings restful sleep quickly because it contains a new sedative — Esterin Compound — which acts directly on these nerve centres, calming the nerves and soothing away pain, bringing rest to mind and body. Esterin contains ingredients that are regularly prescribed by doctors for the prompt relief of pain. It is absolutely safe and does not form a habit. Esterin is sold in a handy tin, by all chemists. 1/3

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APART from their well known, usual lipsticks, Roger & Gallet of Paris offer you in the same priceless quality, the new indelible type lipstick. Ask for No. 10-10 Roger & Gallet Lipstick. Remember it stains the lips — is smooth, neither too dry nor too greasy, tasteless with a trace of delicate perfume. From dark red and orange to pale rose: day—night—cerise—cerise—vif—changeant (colour changing).

Full size tubes at only 1/- of all chemists and stores. The universally adopted new type of make-up.

Roger & Gallet

No. 10-10
LIPSTICK FROM PARIS

SEX APPEAL is not magic... It's HEALTH

Yet countless numbers of women who go on day after day with wearying, waste vitality. They do not realize that vitality is rapidly destroying their health — killing their ambition — only to leave them in a state of nervous wreck. If you have vitality in any form — don't just put it up with it because you have tried dozens of remedies without effect. The Gynac treatment has proved a boon to thousands, and it will do the same for you. You will become more attractive — you will regain that vitality you once enjoyed and you will be able to breathe pure fresh air and overcome those aching pains in the region of the eyes which now disappear. Singing notes in the head and eyes, feelings caused through exhaustion will yield slowly but surely in the Gynac treatment. Be fair to yourself and to those near you — commence this guaranteed Gynac treatment to-day. All chemists will deliver Gynac for 10/-.

PRINCESSES Train for ROYAL DUTIES

Simple Home Life and Parental Care Develop Talents and Characters

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our London Representative. By Air Mail.

The eyes of the world are constantly on two little girls — the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose.

Jolly children, with golden hair, and just that touch of mischief that makes the very young so amazingly attractive, they would be interesting children in any walk of life, but because of their nearness to the Throne of the British Empire they assume tremendous importance.

YET like other youngsters they have to be guided and taught and reprov'd . . . only more so, because of the great responsibilities that may lie before them.

The Duchess of York is the wisest of mothers. She never fusses and never punishes her children unless it is absolutely necessary. She supervises every phase of their development, and she makes their health and happiness her first consideration.

"You simply cannot teach children anything or train them in any way unless they are absolutely healthy and pleased with life," she told a friend some little time ago.

Their grandfather's death has puzzled and upset the little Princesses. Princess Elizabeth went in the funeral train to Windsor, and, waiting on Paddington station for the procession to arrive, all dressed in black, she looked a very white-faced and pathetic little figure.

The half-frightened curtsy she made as the crimson and white-covered coffin passed her was heart-rending in its difference from her usual way of greeting her grandfather — a little run to meet him, and resounding kisses on both cheeks, a greeting that must in its sincerity have been particularly dear to the heart of the late King.

Both children are very fond of the open air. They go for a walk every day whatever the weather, and are never made to wrap themselves up in scarves and gaiters. They have no complete change from summer to winter clothing, the only difference being that they wear thicker coats and stronger shoes in the cold weather.

Princess Elizabeth would, of course, rather ride either her pony or her bicycle on these occasions, but her mother is firm in the belief that walking exercise is necessary.

Their little Cairn terrier, a gift from "Uncle David," always accompanies them, and occasionally as a great treat they are permitted to take "Uncle George's" Alsatian. In the country they are allowed to exercise their father's retrievers.

Keen Gardeners

GARDENING is one of their chief hobbies, and on that account they don't care much for the winter, as their activities in this direction are curtailed. However, Princess Elizabeth discovered that bulbs would grow indoors, and all



THE LITTLE PRINCESSES
"Have just that touch of mischief that makes the young so amazingly attractive."

the gigantic glass aquarium in the corridor of their Piccadilly home.

The two Princesses are fond of clothes, and have very decided opinions about what they and their dolls and their mother should wear. They both love frocks with frills. Princess Elizabeth likes being dressed in almost any shade of yellow, while her sister prefers pink. They both like their dolls to wear frocks identical with their own. They love their mother in evening dress, and always insist that she comes to show herself to them before they go to bed.

At night the children wear plain flannel pyjamas as they are both restless mortals and kick off all their bedclothes. When they awaken they have to fold their clothes in neat piles and hang up their frocks in their wardrobes. Princess Elizabeth is responsible for the tidiness of the night nursery.

Strict Schooling

BOTH children learned to read with amazing rapidity, but Princess Margaret Rose still finds writing difficult. They are never allowed to do anything badly. Their tasks have to be done over and over again until they reach a satisfactory standard.

In character the little girls are entirely opposite, which perhaps accounts for their great affection for one another. Princess Elizabeth is determined, rather inclined to "boss" her younger sister, full of energy, ambitious in her studies, and generous to a fault.

Princess Margaret Rose is quiet and rather shy, but she has the jolliest laugh. She is not so clever as Princess Elizabeth, but she is more persevering, and eager to please. Both children have that elusive quality we call "charm," and both are graceful and apparently tireless. They stand for all their lessons except writing, so that they may become accustomed to long hours of standing at public functions.

These children are now growing up in an atmosphere of simple home life and parental care that will bring out the very best of their talents and characters — the sort of training that every mother wants for her growing daughters.

If you use MUM we know 3 things about you



MUM Takes the odour out of perspiration

you're smart

—so smart that you know exactly what you want. And you want an underarm perspiration deodorant that is harmless to clothing and that you can therefore use any time—after you're dressed, as well as before. You want one that's so soothing to skin you can shave your underarms and use it once.

you're particular

—so particular that you can't bear the thought of the slightest taint of underarm perspiration odour on your person or clothing. And knowing that your daily bath can't keep your underarms fresh all day long, you give them care that's a sure protection—with Mum.

you're busy

—so busy that you can't be bothered with tedious toilet rites. Your underarm deodorant must be one that takes no longer than half a minute to apply and when it's on, it's done. And you know you have that in Mum. At all chemists and better-class stores: Price 1/6, Double Size 2/6.

N.485.



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Soft stripes or fancy
Waistline. Make suit.
Season's colours. Made
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PRICE 10/-. Delivered
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ing. Trick. Season's
colours. Made your
measurements.
PRICE 10/-. Delivered
to you on payment of
10/-.

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EVERY NIGHT a First Night for Radio Players

Exacting Technique of New Art

Most people don't realise that radio drama is a new art, different entirely from stage drama or screen drama. The advent of the new band of all-star players who are now being heard from 2GB is, however, placing it on the footing of an art in its own right.

SINCE the formation of the B.S.A. Players, 2GB production studios have become a "hive of industry," busier even than a theatre on the opening day, for on the radio every night is an opening night.

In the theatre a play is probably written by some overseas author, is rehearsed for a few weeks, then put on the stage for a week, two weeks, or, if it catches the public fancy, for six months or more.

But what is done to-day on the air must be forgotten to-morrow. The following day new episodes, new parts, and new shows have to be rehearsed.

Always Working

CONSEQUENTLY there is no more exacting work, as any one of the B.S.A. players will tell you, for all of them have had experience both at stage and screen work. James Raglan appeared in many of the early English screen successes, Leonard Bennett appeared with Dame Sybil Thorndike in "Dawn," that great film story of Nurse Cavell, while Lou Vernon, Eric Masters, and Betty Sutor have appeared in many Australian stage and screen productions. In radio there is no settling down into a comfortable groove for a month or two. At one time of the day Lou Vernon, for instance, will be Major Dreyfus, and an hour or two later he has to transport himself back 200 years and becomes, for the occasion, Aramis, the master swordsman of the "Three Musketeers."

As the dramatic broadcasts of the



LOU VERNON, a versatile actor with the 2GB drama unit.

B.S.A. players grow in number these changes in the course of a day will become even more frequent.

Producer's Task

THE activities of the new players are presided over by Mr. E. Mason Wood, as production manager. From early in the morning until late at night he is kept busy conning over manuscripts, many hundreds of which have to be read before a few are found whose authors understand radio technique and have the ability to write a good drama.

The B.S.A. players and their produc-

Our Radio Sessions from 2GB

(Featured by Dorothea Vautier)

WEDNESDAY, March 4.—11.45 a.m. "The World To-day." 3.30 p.m. "Wide Range Presentation."

THURSDAY, March 5.—11.45 a.m. "The Abbey Theatre." 3.30 p.m. Stan Holloway (humorist).

FRIDAY, March 6.—11.45 a.m. "No They Say." 3.30 p.m. "Music of the Masters" session.

SATURDAY, March 7.—6 p.m. "Music Box." 8.30 p.m. featuring Dick Powell.

SUNDAY, MARCH 8.—6.30 p.m. Ellis Price and his players in a scene from our next novel.

MONDAY, MARCH 9.—11.45 a.m. "People in the Limelight." 3.30 p.m. "Musical Memories."

TUESDAY, March 10.—11.45 a.m. "News and Reviews." 3.30 p.m. "Old and New" (a musical presentation).

tions are certainly providing the aspiring dramatist with wonderful scope, but as yet few Australians have learned to write for radio.

There is only one golden rule to success in radio drama: everything that happens must be told in sound, and in sound alone. Every scene, every action, every entrance must be conveyed by this medium, and the more vivid the sound effect the more vivid is the listener's visualisation of what is happening. In a few words, the actors supply the outline of the story; the listener fills in the details.

The same routine is awaiting the B.S.A. players to-morrow, the next day, and the day after. But out of all this hard work there has already emerged "The Three Musketeers," "The Dreyfus Case," and "Peace Hath Her Victories" radio drama written by Australians and performed by local artists that are setting a standard for Australia and perhaps the world, and at the same time providing listeners with proof that radio drama is an art, and one of the most popular forms of entertainment to-day.

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This case and several others treated by us, covering a wide range of various ailments, including Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., are referred to in our booklet "Thermo-Ray or 'Ultra-Short-Wave' Medication." Should you require information regarding any complaint you are suffering from, or wish to further particulars regarding the treatment, please write for our booklet to the address below.

The Thermo-Ray Institute with its headquarters in Macquarie Street has secured the services of a fully-qualified medical staff, and the Dutch scientist who invented the Thermo-Ray Apparatus. Please address all letters: Thermo-Ray Institute Ltd., Wyoming, 173 Macquarie Street, Sydney, or phone BW4143 for an appointment.***

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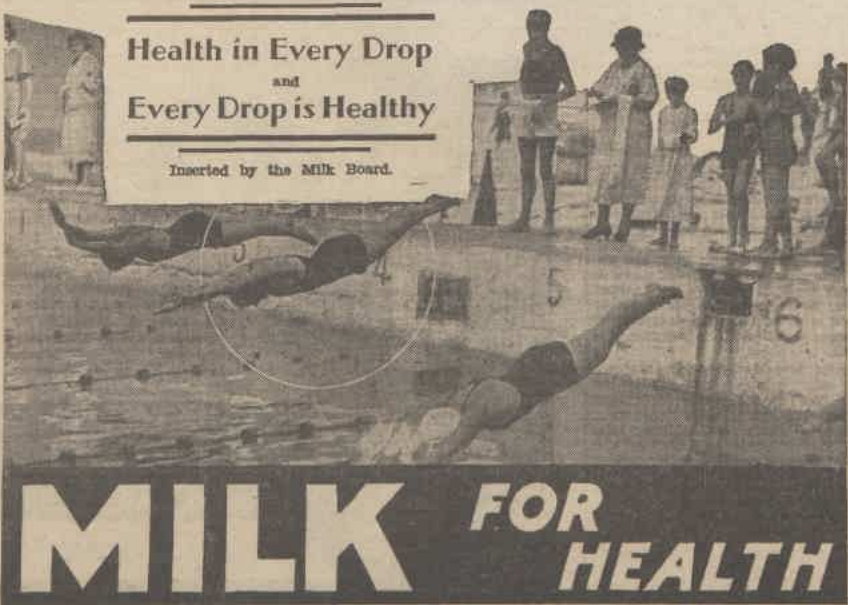


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MILK FOR HEALTH

SYDNEY'S Changing NIGHT LIFE

Plans for Opening Night of New Rendezvous a Close Secret

This year's Easter festivities will see the Trocadero added to Sydney's list of social rendezvous. The new venture, which is under the management of Mr. J. C. Bendrodt, is to be opened on April 3, and has been planned on a most luxurious and extensive scale.

"It will surpass anything of a similar nature ever seen in the Southern Hemisphere," according to Mr. Bendrodt, who can justly claim to be an authority on such matters, since he has been successfully catering for the dancing public of this city for the past quarter of a century.

A PART from the main architectural features, which are decidedly on the grand scale, little has been disclosed of the interior decorating schemes, except a general authoritative statement that they are to be sumptuous. Evidently a series of delightful surprises is being arranged for dancers on the opening night.

Seen in the perspective of the past two decades, the changing night life of Sydney presents a fascinating record of the whims and fashions of the society of those days. Many beautifully-appointed resorts for dining and dancing have had their day of fashionable appeal. Some have weathered the years. Others have lost their glamor and disappeared.

To the Wentworth must be given the credit of first introducing the now popular dinner dance to the pleasure-loving public of Sydney. As far back as 1926 Mrs. MacLurean, doyenne of Sydney night life and enterprising and resourceful chateleine of the Hotel Wentworth, commenced her famous Thursday-night dinner-dances. Bert Fahy, still one of Sydney's most notable dance pianists, supplied the music for the dancers who tangoed and fox-

trotted on a narrow strip of oilcloth in between the dining tables. Mrs. MacLurean visited America, and when she came back, she rebuilt the dance room and introduced the latest cabaret entertainments and a jazz band, then an astounding novelty.

It was at the Wentworth that King Edward, then Prince of Wales, enjoyed the few informal dances he could slich from his heavy programme of official duties. Dressed in a dinner-suit, he paid the Wentworth a number of unofficial visits, partnered by Miss Mollie Little (now Mrs. Roy Chisholm).

Came the Cavalier

NEXT venture to intrigue the public was the elaborate Cavalier, built by the late Mr. Lebbens Hordern at a cost, it is said, of £22,000. It was intended by Mr. Hordern for the use of his beautiful first wife, formerly Miss Olga Monie. There she was to entertain her friends in the Continental manner.

The new restaurant was the last word in luxury. With panelings of dark oak, rich hangings of crimson velvet, windows



A DELIGHTFULLY unusual fur made from eight foxskins. It is worn with a severely-cut ragg jumper suit—jumper high-necked and belted, skirt buttoned down the front, large square pockets.

dawn by Mr. Otway Falkner and similar open-handed and hospitable squatters of the good old days who were prepared to pay lavishly for such a privilege.

Mrs. Jack Campbell with her trio of beautiful daughters frequently entertained large parties, and the Stewart Dawson family were invariably surrounded by many guests. Mr. David Stewart Dawson, himself, danced right after night to the tune of his beloved haggies (or the orchestral imitation), and is a well-remembered figure of the night life of that period.

About this time the Hotel Australia instituted dinner dances on Thursday nights and attracted a smart weekly clientele. The Australia's new ballroom,



FRED PERRY, Britain's tennis star, reunited in London on his return from Australia with his film-actress wife, Helen Vinson.

—Air Mail photo.

of stained glass, and a wonderful dance floor, the Cavalier boasted, in addition to its other attractions, the most up-to-date cuisine in the southern hemisphere. Its huge cold storage room, pots and pans of copper, and solid silver table appointments still remain as reminders of the thoroughness with which Mr. Hordern carried out his whim.

On the heels of the Cavalier came the Ambassadors. The late David Stewart Dawson sponsored this restaurant, which held its own with any similar resort in the world and which had then no equal in Sydney. No fewer than two orchestras were imported for the opening season. A symphony orchestra played gentle music during the early part of the dinner and through the famous luncheon, and Bert Ralton's Havana Band played for dancing.

Danced Till Dawn

IMPORTED waiters, imported food, marble staircases, powdered flunkies and the most wonderful dance floor supported on carriage springs quickly won social Sydney over to the new venture, and huge parties, regardless of cost, were in order of the day and night.

On more than one occasion the restaurant was kept open until nearly

overlooking Martin Place, is at present used only for weddings, cocktail parties, and receptions, but the management intend using it for the regular weekly dances at no distant date.

About eight years ago, Mr. Romano, the popular restaurateur of the Ambassadors, severed his connection with that establishment, and opened his own restaurant in York St. The new resort was built on the lines of the small and intimate night-clubs of London, and has from the day of its opening to the present time contrived to keep up the high tone with which it started, and continues to be one of Sydney's most popular rendezvous for dining and dancing. The Ambassadors suffered in consequence of the new venture, and gradually their exclusive clientele faded away, cover charges were reduced, and the house eventually closed its doors.

The Palais Royal, presided over for many years by Mr. J. C. Bendrodt and now under the management of Mr. Stuart Doyle, has always been a favored dance resort at popular prices, and made festive by up-to-date American bands.

The Lido, at Bondi, had a short but gay season during a summer or two, and last year saw the opening of Graham's in Hunter Street, and the Manhattan, the beautifully-proportioned and cool basement of the Trust Building.



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Continuing

"YES—that's the idea. One can't be too easy. Certain amount of ferocity—needed."

"Were you fierce, sir?"

"Charles, I was a bandit. It is all very well to be princely and serene when you've arrived, but until then—"

Karl found a smile.

"Thank you, sir. Like boxing. You begin to fancy yourself, and then some fellow lands you one on the jaw. Good medicine."

He got up, gave a tug to his waistcoat, and smiled like the good fighter who can swallow punishment.

"Don't tell my mother, sir, yet. She'll be rather dashed about it."

Sir Oscar nodded at him. He was pleased with Karl. The lad was worth a dose of brimstone.

Karl was taking Dawn home to her flat after the play. The car was purring along.

"I suppose you know the play is coming off?"

She turned her head sharply.

"What's that?"

"Yes, in a fortnight. They are losing money. Sir Oscar warned me to-day."

"Nonsense."

He was aware of a gleam in her eyes, and a sudden rigidity.

"It's true, my dear. I'm not making a mean about it, but that sort of thing does hurt."

She sat quite still, staring through the glass partition at the driver's back. Her shoulder still rested against Karl's, but inwardly she had plucked herself away from him. Their bodies might be in contact, but her thin and vibrant self was sensitive to other considerations.

"How poisonous. Are you sure?"

"Absolutely. But it's not—news—yet. I'm awfully sorry, Dawn."

"Sorry. Well, I ought to have been told. It's a dirty trick."

He put his lips to her hair. "I'm sorry for myself, and I'm sorry for you. But you're a fixed star."

She gave a little shrug of the shoulders, and sat apart with herself and reflections that were raw and personal. Certainly, the house had been growing patchy. She had liked the play and her part in it, and her dresses. She had not yet paid for those dresses. It was too—exasperating. A six weeks' run—and then a flop! Besides she could have had the lead in Fagan's play at the Shaftesbury. Fagan, that prince of popular pot-boilers whose florid farces were staged yearly like some dahlia show. Fagan was always good for a nine months' run. Oh, damn! Her temperamental study of Gilda in "Golden Rain" had been described as a brilliant piece of stage interpretation. But she did not like unlucky plays, and unlucky people, even unlucky lovers.

Karl was watching her profile.

"Sorry, Dawn. I may have lost something, but this show has—D'you understand?"

Her eyes were shallow.

"Understand? Oh, of course, my dear. Rotten for you, rotten for me. Well, after all, there's supper."

Amando's was crowded, but Karl had reserved a table for supper. Miss Hayercroft kept him waiting for ten minutes while she attended to her face and hair in the cloak-room. A jazz band was playing, and Karl stood and watched the crowd, with his fists in his trousers pockets. Was this show the symbol of success, supping and dancing at Amando's with somebody else's wife, and then going on to forlorn pillanderings in her flat? But with "Golden Rain" ceasing to descend, there might be no more Amando's, no more celebrating.

Dawn's voice drawled in his ear. "Have you gone to sleep on your feet, darling?"

In a flock of gold tissue she passed between the tables, a woman who expected to be stared at. She spent most of her life in being looked at. Amando's observed her. "Hallo, there's Dawn Hayercroft." "Who's the sulky-looking boy?" She trailed with her an air of

SACKCLOTH into SILK

From Page 28

peevish enmity. She was petulant. "My dear, I'm so tired." He ordered champagne, and was perplexed by her drooping eyelids and petulant red mouth. Miss Lydia Languish! Yes, evidently the failure of "Golden Rain" had depressed her. But was she sorry for both actress and playwright? His youth, growing cold and clear of eye, began to wonder.

NO, she did not want to dance. She did not feel like dancing. For that matter—nor did he. His mood was much more that of a war moment, the bleak and frosty clarity of your sensitive self before the silly blood and rage of an attack.

He was aware of Dawn crushing out a cigarette-end.

"Let's quit."

He rose instantly. His young ego, chafing, promised itself other poignant distractions in the darkness. He wanted this woman as he had never wanted her before. It was as though the soul of her eluded him, and so provoked him to possess her body.



A HAND-KNITTED suit of red-brown wool, with chamois leather scarf, that would be ideal for the keen sportswoman. It is an Anny Blatt model.

—Air Mail Photo.

"Yes, too much people."

In the car he put a sudden fierce young arm round her, and she repulsed him.

"No. Not feeling like that."

Immediately he was lost.

"Sorry. I won't be an ass."

They sat side by side like two bored married folk, going home yawning. On the pavement outside Burton Mansions he stood hat in hand, correct, casual.

"Sorry you're so tired."

"Night-night, Charlie."

She pushed a hand at him, and then ran quickly up the steps in her furs. He understood that he was not to follow her, and he let her go, but his casualness concealed a kind of wounded frenzy. Things seemed slipping away from him, as in the war his youth

craved for all those elemental satisfactions.

He got back into the car.

"Where to, sir?"

"Oh, Highbury Terrace, No. 73."

"Very good, sir."

The man had the air of smothering smug amusement. Damn him! And in the car Karl found a handkerchief on the seat. He picked it up and held it against his mouth.

SOMEONE who had no love for Dawn Hayercroft typed a letter and posted it to Captain Marsden in Cologne. The letter was unsigned, and it said—"If you are interested in divorcing your wife, come home and see her nice young lover."

The Marsden morality was very much that of the idle and ornamental male who had not to spend either his wife or his muscles upon attempting difficult things. The cult of physical cleanliness was carried to extremes but in the satisfying of his appetites Captain Marsden chose to do what he pleased, and what was his was his. The world might consider him a very charming cad, heir to a baronetcy, and a fine figure of a man. Dozens of women had made fools of themselves on his account, and though he found other women interesting, his wife could not be permitted to display too public an interest in other men. Marsden's vanity went to the best tailor, and conventionally was never out of fashion. Moreover, Dawn was—after all—a very attractive little devil, and absence had made her more so.

Circumstances set the stage. Karl, in the mood of a young lover who was savagely pursuing an illusion, penetrated up those familiar stairs to Miss Hayercroft's dressing-room. He did not knock, but opened the door and walked straight in. Miss Hayercroft's dresser, kneeling and inserting her mistress' legs into a pair of stockings, looked up with sympathetic consternation at the intruder. Four young men! Had he not been sufficiently warned that the privilege of yesterday was to-day an impertinence? And madame was feeling very temperamental.

MISS HAYCROFT

saw the ghost in her glass. "Well, really!—I thought Jane told you."

Karl closed the door.

"Yes, Jane did tell me."

He was looking at the face of the girl reflected in the mirror. It was a made-up face, but somehow new and strange and unfriendly.

"Oh, get out. I can't stand people blowing in just before the show. No, wait a moment. Go out, Jane. I want a word with Mr. Kesteven."

Jane went with a commiserating glance at Karl. Poor young gentleman, there was to be a scene, and Karl had not yet experienced such a display; Jane had shared in many. But this particular occasion was to be more sensational than Jane imagined. She was standing waiting at the top of the stairs, listening to her mistress saying things, when Captain Marsden came up the stairs with eyeglass and opera hat, the complete man-about-town and actual husband.

"Hallo, Jane, which is my door?"

Jane's face could not conceal its consternation, for Captain Marsden had the air of a man in search of trouble.

"O, Captain Marsden, sir—she's only got a quarter of an hour before she's called."

Marsden's monocle glared.

"Which door, woman?"

Please turn to Page 45



A cow was recently found in Hampshire too big to get out of a cottage—it had been kept there as a pet since its calf days.

Can you digest that?

A little more indigestible, no doubt, than the average Cottage Pie—but then, you can always take Mustard with ordinary Cottage Pie. Most people do—just as they take it with roast pork or roast beef or bacon, steak or veal, or any other savoury dish. Mustard puts you on the best of terms with your food—it takes away that heavy richness and brings out the full delicacy of the flavour.

it's nicer with **Mustard**

—Keen's Mustard

KT 116

Peps up Body as it Ends 'Lazy Poisons'!

Body wastes start games which destroy appetite, digestion and health. Constipation is not overcome by ordinary laxatives, at purges which act like a whip on an open wound. The perfect treatment is **INTESTONE**, a new Yeast-Salt combination. This gives a mineral salt course, plus Yeast which is "live", together with other transparent medicinal—Rhubarb and Juniper, the latter to ensure dispelling Rheumatic Pains, Backache, etc. "Intestone" causes the break-up of old, hardened wastes that clog the intestines. No painful movement. Just easy regularity of habit; sweet breath, clear tongue, clear eyes and skin—free, vigorous limb movement—and tons of "zip". Try "Intestone" yourself and get the proof. Large packages 2/6 at all Chemists. If any difficulty in procuring "Intestone" send order, adding 4d. postage, to Owl Pharmacy, Martin Place, Sydney. Better than Beans!

Intestone
Puts 'Kick' into Tired Bodies!



Get more motoring miles for your money

WITH

Super Plume Ethyl

THE 5 POWER PETROL

AND

CLEAROSOL Mobiloil

PRACTICALLY 100% PURE LUBRICANT

Ethyl has it!

Sackcloth into Silk

Continued from Page 44

a weekly savory made use of the information.

"THE GODS QUARREL IN THE PARTHENON
FRACAS IN A STAR'S DRESSING-ROOM."

As a matter of fact, his wife's voice gave him the necessary indication. He walked past the frightened dresser, put his hand to the handle of the particular door, and flung it open. He saw his wife on a chair struggling with a strange young man who—apparently—was making a very determined attempt to kiss her. Marsden stood stock still for a moment, his monstrosity focusing the outrageous scene. Then he slammed the door to.

"Good evening. Do I intrude?" Karl head up, found himself with his back against a wall. Actually, he had come in contact with it, and felt the flimsy partition quake. But the cue was with the outraged lady. Karl was to be shown how lovers and husbands should be handled when the lover had become mere proud flesh, and the husband was worth preserving. Miss Haycroft became hysterical. She began to scream. This young cad did not know how to behave. He had neither morals nor manners. He had forced his way into her room. He had tried to follow her into her flat.

"For God's sake, chuck him out. Good! Chuck him down the stairs. O, my dear—you shouldn't leave me alone so much."

She flung herself upon her husband. She was in tears.

"O—Geoff—these cads."

Marsden, looking over the top of his wife's head, glared at Karl.

"Wait a moment, you young swine."

For while he was trying to disentangle himself from his emotional wife, Karl had moved towards the door.

He paused. He smiled at Marsden.

"No—don't try that game on me. I shouldn't advise you to 'im going'."

Marsden struggled with his wife.

"Let go. I want to."

"No—Geoff—no. He's a coxer—a young bully about town. He'll hurt you."

Karl was at the door. He did not hurry, for these surprising emotional phenomena had removed him into strange arctic regions of silence and of snow. He opened the door. He looked steadily and with a kind of dispassionate curiosity at husband and wife.

He turned his back on them, and at that moment Marsden, pushing his wife aside, charged, lifted a leg and landed that kick.

Karl's face flashed round with a sudden fury. He swung and caught Marsden on the jaw, a boxer's blow from the shoulder. And Marsden, reeling, came in contact with his wife's chair, and, sprawling backwards, crashed upon her dressing-table. The back of his head struck the mirror and started it, bottles and toilet accessories flew right and left.

Karl slammed the door on that last act, and, walking past a paralytic June, disappeared down the stairs.

He found Rebecca sitting by the fire with a book in her lap. She had been doing over the book, but her eyes were bright for her beloved.

"Early, my dear."

Karl took up a position on the middle of the hearthrug, and lit a cigarette. Why was the lighting of a cigarette always supposed to suggest a carefree attitude towards life?

"Yes—By the way—I've been making a damned fool of myself."

His mother accepted the abrupt confession.

"Have you, my dear? But—not seriously?"

And Karl laughed.

"No, just not too seriously."

Rebecca closed her book.

"How's the house to-night?"

"As a matter of fact—pretty good. And that's rather ironic. Sir Oscar is taking the play off."

His mother protested.

"O, no dear, surely not?"

"Losing money, you know. Someone kicked me to-night, matter."

"Kicked you, my dear?"

"Yes, quite good for me, too. My reaction was excellent."

Deliberately he bent down and kissed his mother on the forehead.

"You've never made a damned fool of me."

"O, no, my dear, how could I?"

THE British public

proceeded to play one of its peculiar tricks upon Charles Kesteven. It can be a most difficult public to capture, but once pleased it can be the most loyal of publics and remain pleased for a generation, provided its idol does not attempt to educate it. Moreover, a picturesque piece of scandal had been passed by a certain person to a representative of the Press, and a journal which had to provide its public with

identities, were rolled, but so thinly that the spirits materialised in the world's gossip-shop. The story went round the club—and, as gossip will, it penetrated even into suburbia, though how suburbia comes to hear of such secret suffices passes one's understanding. It was mentioned in the first-class carriages of business trains running to Chislehurst and Woking. It was elaborated and adorned. A bright young dramatist had kicked the leading lady's husband down the back-stairs.

Even Emily heard the news. Augustus picked it up in his Soho club, for a Parthenon stagehand happened to be a member, and Augustus carried the scandal to Wimpole Street. Emily sniffed.

"What going on! Disgusting—I call it."

Meanwhile, some mass suggestion took possession of the public. Having applauded "Golden Rain" for a month, it had put up its umbrellas and gone home, leaving the show to become a disappointing drizzle. The weather prophets had assumed that "Golden Rain" was passing, and then—in the course of a single fortnight it became a deluge. Long queues waited at the pit and gallery doors. Stalls and circles were being booked for a month ahead.

THE fact that Karl was one of the last persons to hear of the revival. He had cut himself off from all social affairs; The Parthenon might have been in Athens and an interesting ruin. He was at work on a new play, furiously and fanatically so. Highbury Fields saw him walking strenuously round and round, for an hour each day. The house was kept like a manse, and Euphemis was told to remain below stairs and not to think of making beds and emptying slops until Mr. Charles was out of the house. Even Rebecca

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a nice world to mock and to blaspheme. Rebecca rationed her color sense. In her wisdom she confined herself to black.

One morning Sir Oscar Bloom rang up Mrs. Kesteven.

"Hallo, is that you, Becky? What's become of the rain-maker? I haven't seen him since—the deluge."

"Deluge! That was witty of him and Rebecca laughed into the telephone.

"My dear, he's attending to business."

"Working?"

"I should say so. Hammerin' it out."

"But is it—really true, Oscar?"

"What, the deluge?"

"Yes."

"Absolutely. A boom. There's a big cheque working up for the author."

"Was he very sorrowful, my dear?"

"About what?"

"Oh, you know. The fair lady. The funny thing about it is—that the house began to recover after he wrote the husband—oh, no, no connection. No. Well, tell him to come and lunch with me at the Garrick to-morrow."

"What? He doesn't know about the revival. Well, that is—really—funny."

"Good morning, Mr. Kesteven."

Karl, looking up moodily, recognised the gentleman, Mr. Harold Cadnam, the novelist, coming sugar and complacency like some over-ripe fruit.

Mr. Cadnam had a high, bald forehead, very blue and staring eyes, a complexion like raw meat. An unctuous and rather greasy person with yellow teeth.

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BEAUTY AND THE BEAST: A dainty lass makes a peate offering to Mr. and Mrs. Grafe to enable the Zoo photographers to get them into focus. The smart tail of rust-red cloth threaded with cellophane is trimmed with black. A matching forage cap is worn.

leave a man full of a voiceless, inward exultation. He had been feeling rather like a young man whom Miss Fortune had filled. So, Mr. Harold Cadnam's sudden friendliness was explained. The friend of "Golden Rain" had become even in the Garrick Club a young man who mattered.

"What about some oysters, Charles?"

"Thanks—awfully, sir. You know, I thought you had asked me here to tell me that the play was off."

Sir Oscar looked at him over the menu card.

"Yes—there's humor in that. The world's an oyster, my lad, and yours contains pearls. Don't throw them to swine. I'm thinking of putting Captain Carter on at Coventry. Oh, by the way, I'll let you into a secret, but you mustn't give me away."

"I won't, sir."

For Your Hair



Take the remedy in your hands and banish dandruff—the cause of falling, dull lifeless hair. Barry's Tri-coph-erous feeds the starved hair roots and quickly promotes luxuriant growth of healthy silky and lovely hair. Get a bottle to-day—results will astonish and delight you.

BARRY'S Tri-coph-erous
For Luxuriant Hair Growth

Sold by all Chemists and Stores, 2/- per bottle.

KARL was not feeling friendly to the Press, for the dramatic critics were becoming peevish and patronising. They had attacked "Captain Carter" when that ex-officer had been transferred from Coventry to London. Moreover, the public, instead of discovering itself disappointed in Charles Kesteven's second play, was crowding to see "Captain Carter" even more tumultuously than it crowded to "Golden Rain." And "Golden Rain" was still running. That a young dramatist should be able to boast of two successful plays running simultaneously was not quite in good taste. If Karl, like Charles Dickens, was to be the beloved Abel, then—inevitably the critics would play the part of Cain. In plain language, young Kesteven was altogether too grossly fortunate, too wealthy, too damned good-looking, and too preposterously popular. Olympus was beginning to thunder at him.

Karl tossed a sheet of pink note-paper to his mother.

"I've had seventeen letters from women this morning, damn them. Read that."

Rebecca read it.

Sackcloth into Silk

Continued from Page 45

"My Wonderful Boy,"
"For three nights I have been sitting in seat No. 7 in Row E of the stalls," Rebecca giggled.
"Poor dear!"
"Poor idiot!—Sir Oscar says I ought to reply to all these letters, that it's professionally-politic. Mental homes ought to be provided."

"I've told you, my dear, you must have a secretary."

"Another woman—on the skyline."
"Why shouldn't I be your secretary?"
"You?"

"Well—I'm getting rid of the shop in Upper Street. Fat old women with celebrated sons shouldn't keep shops."

Karl helped himself to marmalade. "It's an idea. It's absurd—but when I go upstairs to work—all these damned letters seem to be buzzing round like a swarm of flies."

"I should make quite a good fly-paper, Karl."

He looked at her with shrewd affection.

"Mother, you're engaged. I'll pay you a salary."

"Don't be silly, dear."

"In the future—I want to be responsible for this house and everything. But I loathe accounts."

"I love them, my dear."

"All right—agent as well as secretary. Isn't it going to be too much for you?"

"I think not, my dear."

So Rebecca became her son's defender, and Karl made an arrangement with Sir Oscar Bloom for twenty per cent. of his royalties to be apportioned and paid to his mother.

MARY ARCH was one of Rebecca's discoveries.

The girl had walked into the Upper Street shop one day with a brown-paper parcel under her arm. Did they purchase furs? She had a set to sell.

Rebecca had dealt with the business in person. She had watched this pale, shy, reserved young woman unfasten her parcel, and Rebecca had been wise as to the crisis. The girl was selling furs, because, judging by her appearance, she had not enough to eat.

But that was only the beginning of things. Rebecca might be very shrewd in her summing up of a person or a situation, but in affairs of business she was not the creature of impulse. She had found something likeable in the stranger.

"Do you want a job, my dear?"
The girl looked at her with concealed hunger.

"I do."
"Can you sew?"
"Yes."

So Mary Arch had been taken into the business, and in a little while Rebecca had come to know her history. There was a pale integrity in Mary Arch that impressed a woman like Rebecca. The girl sat quietly and calmly down to her job with a philosophy that seemed determined to make the best of reality. And Rebecca, having observed and summed up her Mary, had put this other proposition to her. Would Mary cease from sewing and become the Kesteven companion and help about the house?

"I don't want anyone who is ashamed to do things, my dear."

Mary had accepted the proposition. Rebecca was frank with Mary Arch.

"This isn't an exciting job, Mary, but you're no fool. I want you to make it your business to see that no one gets into this house and worries Mr Karl."

Mary Arch was a woman who, having experienced some of life's shoddy tricks, had been taught to appreciate certain things: a clean bed and good food, a fire to sit by, and a bedroom of her own. Essentially fastidious, she had inherited a secret sensitiveness which she concealed. She liked her day to contain certain periods of solitude. Life had taught her to wear a uniform, and when she put on a black dress and lace apron, that, too, was a disguise. Mary Arch was a reader, and one of the first things that Rebecca noticed was that the girl's bedroom had a shelf of books. Even on a free evening she would prefer to sit at home and read.

Euphemia remained in the kitchen while Mary Arch functioned above stairs. She was admirable at the front door. No one was to be admitted who could not claim an appointment. Mary Arch could not be told a story; she knew who was expected and who was not. In action she was a quiet and rather graceful creature, her walk a kind of glide. Never familiar or conversational she seemed to understand that Karl was very much Mr Charles Kesteven.

"How do you like Arch, my dear?"
Karl described Arch as an efficient ghost. She just glided about the house, and never made her presence obvious.

"Quiet and capable," said his mother.

"the young woman's got a head on her shoulders."

Meanwhile, "Golden Rain" was to be produced in New York, and, leaving No. 7 in charge of the capable Arch and Euphemia, Karl and his mother sailed for New York in the Olympic.

EMILY took a bus to Highbury Station.

It was April, but there was no April in the mood of Emily. She was suffering from the shabbiness of things, and if Nature in her opulence could afford a new green frock, Emily could not, and if modern woman's pride is in her stockings, then Emily's pride did not fit her ankles. She had too little to wear, and not enough to eat. Moreover, her husband was lying ill in a Soho basement, while his wife earned a few shillings a day by scrubbing and polishing in an Italian restaurant. Emily was feeling bitter, bitter and predatory. Either the old woman or that young plutocrat of a Charles ought to help Augustus.

Wimpole Street had extruded the Slopps. Dr. Massingbird had behaved disgracefully in exercising his rights as a capitalist to practise intolerance. On Sundays, Augustus was one of those orators who addressed the world's workers in Hyde Park. Dr. Massingbird, the ideal bachelor, strolled out on Sundays. He was a contemplative creature who enjoyed observing the crowd and its ways, both as a physician and a philosopher, but like many philosophers, he became prejudiced when mass movements or tendencies threatened to jostle him personally.

Dr. Massingbird, loitering on the outskirts of one of the human swarms, had been surprised to see the figure of his male servant bob up above the crowded heads. Was Slopp among the orators and the prophets? Certainly, the fellow had the bloom of a Jeremiah. Dr. Massingbird had stood to listen to the man who opened his front door. The son of Samuel had been in a bitter and sneering mood. Venom had dribbled from him.

Moreover, Augustus had been in a plausible and personal mood. If he was to denounce the selfishness of the exploiting classes, why not pin upon the board his own experiences in the house of Asculapius? The medical profession! Pah—all this bludge about service and the sick, and the voluntary hospitals! What about Harley Street, and the gold bugs and their brass plates and their greedy, brazen faces? Fat fees. The doctors were even worse than the lawyers and the merchants and stockbrokers, for they played the hocus-pocus game and talked of their noble profession. "Ghoulia, my lads, gold-hunting ghouls." Now, Dr. Massingbird did not humbug himself; he had a liking for fat fees, and he did perform a considerable amount of work for nothing. Also, he had strong views upon eugenics and the social problem class, and the inevitableness of the unfit in a world that is politically sentimental and periphrastic in its haste to be plausible and popular. He had listened to Mr. Augustus Slopp with interest. Disgraceful and dangerous trips? Yes, but appetising trips for the multitude. Augustus avoided explaining to the have-nots just why the haves may happen to be haves. Dr. Massingbird might have asked him the vulgar question, "Why have some people more guts?" Mr. Slopp was not upon the rostrum to emphasise the brutal truth that there may be good, elemental reasons for things being as they are. Society should have grown otherwise, with the currants nicely distributed in a communal cake. So he was urging the have-nots to plunder the haves, and so bring forth a new heaven upon earth, the communists' reductio ad absurdum.

DR. MASSINGBIRD had strolled home, feeling positively prejudiced against the orator. Keep that fellow in his house, a smug and funereal fellow who went out and blazed in Hyde Park? Dr. Massingbird had waited till the evening, and then with cigar lit, and an Edgar Wallace in his hand, he had rung for Augustus.

"Oh—by the way, Slopp, I did not know you were an orator. Yes, I was one of the audience to-day. Really, I don't think your conscience should permit you to open my door."

Augustus had stood pale and blinking, trapped in this servile situation.

"Do you doubt my sincerity, sir?"
"Let me ask you a question, my good man. Do you really believe all that disgraceful rubbish?"

Good man! Disgraceful rubbish! Augustus had trembled on his long shanks, and dreamed of halters and lamp-posts.

"You cannot insult me, sir, because—"

"I'm not insulting you, Slopp. I'm asking you whether—as a communist—you consider it consistent to—"

"I don't trade upon disease."

"Quiet and capable," said his mother.

Please turn to Page 47

TODAY'S FINEST SALMON VALUE

To suit all tastes, Ally—the always reliable brand—is now obtainable in two grades.

RED LABEL

The well-established favourite. A good quality salmon at a low price.

GOLD LABEL

A high quality red salmon—slightly higher in price and the best value obtainable.



ALLY SALMON



Failures can't happen with Fairy Dyes. They give new life and beauty to faded frocks and undies, and there are special 6d. dyes for stockings, in eight beautiful shades. Anyone, including you, can use Fairy Dyes successfully.

Fairy Dyes
ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

4 REASONS WHY I USE NEW VEET



- 1 'New Veet' ends all unwanted hair in 3 minutes without trouble, mess or bother.
- 2 'New Veet' leaves the skin soft, smooth and white without trace of ugly stubble.
- 3 'New Veet' is just like a face cream—sweetly scented and pleasant to use.
- 4 'New Veet' avoids coarse regrowth—unlike the razor which only makes the hair grow faster and thicker.

BEAUTY AT MIDDLE AGE
The refining quality of middle age is enhanced by beautiful hair. Unmistakable threads of grey should be treated with Allen's Mexican Walnut Stain. So easy, so effective, so irresistible, and always so beautifying, womenfolk marvel at its perfection. No expensive equipment required; no moments of doubt. Ask your Chemist for Allen's Mexican Walnut Stain. Brown or black shades, 4/- per bottle. Made by Pelton, Grimwade & Durrant, Ltd., Melbourne.

"Regular" BUT NOT THOROUGH —Her TONGUE TELLS

Headaches, indigestion, lack of energy, pimply skin and other signs of constipation warn thousands that regularity is not enough. Bowel action must be THOROUGH as well as regular. But "regular" or constipated, you'll benefit by taking an occasional dose of Chamberlain's Tablets.

CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS
they tone and strengthen stomach and liver.



The most delicious Refresher... is 'OVALTINE' COLD

WHEN the weather is warm—and your fancy turns to something cool and refreshing—it's good to know that "Ovaltine", served cold, is one of the most delicious drinks imaginable.

And, of course, cold "Ovaltine" is much more than a refreshing summer drink. In addition to its delightful flavour, it is supremely nourishing and sustaining.

Prepared from malt, milk and eggs, "Ovaltine" is a perfect tonic food. It provides all the nutritive elements necessary to create energy and to ensure perfect fitness of body, brain and nerves.

At a time when appetites respond only to light, dainty foods, "Ovaltine" becomes an essential part of the daily dietary. It makes the lightest meal complete in the nutriment necessary to replace the strength and energy which you expend so freely during these active summer days. But, be sure it is "Ovaltine". There is nothing "just as good."

TRIAL SAMPLE: A generous trial sample of "Ovaltine", sufficient to make four cups, will be sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps, to cover cost of packing and postage. See address below.

PRICES: 1/9, 2/10, 5/-. At all Chemists and Stores.

A. WANDER LIMITED, 218 KENT STREET, SYDNEY.

OC10.10.35

Sackcloth into Silk

Continued from Page 46

DR. MASSINGHARD had reached for his Edgar Wallace. "Oh, not Hyde Park, please. Stopp. You and your wife can find other employment."

Emily came to Highbury Terrace with her back to the gradual greenness of the year, and her thin face to the big blue door, she rang the Kesteven bell. This might be the House of Snobs, and she had come to it as a bitter suppliant, but if her House of Snobs did not open its door to her, she was ready for a retounding row.

Arch answered Emily's challenge. Arch with her dark hair prettily waved, and her thin shape sheathed in black. "Good morning," said Emily, "I'm here to see your mistress."

Emily had a genius for being offensive, but Mary Arch's clean, calm pallor was ice to the redness of Emily. "You want to see Mrs. Kesteven?" Emily's note was in the air. Parlor-maid? What price the pride of parlor-maids?

"Yes, I do."

Arch gazed steadily and with frank smiles at Emily.

"You afraid you cannot see Mrs. Kesteven?"

"Oh, and why not?"

"Because Mrs. Kesteven and Mr. Kesteven are in America."

And Arch closed the blue door.

LOOKING out of the window of a Pullman car Karl saw England in the Spring, cherry trees in flower, lambs at play. Rebecca and her son had returned from the United States by way of Paris, and Karl and Rebecca had not agreed too well with each other. She had not felt happy in their very expensive hotel and in its still more expensive restaurant. She had not liked the waiter, or the flunkies, or the people in the shops, nor had her shrewdness been deceived by the polite insolence of Paris, its cold and ironic stare. Nothing could have been more excellent than the food, and possibly Karl's mother had eaten too much of it, but she had suffered from the conviction that Paris laughed at you behind your back. A fat old cow to be milked! Paris pandered to you, and made fun of you, and it was not nice fun.

"I don't like these people, Karl. They make me feel they are running a congerie. Mrs. Hippo buys a hat!" Karl had purchased her a very beautiful ring, and paid a beautiful price for it. Also he had been generous with his tip, while feeling that Paris could be quite tolerably polite just so long as you tipped it exorbitantly. "All right. Let's go home. We only know the Paris of the Americans!"

"I don't want to know any more of it," said his mother.

The train was running along at embankment, and Karl, looking down into a wood, saw the earth powdered with primroses. Pale gold and the bronze of last year's leaves. Could one buy primroses? But, of course, bunched up in flower shops. Yes, and the world had been too much flower-shop run by bright and sophisticated young women. For months Charles Kesteven had been able to purchase anything he pleased. He had explored to the full the extravagance of wealth. He had bought shirts of various colors, silk pyjamas, shoes, patent leather evening boots, cigars, cigarette-cases, linen, underclothing, socks for every mood, gloves, hats, a gold watch, books, a most expensive car, two gramophones, a piano, jewellery and furs for his mother, beautiful glass, old china and silver, Georgian furniture, a picture or two, fur-lined slippers, an assortment of wines. He was tailored severely by Savile Row. Head waiters hurried to greet him and to bow him to some particular table. His portraits could be seen in the cases and windows of West End photographers.

But those primroses, and the cherry blossom? Could money command the faces of flowers? Would they smile like the commercialists and accord you unlimited credit? Could one splash money over the green earth and discover some mystical unmetallized savor?

His mother had opened her eyes and was watching her son. He was man, yet somehow, still the child exploring the world's sweetshop, but rather like a wise child gravely tasting reality. Rebecca had enjoyed the successful show; she was still enjoying it, riding on her triumphal car and throwing flowers and favors right and left. But her affection transcended the flesh, and being the mother of her son, she, too, could gaze with ironic amusement at the crowd, and remember the day in Egypt when she and her beloved had smelt the mayflower. She saw in her son that child creature the artist absorbed in the great game of creating, and caring but superficially for the semblance of success. She, too, had her artistry, for the Essex Road had been more than a second-hand clothes shop. Did she wish her beloved to be rich and powerful and famous? Most certainly she

did, but she desired more for him than riches. Consider the illness of the field! Karl, becoming conscious of her scrutiny, turned his face to her. That there was an unasked question in her eyes was somehow evident to him. He smiled, and glanced again at this England in the Spring, and almost his face was wistful. Was he remembering his Bavarian days?

"Why shouldn't we have a little place in the country?"

"Why not, my dear?"

"I mean—as well as in town. Rather pleasant to disappear and get lost."

At Highbury Terrace the admirable Arch awaited them, cool and reassuring with her pretty pallor and her slightly husky voice. Yes, she had received Mrs. Kesteven's telegram; both house and dinner were prepared for them, and there were flowers in the vase. Arch stood to help Rebecca off with her fur coat.

"I hope you have had a good time, madam?"

Karl's mother assured her that everything had been wonderful. And had not Arch any untoward happenings to report? When one came home one expected to be assailed with bad news, that a frozen pipe had burst or that someone wished to give notice.

"No, nothing, madam."

"Well, that's a comfort."

"I'm afraid there are a terrible lot of letters for Mr. Karl. I have them in the clothes basket."

"Arch," said Mrs. Kesteven, "why are women such silly fools? Have you ever written to a celebrity?"

Mary Arch had not.

Meanwhile the taxi-man had left a little mountain of luggage in the hall, taken his tip and fare and disappeared. Rebecca's trunk was one of those massive structures bound with metal, Karl's of leather. Also there were suitcases and dressing-cases, and a kit-bag, and Mary Arch stood and contemplated the luggage.

"I'll get Euphemia to help me with the trunks."

She had picked up Karl's kit-bag and was about to carry it up the stairs when Karl came back from hanging up his coat.

"I'll take that, Mary."

"I can manage, sir."

"Leave it to me."

HE took the kit-bag from her and ran up the stairs with it. Returning, he met her with a suitcase, and she stood aside against the wall.

"I told you not to, Mary."

"I'm stronger than you think, sir."

He let her go, and went down to consider his mother's trunk. If he could get the thing on his back he could manage to carry it upstairs, and turning the trunk on its end he tried to lift it and swing it up. The weight of the thing overbalanced him and drove him against the wall. A metal-bound corner scarred the wallpaper.

Please turn to Page 48

Constipation and Colitis Conquered by Modern Medical Science

Dr. F. de Courmelles, of the Paris Society of Practising Physicians, says "Good health results from internal cleanliness."

Constipation takes many forms—it gives rise to countless ailments. Most serious of these is colitis. The colon becomes hard, strangulated, and encrusted with putrefying deposits. Modern foods, which never include sufficient roughage to properly exercise the intestines, make these troubles unavoidable unless precautions are taken. Regular bowel movements are no protection—the colon walls have grown too weak to rid their folds of the daily increasing addition of waste matter... opening medicines only purge the lower end of the colon, and extract essential vitality from the walls. Note how liquid your faces become after a severe dose of ordinary laxative. Science, however, has now found a sure and effective remedy in Coloseptic (Wayne's Improved Formula).



COLOSEPTIC'S Vitalising Action

The clogged colon, which results from the non-digestion of modern foods, forms virulent poisons that seep into the blood stream and attack every vital organ in the body. This introduces a state of autointoxication, or self-poisoning. That is why Dr. de Courmelles declares that a clean colon is essential for perfect health.



Clogged Colon

Native, eating natural foods, are safe, but civilized people need the protection that only Coloseptic can give. It tones up the walls of the colon, giving them back the power to excrete and naturally remove encrustations. It corrects acid conditions and stimulates the action of the pores of the skin, the respiratory system, and the kidneys—the three other important organs which eliminate poisons from your system. Remove Constipation—the basic cause of 95% of disease—drinks Coloseptic. Look at these two illustrations. One shows the colon clogged and inefficient. It can no longer absorb the essential body-building minerals from the passing matter. It is powerless to eject putrefying wastes. Nausea, distension, bloating, headache and stomach gas are some of the warning symptoms that this partial constipation gives. Nine people out of ten suffer. Colitis and similar serious complaints must follow. Now look at the other illustration. All danger is ended—the colon has been cleaned by Coloseptic. And autointoxication, the dread self-poisoning which results from a clogged colon, and which underlies all your troubles, has been hushed. Take Coloseptic, put an end to constipation, avoid the danger of serious troubles like colitis, diseases of malnutrition, weakness, exhaustion, neuritis, etc. You'll know real health again... you'll feel fit... you'll be well. Clogged Colon



Clean Colon

FREE-This Absorbing Book

Mail coupon for demonstration jar of COLOSEPTIC and receive, under plain cover by return mail, a book telling you all about Autointoxication. This book is FREE—so fill in and mail the coupon NOW!

Whole Family Benefits

Wellington, N.Z. "I have used COLOSEPTIC for some time and without any exaggeration whatever it is the finest medicine obtainable for bowel troubles. There are few in our family and we all use it regularly. We have given up the use of pills, paraffin oil, salts and sennas... It has given us all health and vigour..." A.F.J.

(Original of this letter may be seen at head office.)



DRINK Coloseptic (WAYNE'S IMPROVED FORMULA) FOR INTERNAL CLEANNESSE

At all CHEMISTS. If obtainable locally write to COLOSEPTIC (Aust.) LTD., 24 O'Connell St., Sydney.

£25 Cash Must Be Won "Search for Film Stars" Competition No. 25

£25 CASH WILL BE AWARDED TO THE COMPETITOR WHO OBTAINS THE GREATEST NUMBER OF NAMES FROM THE LIST GIVEN BELOW. IN THE EVENT OF TIES PRIZE MONEY WILL BE DIVIDED EQUALLY.

This list below is made up of names of featured film players, the first letter only of the Christian name being given. The surname is jumbled with the addition of one unnecessary letter. See example, MARIE DRESSLER, the extra unnecessary letter being "A". Include this name in your solution at Number 1. NOTE: (1) Additional entries must be written out separately. (2) Alterations cannot be accepted. (3) MISPELT NAMES COUNT AS ERRORS. IMPORTANT: Use the diagram for working out your solution, and, when you have solved the names, write your list in order on a sheet of plain paper (one side only). Enclose a Postal Note for 1/- as entry fee—additional entries will be charged 6d. each—(stamps will not be accepted), and mail your solution, together with your name and residential address, NOT LATER THAN FRIDAY, MARCH 12th, 1936, "FILM STARS" COMPETITION, G.P.O. Box 3844, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

- | | | | |
|--------------|--------------------|----------|------------|
| No. 1. MARIE | REALDRESS DRESSLER | No. 9. J | DONBALDMAC |
| 2. P | CANMOR | 10. C | NOTALAUGH |
| 3. B | TURKEB | 11. C | BLEGAB |
| 4. L | HARDHOW | 12. F | ONETO |
| 5. H | SHERBERT | 13. J | ANANABUCH |
| 6. M | TRIDIECHS | 14. R | PENNYD |
| 7. E | TOBREN | 15. N | BARRCOLL |
| 8. J | BLOWHAR | 16. C | SMUGGLER |

Prize Money is deposited with "Australian Women's Weekly."

Decision of the adjudicator must be accepted as final.

RESULTS WILL BE PUBLISHED IN THIS PAPER ON ISSUE DATED MARCH 28th

"Search for Film Stars" Competition No. 22

TWO competitors submitted entries containing twenty-five correct names of featured players. This was the greatest number of correct names received, and they share the prize, £25 cash, each receiving £12/10/-.

MISS E. BROWN, No. 8 Omdow Ave., Elizabeth Bay, Sydney.

W. THOMPSON, 269 Bondi Rd., Sydney.

Names Obtained By Winning Competitors

1. Richard Dix; 2. Fred Astaire; 3. Greta Garbo; 4. Gerald Rappert; 5. Mae Marsh; 6. Marian Marsh; 7. Mona Marie; 8. Josephine Hull; 9. James Hall; 10. John Hall; 11. Robert Young; 12. Roland Young; 13. Peter Kelly; 14. Paul Kelly; 15. Miss Charles; 16. Grace Moore; 17. Johnny Weismuller; 18. Lure Viper; 19. Elissa Landi; 20. Marian Nixon; 21. Carl Brunsen; 22. Robert Montgomery; 23. Helen Hayes; 24. Herbert Hayes; 25. Hazel Hayes.



From the R.K.O. picture "Becky Sharp".

A TRIBUTE TO LOVELINESS

Complexions like hers... smooth and flawless as petals... have been tenderly guarded for generations... by gentle Cashmere Bouquet.

Fragrant....

with the charm of other days !



Colgate's
Cashmere Bouquet
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Other Cashmere Bouquet products that will appeal to you are: Cleansing Cream, Tissue Cream, Foundation Cream, Face Powder, Lipstick, Rouge (Crème or Compact), Perfume, Talcum Powder, Dusting Powder, Brilliantine (Liquid or Solid).

"AUSTRALIAN SKILL COMPETITIONS" No. 3

Cash to be Won by SKILL ALONE

£40

1st Prize £25
2nd Prize £10
3rd Prize £5

In the event of ties, Prize-moneys will be divided equally.

Prize-money has been deposited with The Australian Women's Weekly

Closing Date

Entries must be MAILED on or before

Thurs. Mar. 12

Winners will be announced in this paper in issue dated 28th April.

COMPETITION No. 3: How many words beginning with "S" can you make, using only the 17 letters in the postal address, "South Marrickville"?

RULES: (a) Any letter may be used in any word as often as it occurs in "South Marrickville"; (b) Any word listed under "S" in Chambers' 20th Century Dictionary (supplement excluded) may be used; (c) All Proper Nouns (Towns, Christian Names, etc.) are barred; (d) A postal note for 1/- must be forwarded with each entry; (e) The judges' decision must be accepted as final; (f) Address entries, "Australian Skill Competitions No. 3," Box 46, Queen Victoria Buildings F.O., Sydney.

No. 1 COMPETITION WINNERS

1st Prize divided equally between: Miss A. ASHLEY, 40 Belgrave Ave., Cammeraj, N.S.W.; J. W. BETT, 27 The Crescent, Sandringham, V.; T. E. BROWN, Brougham Rd., Kedron, Brisbane, Q.; I. R. COTO, 68 Clyde St., Box Hill, V.; Miss O. de MONCHAUX, 39 Kooloors Ave., Harbord, N.S.W.; Mrs. M. DOWSETT, 7 Roseville Ave., Roseville, N.S.W.; J. ROHAN, Condamine St., Manly, N.S.W.; B. A. HURST, Spring St., Moss Vale, N.S.W.; A. G. LEECH, 1 Beasley St., Malvern, V.; J. LEONARD, 1st Philip St., Sydney; Mrs. B. McKENZIE, Box 82, Kyabram, V.; A. H. MELVILLE, 11 Valley View Rd., Glen Iris, V.; S. MERRICK, 44 Enmore Rd., Marrickville, N.S.W.; Mrs. C. K. PAYNE, 35 Wright's Rd., Drummond, N.S.W.; Miss M. RUSSELL, 44 Moore St., Roseville, N.S.W.

2nd Prize divided equally between: E. BAILEY, 109 Croydon St., Cronulla, N.S.W.; S. A. BLACKLOW, 19 Reginald St., Kogarah, N.S.W.; Mrs. T. BRETT, 12 Cheltenham Rd., Cheltenham, N.S.W.; Miss N. CAIN, 147 Alton St., East Brunswick, V.; Mrs. A. DEAN, Vaux St., Cowra, N.S.W.; Miss de MONCHAUX, Harbord; Miss F. EUSTANCE, Riverview, Newcastle, Q.; Miss A. FOSSETT, 7 Herbert St., Stockdale, N.S.W.; Mrs. E. A. HADLEY, Dwyer St., Burwood, Q.; W. E. HADLEY, Sherwood, Q.; Mrs. J. N. HUNTER, Milda St., Gilgandra, N.S.W.; T. A. LUDLAM, Waratah St., Cronulla, N.S.W.; A. H. MELVILLE, Glen Iris, V.; Miss D. MOULLEY, 29 Mark St., Brisbane, Q.; H. O'BULLIVAN, Bayview Hospital, Tempe, N.S.W.; Mrs. B. POTTS, 30 Ouseford St., Armadale, T.; Mrs. M. POTTS, 1 Colvin St., Hawthorne, V.; Mrs. V. A. ROTHWELL, 45 Ross St., Lindfield, N.S.W.; Mrs. H. REED, "Tyndra," Nimbin, N.S.W.; B. STORY, 75 Smith St., Fitzroy, V.; N. M. THOMAS, 44 Fairlight St., Manly, N.S.W.

3rd Prize: Mrs. D. BRENNER, Flynn St., Hughenden, Q.; Mrs. F. D. BUCKLEY, State School, Tashington Village, Q.; Mrs. J. BULLOCK, 30 Belgrave St., E. Coburg, V.; W. H. CHAPMAN, 113 Darley Rd., Randwick, N.S.W.; HOEL, R. O'NEILL, Box 168, Haymarket, N.S.W.; Miss M. B. EDWARDS, Box 1068/10, Sydney, N.S.W.; Mrs. E. EVANS, 15 Mansfield St., Glebe, N.S.W.; L. HALL, 534 Crown St., Sydney; T. H. INGRAM, George St., Campbelltown, N.S.W.; Miss A. LANGDON, Cudat Rd., Maitland, N.S.W.; E. W. LAPHORNE, Deysford, V.; Miss PARSONS, 212 Weston Rd., Rosalie, N.S.W.; J. POTTER, 63 Laura Rd., Auburn, N.S.W.; Mrs. L. M. PEACOCK, 23 Berry St., Nowra, N.S.W.; Mrs. M. J. O. RIMMON, 50 Warburton Rd., Canterbury, V.; A. YOUNG, Herbert St., Belmont, N.S.W. (For list of winning names, etc., write Box 46, Q.V. Buildings P.O., Sydney.)

Sackcloth into Silk

Continued from Page 47

HIS mother had gone below to kiss Euphemia, and Karl heard a voice on the stairs. "O, you mustn't, sir. I can take one end."

She seemed to pause for a moment, her eyes fixed on his, and then her lashes fell.

"Let me take one end."

But Karl had been challenged by that look of a trunk. Had he not seen a little French porter get the thing on his back and carry it into the hotel?

"Just give me a hand, Mary. On my back."

"You mustn't, sir."

He was curt with her.

"I'm damned well going to."

Coerced, she helped him to get the thing on his back, but she followed close behind with her hands helping to support the burden, her eyes anxious, her body braced to steady him should he falter.

On the borders of Surrey and Sussex, Karl and his mother discovered Burntshaw Place, a little old Queen Anne house with white window-frames, stone quoins and a pediment, set among cedars in a neglected garden. Parklands surrounded it, rolling country speckled with clumps of beech and Scotch fir. There was a lake in a green hollow, with swans on it, an orchard full of daffodils, a walled garden, old red-brick outhouses and a stable with a cupola and clock whose hands stood still at twenty-eight minutes past seven. Karl's mother was amused by the clock.

"Always—just dinner-time here, my dear."

But Karl was in a serious mood. He had left his light blue speed car—the machine had raced at Brooklands—where the drive spread out before the house. He stood in the middle of a weedy space, and looked at the house. Its white shutters were closed in the lower windows, the brass knocker on the big white door was a greenish gold; a vine, wistaria and an old magnolia covered the brickwork. Somewhere in high trees rooks were cawing. Karl could see a flowery mass of fruit blossoms above a red wall. The great cedar was immensely still, with the sunlight making patterns on the grass.

"Six thousand pounds," said his mother. "I wonder what it is like inside?"

Karl produced a key. The agent had offered to come and show them over, but Karl had discouraged the gentleman.

"Let's look. Three miles from a station."

"Terrible trouble with servants, my dear."

Karl did not seem to hear her. He had unlocked the door, and then turned to look again at that English landscape. Like the face of some predestined woman it had made itself desired by him instantly and strangely. You could not define beauty, or describe it adequately. It just was, like the look in the eyes of a lover.

"Fifty-three acres, mother, of that."

"Yes, my dear."

"Not so bad, my dear."

"I wonder what it would cost us to run?"

"Need you worry?" said his mother. "Offer them four thousand five hundred for the place. Probably they'll jump at it."

Karl bought Burntshaw Place for five thousand pounds.

REBECCA experimented with Arch. She took Mary Arch down with her for a week-end and put up at a Dorking inn. Karl was camping out in Burntshaw Park and reaping his Bavarian days. He had engaged a couple of gardeners; there were two cottages on the estate, and Karl had put the men and their wives into them. Burntshaw House was full of painters and paperhangers, and Karl's racing car reposed in the coach-house.

To these men Karl was something of a surprise packet. A consignment of garden tools had arrived from a Dorking ironmonger's, and among the tools was a scythe. The Burntshaw lawns were young hayfields, and needed scything before a mowing machine could shave them.

When Karl appeared with his scythe, Lavender, his senior man, a long, lanky, uncommunicative creature, was bluntly and unexpectedly candid.

"Do you think you'll get along with that, sir?"

Karl smiled at Lavender. He liked the man, his taciturnity, his attention to business, a frankness that was refreshing.

"I'll have a try."

Lavender did not wink at Jackson, his second. Both of them were hoeing the weedy drive, and they went on with their work as though the eccentricities of a young gentleman did not concern them. But they were interested. They exchanged looks and nods. The young boys would soon get tired and in a tangle. A couple of

painters taking a rest, and lounging at a window, watched the figure in its blue stockings, brown plus fours and cream-colored shirt.

"Going to be a bit funny, Bill, what?"

But there was no humor in the exhibition. The English scythe was not like the Bavarian scythe, but Karl soon got the swing of it, and the grass began to fall steadily and sweetly. Lavender, leaning on his rake, his cap pushed back, watched Karl with an air of sombre curiosity. Where had this young tuff learnt to handle that most difficult of tools? Besides, there was not a country lad in a hundred who could swing a scythe in that fashion.

The joke was not against Karl. Jackson grimaced and spat.

"Well—that's a bit of unexpected." Said Lavender. "And he doesn't poke about anyhow. He takes a swathe."

The two painters went back to work. "Well—fancy a gent with a swank car like that sweating in his own garden." "It oughtn't to be allowed," said his mate.

"Tell you what, he must have wangled and got on the land in the war."

On the Sunday morning when Mrs. Kesteven drove with Arch to Burntshaw the day was still and grey. Rebecca felt a little peeved with the weather; it might have helped to brighten up the morning and to persuade Arch that Burntshaw was not too dreadfully dull. They saw Karl's tent, but no Karl. And if the day was grey and silent so was the girl. Never a great talker, Arch seemed to move as though she had wrapped herself in a sheath of silence. She followed her mistress about the place, looked calmly and considerably into rooms and out of windows, and was provokingly mute. Karl's mother became convinced that Mary Arch was not liking this country house and was preparing to oppose any suggestion that she should come and live in it.

"Go and look at the kitchen, Mary. I want to see what the men have been doing upstairs."

She left Mary Arch in the hall. The hall had two long windows giving upon the garden and park, and Mary Arch walked to the right-hand window and stood at gaze. Her eyes were wide and tranquil, the eyes of a woman who lived secretly with herself, and could smile strangely upon flowers, a child, or a puppy. She liked the quiet breathing of the house, those old trees, the peaceful spaces, that water in the green hollow. And while she was standing there a young man appeared with a scythe on his shoulder, and began to mow the grass beyond the cedars. Mr. Karl! But how surprising, and yet here—how right.

Having been told to explore, Arch did so, and presently Rebecca heard the woman's footsteps on the uncarpeted stairs. Karl's mother had been making sure that her beloved's particular upper-chamber where he was to work had had its walls colored the proper tint of primrose. She looked over the carved balustrade of the old staircase, and saw Arch's wide pale face flitting below her.

"Well, Mary?"

"I think it is lovely, madam."

"A little quiet after Upper Street."

"I like it quiet."

Rebecca was pleasantly surprised. Was it possible that this efficient and reticent young woman would consent to do duty in this second house far from trains and motor buses, and the shops with their elevenpenny-three-farthings distractions?

"I suppose it wouldn't appeal to you, Mary, to come down here with us in the summer?"

Arch did not hesitate. "I'm quite ready to come, madam."

"Of course, we will make it worth your while."

"It's not just wages, madam. I shall like being here."

Admirable and unexpected creature! Rebecca, much relieved, began to take Arch into a capacious confidence. Burntshaw would be good for Mr. Karl's work, yes—London could burn you up. Now, what about a cook? Did Arch think that Euphemia would consent to live in the country for six months, or should they try to engage a local woman? After all, the matter did concern Mary Arch; she was not the sort of woman who would like to share life with some noisy, perspiring person.

"I'm quite sure Euphemia would come, madam, if she could see her mother once a week."

"We could arrange that," said Rebecca. "Now, do you think you two could manage? Probably, we could get in one of the gardener's wives to help."

Arch, with one hand caressing the handrail, looked across at a landing window which was filled with green landscape and blue sky.

"I'm quite sure we can manage, madam."

To be continued

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

March 7, 1936.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

49

Yet Another Way of Adding BEAUTY to YOUR HOME!

Inlaid Wood and Marquetry Work as a Hobby... Beautiful Pieces Just Like These May be Fashioned in Leisure Hours....



THE other day, when I looked upon the exquisite pieces pictured on this page, I thought that to create beauty, no matter the form, was to accomplish something worth while in this life.

No matter how humdrum our existence, how tiring our work in order to earn the necessities of life, we can escape the humdrum, make our life more interesting, fuller, by utilising spare time in the creation of lovely things. So, if you're bored, tired, restless, take unto yourself a hobby. There are scores to choose from, and many of them suitable for either sex, as instance this wood inlay and marquetry work.

THE collection of beautiful articles presented on this page was the handiwork of Mr. Lance Evans, of 42 Cheviot St., Ashbury, N.S.W.

He tells here how the work is done, but if you're very interested and feel you would like further details I am sure he will be only too happy to assist—

remember the limitations of your medium and avoid pictures which depend for their effect upon infinite small details carefully done. Select pictures which have large features and clearly marked color schemes.

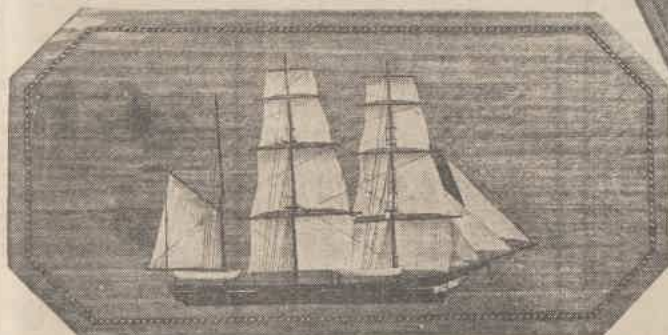
Having decided on your picture, you take a panel of plain 5-ply wood of the required size and clamp it on your table. This is the part the four building bricks play—they save you buying expensive

the fun really commences. The colored veneers which you are now to cut into small shaped pieces, in accordance with the dictates of your design, are one-fourth of an inch thick. They warp and twist so that cutting and shaping them tries both your skill and your patience. And when, as often happens a piece splits or chips just as you have it completed, it is a strain on your vocabulary as well! It is not easy to cut and shape the pieces so that they fit exactly and neatly, but unless you succeed in this the ultimate result will be unsatisfying indeed.

As you shape each piece of the veneer



THIS WALL PANEL is glorious, with its inlay of colored veneers and woods. Several thousand pieces were needed, and the result is amazingly beautiful. See story.



SHIP A-SAIL! This lovely piece is destined to be a table top. The hull is blackwood, masts and spars walnut, sails candelant, figurehead and portholes mother-of-pearl, stringing in ebony and white pine.

hence my reason for giving his full address.

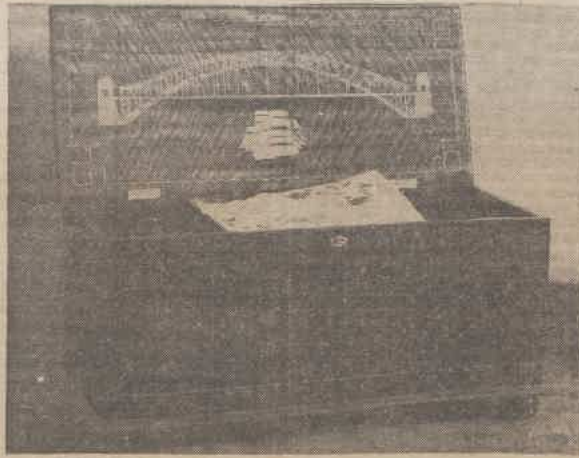
"A hobby, according to my inexpensive dictionary," said Mr. Evans, "is a strong nag; or a child's horse; or a favorite pursuit. My hobby, inlaid wood work and marquetry work of the kind illustrated on this page, is a combination of the three. It is a favorite pursuit because I like working in wood; a child's horse because it amuses me for hours on end; and a strong nag because it does not always go quite where I want it to."

Inexpensive Hobby

HOWEVER, it is a hobby which quite often has interesting and satisfying results, and which is inexpensive because it requires very little equipment to indulge in.

All that one requires is a few pieces of wood, a sharp knife, four building bricks, a little glue, ideas, time, and unlimited patience.

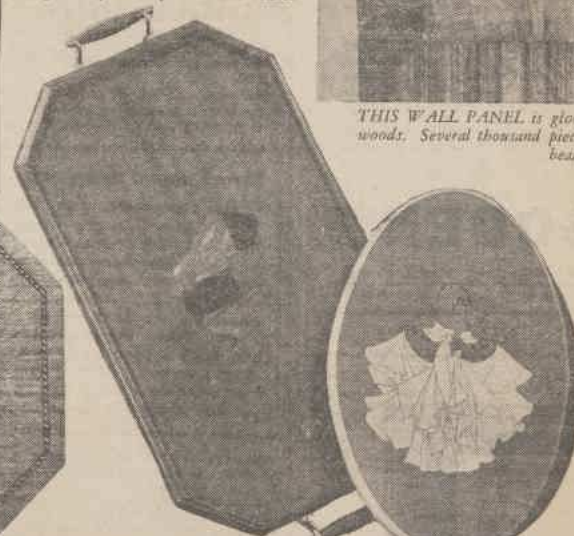
The first and often most difficult task is to obtain the design or picture which you can reproduce in wood. If you have imagination and a gift for drawing you can provide the design for yourself, but if, as is often the case, you are lacking in one, or both, of these qualities, you will have to select a picture that some more gifted person has created for you. In selecting your picture or design



A GLORY BOX with the famous Sydney Harbor Bridge once again immortalized. The bridge is wholly carried out (to scale) in sycamore inlay. Blackwood and candelant are used for the smaller sailing boat.

mechanical clamps. You then draw your original design on the surface; or, if you are copying a picture, trace it on to the wood with carbon paper. Before doing this it is advisable to roughen the surface of the panel slightly so that it will take kindly to the glue that you will presently place upon it. You are now in the position where

you glue it into its place on the panel. In this process the important things to watch are that you squeeze out all the surplus glue and that you leave no air bubbles. You will find a piece of grease-proof paper handy in this job. If you do not squeeze out the surplus glue you will find that in the "sanding" process at a later stage some of your carefully



TRAY WITH map of Australia. Walnut was used for Victoria and Northern Territory; light walnut for South Australia; sycamore distinguishes N.S.W. and West Australia; and oak for Queensland. The next picture shows "Lady in White"—a wall decoration.

shaped pieces of veneer will disappear altogether because your finished surface has not been quite level.

When you have shaped, fitted and glued all your little pieces on to the panel your design is complete, and all that is necessary is to sandpaper it out to obtain a smooth surface, and polish it.

Final Touches

THE sandpapering must be done carefully. The polishing is a job for a professional polisher. Unless it is done carefully, and with the right process according to the type and nature of the design, your work will be spoiled.

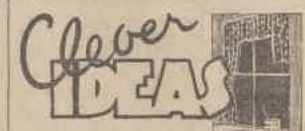
Generally the types of veneer you will use depend on the picture you are making. In the panel illustrated on this page the ground panel is 5-ply and the border walnut. The pieces in the background are candelant (white) and walnut, the roadway sycamore, the upper part of the hostelry oak and walnut, and the doors and windows blackwood. The colored woods (green, etc.) are dyed woods which are readily obtainable.

In addition to the pocket knife mentioned above, Mr. Evans also uses a razor blade and an old curved lance.

This latter is a useful tool, being of good steel and very sharp.

If you have read this far you will doubtless agree that patience is a necessary part of your equipment.

"If you still require to be convinced, however," said Mr. Evans, "let me tell you that, in the panel illustrated on this page, measuring 34 inches by 26 inches, there are several thousand pieces of wood, each of which was separately shaped and glued into position. It occupied all my spare hours for three months, to the total exclusion of other amusements. But the final result is a satisfying enough reward."



STAINS ON LINEN: Rub the stain on linen cloth with a cut, ripe tomato, until it disappears. Then wash the linen in luke-warm water to which no soda has been added. The spot will quite disappear under this treatment.

CLEANING GRATER AND MINCER: After you have grated orange or lemon peel grate stale bread on the mincer. All the peel will come out easily. Stale bread, too, run through the mincer, cleans it after you've minced something sticky like candied peel. Clean the sieve by brushing briskly with a pastry brush, and you won't have to wash it.

INSTICKING BOTTLE TOPS: Nothing more maddening when scent bottle top gets stuck, and you are forced to waste your favorite perfume. Next time this happens, try this: Twist a piece of string twice round the neck of the bottle, having somebody to hold on tightly to the bottle. Hold one end of the string in each hand, and pull the string rapidly back and forward. The friction so set up will make the outside of the bottle neck expand and so loosen the stopper inside it.

SILK DUSTERS: Old silk handkerchiefs, ragged and worn though they be, should never be thrown away. They make excellent dusters for fragile china and glass.

TIP FOR HUSBANDS: Place a slice of potato peel in your jar or tin of tobacco, if it has become dry. This restores the moisture in no time.

BLEEDING GUMS

Film combines with minerals in the cavity . . . as form hard, sharp deposits, which may cause soreness and bleeding of the gums.

TOOTH DECAY

Film is lodged one of the chief contributing causes of tooth decay. It gives "decay" starts to the tooth enamel.

STUBBORN STAINS

Film absorbs stains from food and smoking. To remove these stains you must remove the film.

When FILM may lead to all three remove film this special way

Don't fool yourself about film! It can be the forerunner of one or all of the troubles pictured above.

"But in removing film, why use one dentifrice rather than another?" you may ask. On that point, too, you need have no doubts. Many tooth pastes and tooth powders may claim to attack film. Pepsodent's *sole duty* is to REMOVE FILM—and to keep film off teeth *safely*. To both the dental profession and the public alike, Pepsodent is known as the "special film-removing tooth paste."

Common sense reason for effectiveness and safety

You know about that sticky coating that constantly forms on your teeth. Dental authorities agree that this stubborn coating, which we call film, should be removed daily. And now, in Pepsodent, is a revolutionary cleansing and polishing material, recently developed. This material is unexcelled in film-removing power. No other leading dentifrice contains it. And is it safe? So safe that in *impartial* tests Pepsodent has been proved the *least* abrasive . . . therefore *safe*—of 15 leading tooth pastes and 6 tooth powders. So, between visits to your dentist, remove ugly, dangerous film daily with Pepsodent. No grit in Pepsodent. No risk of harming precious enamel as with mere "bargain" ways.

MORE PEPSODENT—SAME PRICE

New goodness have cut costs and we are passing the saving on to you. The identical time-tested Pepsodent is ready for you in the new larger tubes at no increase in price.

PEPSODENT

The Special Film-Removing Tooth Paste
IN NEW LARGER TUBES

FREE

Send your name and address to White's Jelly Crystals, Box 2104-S, G.P.O., Melbourne for White's Free Recipe Book in which you can paste the recipes published regularly in this Journal.

TODAY'S RECIPE

ASPARAGUS SALAD: 1 packet White's Lemon Jelly Crystals, ½ pint Hot Water, 1 Tablespoon Vinegar, 1 teaspoonful Salt, ½ teaspoonful Curry Powder, 1 can Asparagus Tips, 1 can Jelly Crystals. In hot water, add vinegar, salt and Curry and allow to cool. When thickening place asparagus nicely in mould, pour in jelly, and chill until firm. Serve on crisp lettuce with mayonnaise and sprinkle with paprika.

All the Flavour of the Actual Fruit

The pure flavour of delicious fruit, ripened in sunny fields—that's what you get in White's Jelly Crystals. Every flavour is made from the real juice of the fruit . . . retaining all its tangy flavour . . . and all its healthful nourishment. White's Jelly Crystals make an excellent start for a hot summer's day—serve it for breakfast. See how it is appreciated!

Your choice of 20 flavours.

Apricot, Black Currant, Calves' Foot, Champagne, Cherry, Damson, Greenapple, Lemon, Lime-fruit, Madeira, Nectarine, Orange, Peach, Pineapple, Pott Wine, Raspberry, Red Currant, Strawberry, Tangerine, Vanilla.



WHITE'S Pure Fruit JELLY CRYSTALS

INTERESTING Recipes From Enterprising READERS

Win Substantial Cash Prizes in Our Best Recipe Competition

Our popular recipe competition offers a weekly opportunity to all readers to win a substantial cash prize. First prize is £1, second 10/-, and there are four consolation prizes at 2/6 each.

SEND in as your entry any variety of dish, cake, or sweet. Prizes are awarded to the most economical, unusual, and tasty.

Please endorse recipes clearly "Best Recipe Competition," and be careful in writing out your entry. Here are half a dozen recipes, prize-winners for this week, to add to your list:

HUSBAND CAKE

Three-quarters cup of butter, 1½ cups sugar, 1 teaspoon soda, 1½ teaspoon salt, 1½ teaspoons cinnamon, 1½ cups raisins or sultanas, 1½ cups chopped nuts, 1 cup tomato soup (canned), 1 cup water, 2 cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 1½ teaspoons nutmeg.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream. Mix tomato soup, water, and soda together, and add to sugar and butter mixture alternately with dry ingredients, then stir in raisins and nuts. Bake in a sand cake-tin in moderate oven 1 hour. When cold, ice with cheese fondant icing.

Icing—1½ tablespoons grated cheese, add one egg-yolk, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, and about 3 cups of icing-sugar till the mixture is thick enough to spread on cake.

First Prize of £1 to Miss Beth McMeekin, 7 Melville St., Maryborough, Qld.

MERINGUE TRIFLE

Two rounds sponge cake, meringue shells, 1 cup whipped cream, 1 tin loganberries or strawberries, apricot jam.

Place the two rounds of sponge cake together with apricot jam in a shallow glass or silver dish. Drain some of the

New Enamel Saucepans

NEW enamel saucepans will last much longer if you fill them with boiling water, to which you have added a handful of washing-soda. Allow the full saucepan to stand for an hour or two. Then empty the saucepan and wash it thoroughly with soapy water. After this treatment the enamel will be far less likely to chip.

juice from the tin of fruit and pour over the cake. If liked, cooking-sherry may be used instead of the fruit juice. Arrange some meringue shells, cup side upwards, round the top of the cake. The number of meringue shells required will depend on the size of the sponge. Fill each with whipped cream and garnish with berries, piling the rest in the centre. This makes enough trifle for six or seven persons.

This recipe can be varied in several ways. Victoria sandwich can be used instead of sponge cake, and tinned milk instead of fresh cream if this is not obtainable or is too expensive. A garnish made of crushed meringue shells, grated chocolate, chopped walnuts, or chocolate flakes can be used if desired. If fresh berries in season, use instead of tinned.

Second Prize of 10/- to Miss Agnes Caldwell, 34 Royallist Road, Crenmore, N.S.W.

PEANUT BUTTER CREAM SOUP

Put 1 quart of milk into a double boiler; add 1 teaspoonful of peanut butter, 1 small onion (grated), a little white pepper, 1 bay leaf, 3 stalks of crushed or grated celery, 1 saltspoon of celery salt, a dash of paprika, and ordinary salt to taste. Bring to the boil slowly. In another saucepan melt 1 tablespoon butter, rub in one level tablespoon of flour. When smooth, strain the hot milk into this, stirring all the time to ensure a smooth, creamy mixture. Serve at once with croutons.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. A. Sparkes, Thorold St., Woolowin, Brisbane.

CARAMEL FINGERS

Quarter pound butter, 1lb. brown sugar, 1 egg, few drops vanilla, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 cup shredded dates, 1 cup chopped walnuts.

Melt butter and sugar and beat well; add the beaten egg, sifted flour and salt, dates, nuts, and vanilla; mix well together and spread on a greased, shallow tin. Cook in a moderate oven about 20

minutes. When cooked, cut into fingers and leave till cool.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. Roach, 28 Foster Avenue, Glenhuntly, Vic.

CHOCOLATE RAISIN TART

One tablespoon cornflour, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 eggs, vanilla, 1 cup seeded raisins, 2 cups milk.

Mix cornflour, cocoa, and sugar together. Warm milk, pour a little on the cornflour mixture to blend, and bring the rest to the boil. Stir in cornflour mixture and cook for two or three minutes. Let it cool, then add the beaten egg-yolks, raisins, and vanilla to taste. Have a short pastry ready, line tart tin, and pour in the filling. Bake 20 minutes. Beat egg-whites with 1 tablespoonful of sugar till stiff. Put on the tart, and brown.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. V. Hissey, Yeolanna, via Pt. Lincoln, S.A.

WHITE CHOCOLATE CAKE

Quarter pound butter, 1 cup castor sugar, 2 eggs, 2 cups flour, 2 flat teaspoons cream of tartar, 1 flat teaspoon carb. soda, 1 cup milk, 2oz. unsweetened chocolate (to be grated).

Cream butter and sugar; add beaten yolks of eggs; beat well. Sift flour together with cream of tartar and carb. soda three times. Add half of milk to creamed mixture, then half sifted flour, mix in grated chocolate, then add rest of milk and flour. Mix well, and lastly fold in beaten whites of eggs. Bake for 1 to 1½ hour in moderate oven. Decorate with white lemon icing and sprinkle with "prepared" grated chocolate. When cut, cake appears to be peppered with chocolate.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. Goddard, Brentlyn, Victoria St., McMahon's Point, N.S.W.

HEADACHE NEURALGIA

For over 16 years Vincent's A.P.C. has given safe relief from headache and neuralgia to thousands of Australians. Prepared on scientific hospital formulae prescribed and adopted by Doctors as a safe, speedy and reliable preparation to take. Will not affect the heart. Powder and Tablets: 12 for 1/4, 24 for 7/6. Singles, 3d. each. Also new "Pocket Size" tablets, 1/4 tin. All Chemists and Stores, or direct from Vincent Chemical Co. (Australia) Limited, 74-76 Liverpool Street, Sydney.



FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, SAY "VINCENT'S"



Boy! I feel good

"Pulvex" fleas off your pets, keeping off fleas and lice for days. Pulvex kills fleas dead, but it's harmless, even if swallowed; tasteless and odourless. Use it once a week and your pets will have a flea-free summer. Pulvex costs no more—beware of imitations. Get Pulvex from all chemists and stores, 1/3 tin, or double size, 2/-. Wholesale Distributors: WILLIAM COOPER & NEPHEWS, (Aust.) Ltd., 6 O'Connell St., Sydney.



PULVEX
KILLS FLEAS OFF—KEEPS THEM OFF

HOW DID IT ORIGINATE

?

Why do people say "He kicked the bucket"? "Don't cry over spilt milk"? "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip"? Who invented the bagpipes? Who discovered radium? Tune into the Odd Facts Reporter from 2GB each Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday at 9.10 p.m., and he will tell you all about it in a brilliant five-minute dramatisation.

2GB

BLEAK HOUSE

Charles Dickens still remains one of the world's favorite storytellers. His characters are as vivid and interesting to-day as when he first sat in his study and brought them to life in the pages of his manuscript. Radio listeners have already been delighted by a long series of dramatisations of the master's works, and on Monday, March 9, the series will be continued with the less-known but none-the-less interesting story "Bleak House," which will be broadcast nightly at 7.50.

MUSICAL SHOWERS

What is a musical shower? If you haven't tuned in to this new session from 2GB each Monday and Wednesday at 7.15 you cannot be expected to know, for a musical shower is something new in musical entertainment. And it's on the air, wet or fine!

THE NATION'S STATION



SHOWING YOU how to pour warm chocolate icing over your cake. See recipe.

WHAT a WELCOME They'll GET!

... Cakes, Sweets, Drinks, Puddings, and Scones — made with Chocolate

By RUTH FURST, Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly



IF YOU WANT TO WIN fame with chocolate-lovers, serve at your next afternoon tea a chocolate cake made from the recipe given on this page.

VERY few, I suppose, are aware that chocolate was introduced from America to Europe by the Spaniards. That was 400 years ago. To-day, by reason of its delicious flavor and fragrance, and its high nutritious value, it is a world-wide favorite.

CHOCOLATE, because of its cocoa-butter content, melts and solidifies at a temperature some degrees lower than required for other fats. Since it seizes quickly it should never be melted alone over direct heat. Again, hot melted chocolate added suddenly to cold mixtures separates into tiny hard lumps. To avoid this, grate and blend well, or melt over boiling water, before adding to the dish you are making.

Chocolate can be purchased in slabs for a few pence. Keep in cool place and grate when required.

HOT CHOCOLATE

Two ounces chocolate, 1 cup water, sugar to taste, 1 cup milk, whipped cream, pinch salt, vanilla. Grate chocolate, put into saucepan with water, sugar, and salt. Bring to

boil. Boil two minutes, then whip in the boiling milk till frothy. Add essence. Pour in milk glasses. Top with whipped cream and serve at once.

CHOCOLATE MILK SHAKE

Half-cup grated chocolate, 3 tablespoons boiling water, sugar to taste, milk, vanilla.

Mix chocolate and sugar well together. Add water a little at a time, then boil for two minutes, stirring well. Cool. Put half-glass milk in shaker. Add

All these Recipes have been Tested in Our Own Kitchens.

chocolate syrup and essence, and shake well. Serve iced in tall glasses. The syrup will keep for several days in a cool place.

CHOCOLATE RICE PUDDING

One pint milk, 2oz. rice, 3oz. sugar, 2oz. chocolate.

Wash the rice well, grate the chocolate, pour on the hot milk and stir till well melted, add sugar. Place rice in pldish, pour liquid on. Bake in a very slow oven till creamy, about 1 1/2 hours. Serve cold.

CHOCOLATE GLAZE

Quarter-pound butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1lb. sweetened chocolate, 3 eggs.

Melt the chocolate and butter, but do not allow to boil. When smooth stir in the yolks, one at a time. Mix well, remove from the gas, and allow to cool. Beat the whites to a stiff froth and stir into the cold mixture. Pour into small glasses and serve with whipped cream on top. Garnish



CHOCOLATE SPONGE is indeed a dainty dish. Since it contains eggs, milk, chocolate, gelatine, and sugar, it's bound to be good.



SERVE whipped cream with hot chocolate. As a delicious warming and nourishing winter beverage it stands alone.



SEEING THAT chocolate squares are so easily made and scrumptious, it's a wonder one does not meet them oftener. Try them!

with crystallised cherries or chopped nuts.

CHOCOLATE SCONES

Four cups plain flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 1 small cup sugar, 1 1/2 tablespoons cocoa, 1 cup milk, 1 1/2 cups water, 1 large teaspoon butter, 1 teaspoon salt.

Sift the flour, baking powder, salt and cocoa well together. Rub in the butter, add the liquids, making into a soft dough. Turn out on to a floured board. Knead slightly, roll out, cut into rounds. Place on a greased tin. Glaze with a little milk and bake in a hot oven from 10 to 15 minutes, according to the size.

CHOCOLATE FUDGE

One cup sugar, 1 cup grated chocolate, half-cup milk, quarter-cup treacle, vanilla.

Put all ingredients into a saucepan and boil till a little dropped into cold water hardens at once. Remove from heat. Add vanilla and beat till it thickens. Pour into butter dish. Mark into squares, and leave till cold.

CHOCOLATE CAKE

Six ounces butter, 9oz. sugar, 3 eggs, 3oz. grated chocolate, 6 table-

spoons milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 12oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder.

Cream butter and sugar well, add yolks. Blend chocolate with the milk and vanilla, and add gradually, beating in well. Then add sifted flour and baking powder, stirring lightly and evenly. Lastly, add stiffly-beaten whites of eggs. Pour into a greased deep swiss-roll tin. Place in moderate oven and bake 40 to 45 minutes. When cooked and cold, ice with chocolate icing and sprinkle with nuts or coconut.

CHOCOLATE WARM ICING

Half-pound icing sugar, 1 tablespoon grated chocolate or cocoa, 2 tablespoons water, vanilla.

Blend chocolate with water till smooth. Add vanilla, then add to icing sugar, making into a stiff consistency. Warm it over the gas and pour over the cake.

CHOCOLATE ROLL

One pound self-raising flour, 8oz. sugar, 12 tablespoons milk, 1 teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons cocoa, 6 tablespoons water.

Sift flour, salt, sugar and cocoa well together. Mix into a soft dough with

the water and milk. Two-thirds fill well-greased cocoa or salt tins with mixture. Cover with greased lids. Stand on a sandwich tin. Bake in a moderate oven 25 to 40 minutes. Turn on to a cake-cooler. When cold, cut into thin slices, and butter.

CHOCOLATE FLEUR

Six ounces short crust, 2 tablespoons cornflour, yolks 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons sugar, whites 2 eggs, 1 pint milk, 1 tablespoon grated chocolate, vanilla, 3 tablespoons sugar.

Make pastry, line a flour ring and cook in usual way. Make chocolate custard with milk, cornflour, sugar, yolks, chocolate and vanilla. When flour ring is cold, fill with chocolate custard. Heap the meringue made from sugar and whites, roughly over the top. Place in a cool oven to slightly brown. Serve on a glass stand.

CHOCOLATE SQUARES

Four ounces butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2 teaspoons cocoa, 1 cup mixed fruit (ginger, dates and raisins), essence.

Cream butter and sugar, add egg and essence, then sifted flour, baking powder, cocoa and fruit, stirring in evenly. Put into a well-greased swiss-roll tin and spread over evenly. Bake in a moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. When cooked cut into squares and leave on tin till cold. Then ice with a chocolate warm icing.

STEAMED CHOCOLATE PUDDING

Two ounces butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 4oz. self-raising flour, vanilla. Cream the butter and sugar till as

white as possible. Add the beaten egg, then milk, in which the cocoa has been blended, lastly the sifted flour and vanilla. Pour into a greased mangle or basin, cover with greased paper. Steam for 1 1/2 to 2 hours. Remove paper, turn on to a hot dish and serve with chocolate sauce.

CHOCOLATE TOFFEE

Three-quarters pound sugar, 4oz. butter, 2oz. chocolate, 1 small cup milk, vanilla.

Put the ingredients into a saucepan and boil 20 minutes. Pour into buttered tin. When cool crack into squares. Leave till set. This toffee is not meant to be too hard.

CHOCOLATE SPONGE

One pint milk, 1oz. grated chocolate, yolks 2 eggs, 1oz. gelatine, 1oz. sugar, whites 2 eggs.

Soak gelatine in a little water for one hour. Blend chocolate with the milk and bring to the boil, then pour gradually on to beaten yolks. Add sugar, return to double saucepan and cook till it coats the spoon. Pour gradually on to dissolved gelatine, mixing in well. Stand in cold water, and when cool stir in beaten whites of eggs. Pour into wetted mould, leave on ice till set, then cut on to glass dish, and serve with whipped cream.



Jams and Lollies in Gold-lined Cans

Choice fruit from sunny orchards prepared and packed without delay in hygienic gold-lined cans. You will enjoy these three delightful favorites:

ORANGE MARMALADE
MIRA PLUM
SOLUS APRICOT

It pays to insist on

Rosella

H EAT come milk lukewarm—not hot!—stir in sugar (one tablespoon to a pint)—remove from stove, add required amount of Hansen's Essence for making Fruit Junkets, and pour into glasses. That's all you do! It's set in five minutes, and after it's chilled you have a tempting delicious sweet simple enough for the children—gay enough for a party! Hansen's Fruit Junket Essence can be obtained in four real fresh fruit flavours and it never fails to "set." Order some to-day from your grocer—give the family something new for dessert to-night!

• If you prefer plain junket you can get Hansen's famous Junket Tablets at all grocers.

HANSEN'S
Essence for making
FRUIT JUNKETS
ORANGE—LEMON
RASPBERRY—VANILLA

One touch of 'NUGGET' makes the whole Shoe Shine!

NUGGET
BLACKER AND BRIGHTER

In Black, Dark Tan, Light Tan, various shades of Brown, and White.



**I detest
a shiny nose!**

*..that is why I use
Perfect Face Powder*

If you value your personal charm, don't risk having a shiny nose. Avoid this embarrassment with Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Face Powder. It has a soft, fine texture that makes it cling for hours, is delicately perfumed and comes in six flattering shades that blend exquisitely with the most exacting complexion. Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Face Powder has been highly refined and will not cause clogged or enlarged pores; and its velvety texture gives a smooth satin-like finish to your complexion. To obtain the best results always apply it over a foundation of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Vanishing Cream. Your complexion will then flatter you as never before.

Face Powder, 2/6
Vanishing
Cream, 2/6



Daggett & Ramsdell

BABES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on baby making contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 2d sent for postage to Depart. "A." Mrs. Clifford, 40 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne. Established 24 Years.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS CONDUCTED BY EVE GYE

Smart Luncheon or Dinner Mats for YOUR TABLE...

The home-lover, searching for something both novel and serviceable, and the crochet-lover, seeking something smart to work with crochet-needle and thread, will appreciate these instructions for making table-mats.

FOR the two mats, a half-pound ball of macrame twine (size No. 5) is needed, so you can gauge the amount required for a set of eight or more.

Use a No. 1 steel hook.
Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet.

Work the rows alternately into the back and front of the stitches, join each row with a slip-stitch and start the next with a chain-stitch to stand for 1st d.c.

THE LARGE MAT

17 ch. 1st Row: Miss 1 ch, 15 d.c. into

15ch. 2 d.c. in end ch, 15 d.c. in opposite side of ch, 2 d.c. in end ch.

2nd Row: 2 d.c. in next d.c., 12 d.c. in 12 d.c., 2 d.c. in next, 1 d.c. in each of next 2 stitches, 2 d.c. in next, 1 d.c. in next, 2 d.c. in next, 12 d.c. in 12 d.c., 2 d.c. in next, 1 d.c. in next, 2 d.c. in next.

3rd Row: 1 d.c. in next d.c., 2 d.c. in next d.c., 13 d.c. in 13 d.c., 2 d.c. in next, 1 d.c. in each of next 2 d.c., 2 d.c. in next, 1 d.c. in each of next 2 d.c., 2 d.c. in next, 13 d.c. in 13 d.c., 2 d.c. in next, 1 d.c. in each of next 2 d.c., 2 d.c. in next, 1 d.c. in next.

4th Row: 1 d.c. in next d.c., 2 d.c. in next, 14 d.c. in next 14 d.c., 2 d.c. in

Crocheted in
Macrame
Twine—
They'll
Last a
Lifetime!



IF YOU DO NOT wish to use the special macrame twine for these smart crochet mats, you may use twine—the ordinary kind such as is used to tie up parcels. This fine twine can be purchased by the ball.

THE SMALL MAT

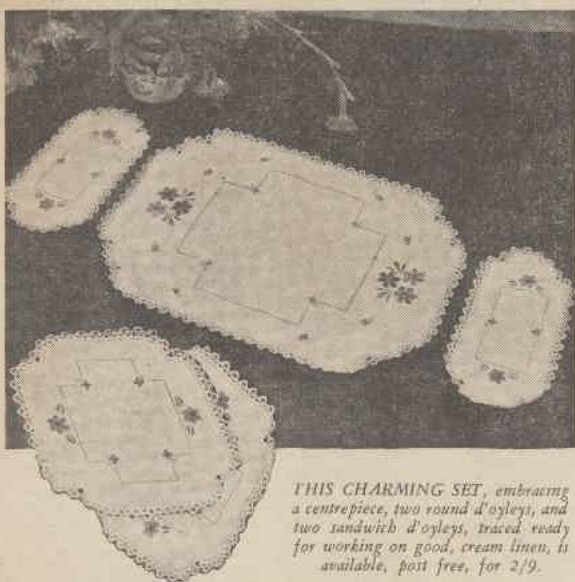
4 ch., join into a ring with a sl-st., work 8 d.c. into ring.

2nd Row: 2 d.c. into the back loop of each stitch.

3rd Row: * 2 d.c. into 1st stitch, 1 d.c. in next, repeat from *.

Continue for 9 rows working 2 stitches together over each increase in the row before, as in the large mat, to form sections. Finish with a similar edging.

Press the mats with a warm iron over a damp cloth.



THIS CHARMING SET, embracing a centre-piece, two round d'oyles, and two sandwich d'oyles, traced ready for working on good, cream linen, is available, post free, for 2/9.

This 5-Piece Set May Be Yours

HERE is a pretty design traced on a cream linen centre-piece with two round matching d'oyles and two sandwich d'oyles—the complete set is obtainable from our needlework department for 2/9.

In order to help you in your color schemes and the type of stitches for filling in and outlining, a small color chart is attached to each purchase. The edges are spoketitched, which

allows you to crochet a dainty edge or finish off with narrow lace.

As you see by the photograph at left, the design is simple yet sweet. As a consequence, there is not a great deal of work to do in order to get effective results.

To avoid delay, send your order direct to the Needlework Dept., The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4152X, G.P.O., Sydney.

A PROFESSIONAL "AUNTIE" RETIRES



DARLING, COULD YOU COME OVER AND STAY WITH MY INFANT TONIGHT? DON WANTS ME TO MEET HIM IN TOWN FOR DINNER.

LOVE TO! IT'LL BE FAR MORE EXCITING THAN SITTING HERE ALONE.



LOOKS LIKE I'M ELECTED "AUNTIE" TO ALL MY FRIENDS' CHILDREN. PERHAPS SOMEDAY I'LL KNOW WHY THE ONE MAN I WANTED DIDN'T WANT ME.



THAT NIGHT — bath time

SHALL I GIVE YOU A SHAMPOO, JEANIE? LOOK WHAT GRAND LATHER THIS SOAP GIVES

IT'S LIFEBOUY. IT'S THE ONLY SOAP WE USE. IT GETS YOU AWFUL CLEAN. AND MOTHER SAYS IT'S Milder THAN EVEN BABY SOAP



DADDY SAYS EVERYBODY SHOULD USE LIFEBOUY—SO'S THEY WON'T HAVE "B.O."

THAT'S AN IDEA



OF COURSE IT'S A CRAZY IDEA BUT COULD "B.O." BE WHAT TURNED JOHN AGAINST ME? THINK I'LL CHANGE TO LIFEBOUY JUST FOR LUCK



thanks to Lifebuoy's B.O. protection... SOON THE LUCK COMES



A LITTLE BIRDIE TOLD ME YOU'RE SEEING JOHN A LOT THESE DAYS. NO TIME NOW FOR MY JEANIE

THAT'S RIGHT. SHE'S GOT ME TO TAKE CARE OF UNTIL "DEATH DO US PART"



TIRING DAY AT THE OFFICE? IT'S BEEN SO HOT

M-M...BUT THAT LIFEBOUY BATHS PUT ME RIGHT

No More Summer Fatigue. Lifebuoy baths have put an end to that. If you're feeling tired out from the heat then let Lifebuoy's marvellously refreshing lather put new life into you. The lather's as good in cold as in hot water—and that clean, fresh scent vanishes as you rinse.

Lifebuoy gives sure protection.

When Lifebuoy is your bath soap you know your cleanliness is beyond reproach. Abundant even in cold water, Lifebuoy lather purifies, deodorizes, stops "B.O." (body odors). You need Lifebuoy's protection in another way, too—for your skin. It guards against infection, keeps your skin healthy, free from all impurities.



A LEVER PRODUCT

Millions say... "It agrees with my skin"

THIS Magnificent DESIGN To Inspire All Needle-lovers...

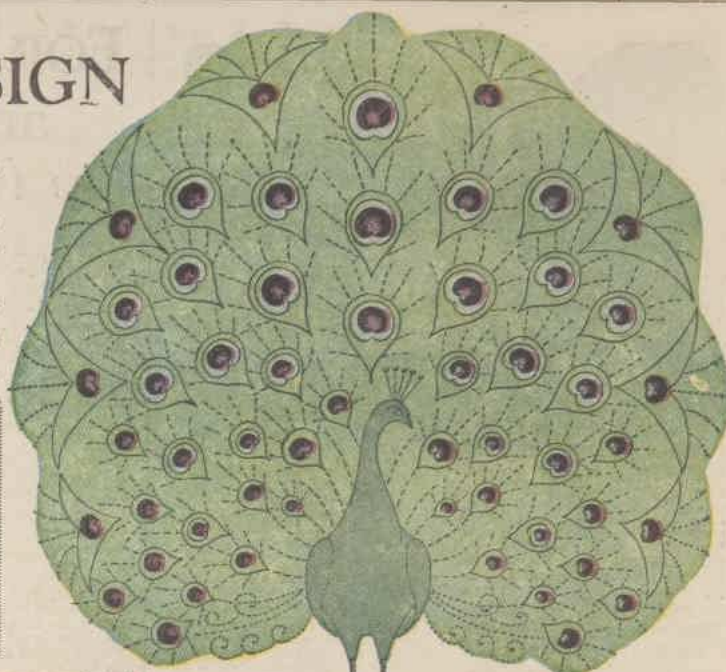
In the decoration of curtains, cushions, bedspreads, runners, wall panels, screens, kimonos and shawls

With Bertha Maxwell's Simple Directions, Tedious Work Is Eliminated, and the Peacock's Splendor of Color and Form Attained. Transfers Available Immediately on Application.

FROM TIME immemorial peacocks have been used for their decorative beauty of color and form; alive, they are a glorious note in a garden; in applied art they are the perfect example of richness of coloring. Always a favorite with needle-workers, they are delightful to embroider; their rich blues and greens give a sense of timeless leisure which makes the work a joyful pastime.

SPECIAL NOTE

ALL the Bertha Maxwell designs appearing in The Australian Women's Weekly are procurable only from the office of this paper, where they are specially prepared from new materials for every order. There is no old stock. But all previous designs are always available, no matter how long ago they appeared; they are stamped for you at once when your order comes in; send for them with confidence.



THIS colorful picture gives you detail of Bertha Maxwell's simplified design. When worked, it will look simply glorious. Transfer, measuring 20 x 20 inches, cost 1/-



THIS COLORFUL SKETCH by Artist Petrov shows a fire-screen and kimono carrying the gay peacock design. The design would look magnificent on a black or deep red kimono. The transfer, remember, cost only 1/- from the office of The Australian Women's Weekly.

THESE lovely birds are so beautiful in their wealth of different feathers and magnificent colorings that one is apt to attempt too much in a simple piece of needlework.

The design shown here, however, has been reduced to the utmost simplicity while retaining the true form of the tail, and there is scope for the use of all the best colors of these feathers to make a quick, effective decoration for kimonos, cushions, curtains, or bedspreads.

If you love birds and flowers for their inspiring beauty, you need not be afraid of the old superstition of ill-luck attaching to the feathers of the peacock; the "eyes" of the tail were said to represent the eyes of a youthful god who was slain by an enemy—just old Greek mythology. In the cult of symbolism the peacock stands for immortality; surely a beautiful subject for your work.

The transfer of this design measures 20 inches by 20 inches, and costs 1/-.

By removing the trail of flowers at the foot of the wall on the right the

pattern becomes small enough to set nicely on a cushion made from material measuring 18 inches by 18 inches.

Peacocks are larger than domestic fowls, with strong dark legs and feet. They love to stand on a wall or shed and spread their glorious fanlike tails for admiration, moving slowly round and quivering the feathers with a sound like wind in tiny leaves; but when they are molting, just like any other fowls, they shrink behind the garden bushes and hate to be seen—their vanity is excusable.

When in full feather, the lovely tail is folded back and trailed behind like the train of a dress, but well clear of the ground, for these feathers are really the tail covers supported above the strong plain feathers of the true tail.

If you are near any public gardens, try to study these birds for your needlework; you will gather color hints impossible to describe.

The Colors

GENERALLY speaking, rich dark blues, greens, and a little gold applied like gold-dust. Some of the feathers are so metallic that these rather quiet colors shine with a brilliant radiance, and there is always the suggestion of gold powdering here and there which produces an inimitable sense of rich light.

Let us come down to our cottons, and do the best we can with them; or silks if we wish.

The body of the bird, head and neck, may be worked in deep blue, such as F427, F411 or F465; a shade lighter will not be too light if these are unobtainable. The wings are chestnut in color, in parts, and as only portions of them are seen in this design, work them in F477 or F478.

There would be no objection to working the wings in the same blue as the body for uniformity, or in black. The beak and legs are black, and the eye is brown.

The crest on the head is green, with a powdering of gold in the rounded tips; to give a powdered effect to your thread, take a single strand of green or blue and a single strand of gold (F490), thread together in the needle, and work without twisting.

For heavier parts needing more cotton, use two greens or blues to one of gold; this is a splendid tip for the tail feathers later.

Some of the many-feathered effects have been omitted, for when you have worked the parts shown the stitching will have filled in very effectively. The eyes of the feathers may be worked in the same blue as the bird's body, or a shade lighter.

In the larger feathers, the next ring of color shown in the design is an

emerald shade, such as F475, F464, or F496; the final outer ring of color is green again, F465 or F499, with a thread of gold in the needle as well.

The feathery rays running out from the rounded parts should be lightly outlined with green and gold in the needle, using the darkest green with which you are working.

The fan-shaped feathers round the outer rim of the tail are worked like the others in the centre; fill in the crescent shapes lightly with green and gold together. The small curly feathers low down on each side of the tail are also green and gold.

The Wall: Use any grey or fawn shades for this, or a rosy brick color. Work the bricks or stones not too

straightly about the edges, so that it shows a slightly ancient appearance in keeping with an old garden.

The Flowers: Use rose or gold colors for these, or rich purples; work in satin-stitching or flat buttonholing all round the rim of petals, leaving the centre unworked except for the yellow dots. Green leaves of any shade may be put in, with the small groups of spots in yellow.

This is a very useful design for many other craft purposes, and workers in many mediums will find it useful for trays, table-tops, hangings, shawls, and scarves.

For an embroidered tray to be framed under glass it is perfect in shape and style.

JOAN IS SO CONSTIPATED AND NOTHING I HAVE TRIED SEEMS TO SUIT HER. NURSE, WHAT DO YOU RECOMMEND?



sure when it is a question of the children's medicine Mrs. Willis.

I do know mothers who experiment with cheap and drastic preparations. They don't realise that they're courting danger.

Send for a bottle of 'California Syrup of Figs' from the chemist now and give Joan a dose at bedtime. She'll be as bright as a lark in the morning. Give it to her regularly once a week and she'll have no more trouble with constipation.

'California Syrup of Figs' is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2/4 times the quantity for 2/10. Be sure to say 'California' and look for 'Calfig' on the package.

"California Syrup of Figs"
"NATURE'S OWN" LAXATIVE

You must DO Something about your Indigestion

Cripping Pains, Burning Stomach, Sour Bile rising in the throat, Offensive Flatulence, Coated Tongue, Bilious Headaches, Heart Palpitation,

are nature's warning that indigestion is getting you in its grip. If these early symptoms are neglected they may lead to Chronic Gastritis, Gastric or Duodenal Ulcers or Colitis—painful and distressing ailments which may necessitate an operation. Yet there is no need for you to suffer.

EVERY SUFFERER FROM INDIGESTION WANTS 3 THINGS, AND WANTS THEM QUICKLY.

Firstly, he wants immediate relief from his pain, feeling of fullness, palpitation or flatulence.

Secondly, he knows that unless his inflamed or weakened stomach is protected from the hot, burning acid continually poured out, he will only have the pains come back again.

Thirdly, he wants help for his weak stomach to digest the food he must take.

Finally, by persistent use of De Witt's Antacid Powder, the system gets regulated and healthy so that the stomach can digest your food, and medicine is not required.

So every day that you put off getting De WITT'S Antacid Powder means another day of unnecessary suffering for you

De WITT'S Antacid Powder

Sold by all Chemists and Stores, in sky-blue canister 2/6

TRUST YOUR DENTIST

To bring back
NATURAL WHITENESS
to your teeth

-he says **KOLYNOS**



Try Kolynos. Discover for yourself just how amazingly effective it is. Used on a DRY brush morning and night it will improve your teeth at once. They will feel cleaner. Soon they will look naturally white—whiter than you believed possible!

This remarkable dental cream foams into every tiny crevice and kills millions of germs which are the cause of stain, tartar and decay. It cleans every tooth surface and enters every nook and cranny. Your teeth are cleaned perfectly—right down to the beautiful, natural white enamel without injury. Get a tube to-day. Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

The Antiseptic, Germicidal and Cleansing TOOTH PASTE.

FOR Young WIVES and MOTHERS The Winter Baby and His Wardrobe

By MARY TRUBY KING

The fewer clothes baby wears the better, provided he is kept perfectly warm. Mothers have a tendency to over-dress babies, even in winter.

Materials should be chosen which are light in weight and porous. For this reason the most expensive fabrics are not always recommended.

THE following is a list of the garments to prepare for the "winter baby":—

Three or four cellular cotton shirts.
Three or four hand-knitted vests.
Three or four flannel petticoats.
Four frocks.
Three coats.
Four nightgowns.
Two bonnets (hand-knitted, woollen).
Four pairs booties.
One large shawl.
Two small soft shawls.
Six bibs.
Three binders for the cord dressing.
Three dozen napkins.
Two pairs knitted plichers.

Cellular cotton material is best for putting next to baby's skin, summer or

ing him from his cot, and when taking him out in his pram. Two-thirds of a yard of material 27 inches wide makes one coat, or these also may be hand-knitted.

Cheap flannel is the best winter material for baby's nightgowns. A little less than 11 yards, 30 inches wide, makes one nightgown.

Have Clothing Loose

DO not have any constricting bands round the waist.

Bonnets and booties are very often given to baby as presents, so they may be left to the last moment. It is not necessary or advisable for baby to wear a bonnet when indoors. Baby's feet must always be kept comfortably warm. Booties may be made from scraps of



THIS YOUNG MAN isn't interested in his wardrobe, but is enjoying for a little while the absence of clothes before his evening bath.

winter. For four shirts, buy 21 yards of cellular cotton, 27 inches wide. This material does not shrink when boiled, and it has the advantage of being cheap, lasting, porous and soft to the touch. Cellular cotton is not irritating to the skin, as pure wool very often is.

For knitting up the vests use a very soft, special "baby" wool, or a silk-and-wool mixture, two-ply.

Use Cheap Material

THE petticoats should be made from a cheap, porous flannel (the expensive flannels are too closely woven), winsey or viella. Allow 11 yards of material, 30 inches wide, for each petticoat. A magyar style, nineteen inches long, is suitable. The frock, also in magyar style, should be 20 inches long, and allow just over 11 yards of material 30 inches wide for each frock. Light, knitted frocks may be used instead, and are dainty and warm.

For the coats, any of the materials suggested for the frock may be used. Always put a coat on baby when lifting him from his cot, and when taking him out in his pram. Two-thirds of a yard of material 27 inches wide makes one coat, or these also may be hand-knitted.

Choose a sunny day. Fill a basin with cold water and let the material or wool remain in it for a few minutes. Then hang up to dry without wringing.

Remember, above all, baby's toes must be kept warm. Don't let his feet and legs dangle unprotected from beneath his shawl, as in this way he is very liable to become chilled.

ENHANCE YOUR CHARM



Establish the
regular habit
of using Odorono

SMART women take no chances wondering if the deodorant they use is lasting. They use Odorono regularly to control underarm perspiration. It saves their clothes, and insures their peace of mind.

Odorono is safe and sure. It is used and recommended by leading physicians everywhere. Only a liquid like Odorono is the dependable way to prevent perspiration discomforts.

Odorono is made in two strengths to meet every need. Both have the sanitary applicator. For perfect results follow the simple directions on every bottle.

Australian Agents
HILLCASTLE, Ltd.

Prices 1/-, 2/- and 3/6

ODO-RO-NO

Deodorant and Perspiration Corrective

RESTFUL SLEEP for Mother and Baby

Mrs. C. writes—

"Since my little boy was the tiniest tot I have given him your wonderful Infants' Powders. When cutting his teeth he would scream, and seem to be in agony, but an Infants' Powder soon put him at ease, as if he seemed restless at night, one of your Infants' Powders meant a nice sleep for both baby and me."

Happy, restful days for baby during the teething period—freedom from pain and sickness. That is why wise mothers choose Ashton & Parsons' Infants' Powders. Their action is soothing and helpful in digestion and bowel functions, and absolutely harmless to the tiny system. Always ask for

ASHTON & PARSONS' INFANTS' POWDERS
Box of 20 Powders 1/6 at chemists and stores. For free sample write to Phosphorine (Ashton & Parsons) Ltd., 131 Palmer Street, Sydney.

GREATHEAD'S MIXTURE

GET HOLD OF THAT COLD! Don't let it get hold of you, for it may lead to a more serious illness. GREATHEAD'S MIXTURE, taken in accordance with the directions, will immediately relieve the worst of Colds and prevent further trouble.

Mixed with Honey, Children will take it Freely.

Famous for over 60 years. OBTAINABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS AND LEADING STORES.

"VAREX" FOR BAD LEGS NO RESTING REQUIRED

There's no need to tie up with a bad leg. One man actually worked overtime while using "Varex" Treatment. Four to six dressings—one a week—quits suffer. "Varex" heals all ulcers, old or new. Very soothing, and relieves pain quickly and permanently. Easy and inexpensive. Write for free booklet to-day to Ernest Hodder, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Varex Ltd., 312 Flaxton Street, Melbourne. 4248 George Street, Sydney, and 328 Collins Street, Melbourne.

Now you can take up your needles and knit yourself the newest, lightest and fleeci-est Continental jumper for Autumn and early Winter wear

TO MOTHERS. To keep your baby happy and contented use Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Talcum regularly. Safest for baby's tender skin—prevents chafing, soreness, rashes and irritations.



SHRUBBERY HAS BEEN used to emphasize the cream and green exterior of this attractive Hollywood residence, belonging to Alexander Hall, Paramount director. Both deciduous and evergreen shrubs may be seen to advantage, outlined against the cream wall, and an evergreen shrub thickly borders the close-clipped lawn.

Shrubs Tone-up Every Garden

Invaluable as a Foil for Flowering Annuals and Perennials...they give, too, an air of Dignity to Garden and Home....

Says the Old Gardener

Who has not, at some time, gazed in envy at an ordered shrub border—belonging to somebody else—wondered at the symmetry and perfection of the spacing, and how it is done? For a garden, outlined with shrubs, wears an indefinable air of breeding—it is an aristocrat among gardens.



When Somebody's overtired in your House

—“almost too tired to eat,” with nerves worked up and digestion too weak to benefit from ordinary food. Remember, there is nothing like Benger's Food for quick recuperation. It soothes the distressed stomach, and is readily absorbed when the system is unable to digest ordinary food. Benger's Foodlet will help sufferers from the unrest of weak digestion. Post free from Benger's Food, Ltd., 350, George Street, Sydney.

Prices in City & Suburbs:
No. 1 size — 3/-
No. 2 size — 5/6
Made at MANCHESTER, Eng.



COLOR, PERFUME, BEAUTY ALL FOR YOUR GARDEN WITH ANDERSON'S RAINBOW FREESIAS

These superb flowers of fine texture and exquisite coloring—shades of blue, lavender, pink, cream, orange, and gold—are wonderfully easy of culture.
Borns on long sturdy stems, and flowering the first Springtime after planting. They make a permanent beauty spot in an otherwise uninteresting corner of your garden.
ANDERSON'S RAINBOW FREESIAS are self-seeders for the present planting at 1/6 doz., 50 for 3/-; 100 for 15/- POST FREE.

ANDERSON & CO. LTD.
200-401 George St. and 100 Pitt St., Sydney.
Box 1088B, G.P.O. Phone, BW1071-B006.

With a reasonable amount of care in the beginning, you, too, may grow shrubs as well as anybody—for borders or to fill up unattractive corners. Read what the Old Gardener has to say:

IN planning a shrubbery there is a good deal to take into consideration—climatic conditions, position, soil, manures, types of shrubs to be planted, and so on, and it is most advisable to secure expert advice on it. For you will be very disappointed in your shrubs if they are planted in a wrong position or if the climatic conditions are unfavorable.

The bed where the shrubs are to be planted must be thoroughly prepared. Trenching up to two or three feet is the ideal method, especially in heavy soils. See also that the drainage is perfect. Shrubs will not thrive in wet, sour soils.

All excess water must be allowed to drain away freely. A good dressing of lime should also be spread over the plot when the trenching is completed. Do not leave it to lie on the surface, but work it lightly in with the garden fork.

Now everything is ready for planting. The next operation is to measure the plot out into the pattern or design you are planning. Where the holes are to be dug drive a stake, first dipping each in a bucket of whitewash, and when all are fixed you will have some idea how your shrubbery will appear when planted. All tall shrubs must be placed in the background, then smaller ones graduating down, until you finish up with the very dwarf type as a border. This effect can be seen first by placing the stakes in order from tall in the background to short in the foreground.

What to Sow in March—Flower and Bulb Garden

In answer to the many questions of “what seeds and what kinds of bulbs can I sow in March,” here is a comprehensive list:

ANTIRRHINUM, aquilegia, campanula, candytuft, carnation, chrysanthemum (annual), cornflower, delphinium (annual and perennial), dianthus, digitalis, English marigold, eschscholzia, forget-me-not, gillardia, godetia, gypsophila, helichrysum, hollyhock, lobelia, lupinus, lychins, mignonette, mimulus, nasturtium, nemophila, nigella, pansy, pentstemon, phlox drummondii, peppy

Vegetables

IN drills, sow seeds now of: Beet, broad beans, carrot, dwarf, or french beans and butter beans (the last sowing of the season), onion, parsley, parsnip, peas, spinach, swede turnip, white turnip.

In prepared seed beds, sow cabbage, cauliflower, kohlrabi, leek. Plant aschaleot, garlic, potato onion, tree onion, rhubarb roots. For salad, sow seeds of cress, lettuce, mustard, onion, radish, water cress.

Shrubs must have plenty of room, and should be so placed that, when fully grown, they just touch each other.

Plant With Method

WHEN planting, see that alternate shrubs are selected. For example, evergreen, then deciduous and in this way you will always have a variety which will take away any bare forlorn appearance during the dreary winter months. Select so that during the whole of the year—winter included—some of the shrubs will give a floral display.

Plant shrubs carefully and with method. See that the holes are well dug, and the roots have plenty of room. I have noticed gardeners digging a small hole, and putting the plant in with no thought as to how much room the roots have to spread. I have seen roots turned up and cramped in all directions.

If the roots do not have free movement, the growth of the shrub must be retarded for a considerable period.

Many places in the garden may be used for some bright, flowering variety, and in large gardens shrubs can be planted in unexpected positions. A tree planted here and there as a landmark, and for shade is an asset around the home.

Here are just a few suitable shrubs: Abelia, arbutus, alydia, ardisia, aucuba, brunsfelsia, teocoma, grevillea, eugenia, erythrina, camellia, callistemon, deutzia, hakea, magnolia, podalyria, polioctena, gardenia, daphne, cottonaster, cydonia, tamarix, poinsettia, genista, rondoletia, choysya, casia, Ochna, donkeya, cyrtus, lantana, forsythia, euonymus, laurum, russelia, spartium, jasmium, laurandria, laurus, ceastrum, chamaelaurum, habrothamnus, felicia, plumblake, philadelphus, veronica, apirnea, sambucus.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

CONDUCTED BY
PAL CONNIE

MY Dear Pal:

Here is a problem for you to work out. Can you place The Australian Women's Weekly in such a position that you can stand on it, and a friend can stand on it, and yet neither of you can touch a c h other. Sounds hard, doesn't it? Well, here is how it is done.

Place The Australian Women's Weekly beneath a closed door. Then, you on one side and the friend on the other can each stand on the paper, but neither can touch the other because of the intervening door.

A very delightful letter came this week from BETTY SHAW, Thynne Road, Morningside, Brisbane (Qld.), and Betty wins the prize of 3/- for the best letter. Here is a short extract from her interesting letter:

“Recently, the children of our school had a most enjoyable trip to Ipswich. We caught the train at Brisbane Station, early in the morning and started off. After a mile of grassy plains we passed, and the cattle browsing on the plains were a delight to the eye. When we reached our destination we were shown over a poultry factory. Here we saw hundreds of hens and jags, and were told the various processes used in the making of poultry.”

Good-bye for one short week.

Cherlie.

From Your Pal,

CONNIE.



NGAERE TWEEDE

Just Chatter

CATHERINE McGAHAN, of Northwood, via Seymour, is a keen tennis player; DULCIE TALBOT, of Bth. Launceston (Tas.), writes good verse; GILBERT YOUNG, of Warrington, via Mackay (Qld.), writes stories nicely.

KATHERINE FIASCHI, of Darling Point (N.S.W.), does nice sketches; CONSTANCE NOTT, of Mullumbimby (N.S.W.), celebrated her birthday last month; DULCIE THOMSON, of Thargomindah, says the name of her town means muddy water.

PATRICIA LOCHIN, of Greenwith (N.S.W.), likes going punting; TOM BRADY, of Bendigo (Vic.), has a big Alsatian dog for his favorite pet; PATRICIA SHARP, of Toorak, Melbourne, is a new Pal.

JOAN FINNEY, of Lorn, West Maitland (N.S.W.), always reads our section; H. SHAW, of Northcote (Vic.), is welcomed as another Pal; MONICA BRENNAN, of Alma St., West Wau (N.S.W.), would like to correspond with a Pal.

MERLE CLARKE, of East Lismore (N.S.W.), writes a delightful letter; MAVIS BENNETT,

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A River Scene

By HEATHER SMITH

THE river flowed lazily between its low, verdant banks; its gentle ripple mingled with the twittering of the small birds and the monotonous drone of the insects.

The water, crystal clear, reflected the blue of the sky, the green of the trees, the brown clouds floating across it. The river rippled slowly past the big, bushy willows, scarcely ruffling their dense foliage.

Past grassed banks with their roots twisting and twining into the water, and round little given banks, and into little shallows where it cast its smooth, grey, waterworn pebbles up on to the golden sand. It was on the eastern way to the sea, to mingle its clear, tranquil water with the restless waves of the wide, blue ocean.

Two Prize Cards to HEATHER SMITH, Bendisham, South East, S.A.

Jumbled Figures

IF you want to have some fun, try this game. Get a story-book, papers, or magazines cut out pictures of men, women, and children. Paste them neatly on cardboard and then cut each across into three pieces. Jumble all the pieces together and then hand them out one by one to the players, who must try to get the figures to fit.

After the players have placed together all they can, they then exchange scraps. The backs of the figures only must be shown to the players in the exchange. At the end of the game the player with the largest number of completed figures is the winner.

Prize Card to G. MYERS, 83 Bundarra Road, Bellevue Hill, Sydney.

FOR FUN & FANCY

OLD MRS. FLINT: And what should a polite little boy say to the lady who has given him a halpenny for carrying her parcels? Little Boy: I'm too polite to tell you, madam. Prize Card to RHONDA SHILLABEER, Oakbank, S.A.

Prize Card to RHONDA SHILLABEER, Oakbank, S.A.

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The Valley

By JEAN THOMPSON

VALLEY in a halo of checkered gold, the valley lay absorbing the sun's rays, which swept along wooded hills, into a deep gorge, from whence a cool breeze came fanning the trees.

Here and there in the valley the red tops of the houses were scarcely perceptible through the green foliage, while the white, curling smoke twisted its way up to the azure clouds. Slowly the sun was sinking behind the hills, and as the stars trooped out over the certain of night, the sentinel soldiers of colour stood on guard in the west corner of the sky.

Prize of 3/- to JEAN THOMPSON (13), 21 Glasgow St., Balmuir, N.S.W.

Prison Visitor: So you are in here for seven years. What is the charge? Convict: That isn't any charge—everything is free here. Prize Card to UNA AYRES, Glenmaggie, Clippelland, Vic.

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THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

Flawless Skin may be Yours

Read what an overseas beauty expert has to say about acquiring a matchless complexion.

By EVELYN

YESTERDAY I met and talked with Esme Scott, a beauty expert, who has studied for years under one of the world's greatest in the field of beauty—Helena Rubenstein.

We discussed all phases of beauty care, but more specifically skin care, treatments, and make-up. Feeling you could be most interested, I pass on to you this expert's method for treating the normal, the oily, and the dry skin. Next week I will give you a few of Esme Scott's suggestions for treating sallow and lined complexions, and, still later, some illuminating hints on make-up.

EVERY intelligent woman who really cares can become at least good looking—no matter how plain she is—in Esme Scott's opinion. How much further she goes will depend upon herself.

Every feature, no matter how fine it is, loses half its power if surrounded by an inexpressive complexion.

There are three types of skin: the normal, the dry, and the oily. Decide as nearly as you can to which type yours belongs.

Some women have what I call mixed skins—the skin is dry on certain parts of the face, and oily on others. As, for instance, dry on the cheeks and chin and oily on the nose and forehead. In such a case the treatment must be a

all their days, while certain young skins are too dry, or, more often, they are oily and affected with blackheads and acne.

In the treatment of a normal skin the first step—as with every other type—has to do with cleansing. The skin requires a certain amount of cleansing with cream, and a certain amount with soap and water. I advise alternating these methods, using cream one night and water the next. In this way you may be sure not to dry out the natural oils too much.

In winter, and whenever the face has been subjected to winds or sun, I suggest the application of a little cream even on soap and water nights—just after washing. Leave it on for ten minutes, which will be long enough to supply any need for oil which the washing may have taken out.

As to the soap you use: it should be chosen carefully and should not be too fatty, and if you use soap substitute choose the best, so that it will not injure even the most sensitive skin.

In addition to cleansing, it is very necessary to use a cream which will maintain the skin in a normal condition and preserve its transparency. A clarifying cream regulating the secretions of the glands and having properties to discourage slight discolorations is advised—even the smooth, normal skin can have its lapses.

Along with the cleansing and active cream, the normal skin needs a tonic to remove any superfluous oil after the use of the creams and to tone and close the pores. Incidentally, there are tonics that serve the double purpose of stimulating and toning, as well as forming a base for make-up.

The Oily Skin Bogy

AS with the normal skin, the first step in the treatment of the oily skin is its cleansing. Some women with oily skins protest against washing the face, having the idea that the more they wash it the more oily it becomes. This is not true. However, if the wrong method of washing is used there may be a quick return to the oily condition.

Dust and dirt have an affinity for the oily skin, and where the trouble is augmented with sluggish circulation the process of elimination from the sebaceous glands is slowed and the result is clogged pores. A dissolving agent is needed to rid the pores of these impurities.

Once the face is washed or cleansed with a proper cream, the oily skin will need a lotion that stimulates and whips

the blood to the surface and makes the skin more receptive for the cream which follows. Many women who have oily skins believe they should not use creams, but creams which contain specific ingredients for treating the overworked oil glands and which restore them to their normal activity are most necessary.

No cream should be left on an oily skin overnight. Creams such as I have described do their work very rapidly and need be applied only for a few minutes. A day after the cream a cool-



WELL-CARED-FOR SKIN not only looks beautiful, but is soft and smooth to the touch.

ing lotion should be applied to close the pores and give a cool finish to the skin.

Banishing Dry Skin

THE burning question among women seems to be to wash or not to wash the dry skin. An occasional wash, especially during the summer months, is beneficial, and even necessary, for keeping the pores cleaned and loose.

Wash the face thoroughly in tepid water, with a mild soap or soap substitute, let us say, once a week. But at other times the cleansing would be done with a soothing, cooling cream.

Where the skin is very sensitive, this type of cleansing must entirely take the place of water and washing until the condition can be remedied.

Where the circulation is sluggish, a stimulant is necessary before using nourishing cream to bring the blood near to the surface of the skin. Sometimes it is necessary to nourish the skin again in the morning or during a before-dinner treatment.

The mild, astringent lotion used for the pores must be of a soothing, balsamic nature, and not have the drying properties that astringent lotions usually have.

Perhaps you did not know that this was possible, and thought all astringents were drying as well as tightening, but you can find one which tightens without drying the skin.

Would Miss J.L. send a stamped, addressed envelope for personal reply?—"Rozzy."



IN HOLLYWOOD they leave nothing to the imagination in beauty treatment appliances. Here you see the cold cream brush for applying cleansing cream and stimulating the skin at the same time, as used by Florine McKinney, M.G.M. player.



"Tell me doctor...You know what

children are—always falling and cutting their knees and grazing their hands. I don't regard such things as trifles; I had a young brother who died of blood poisoning. Tell me, is there no efficient antiseptic I can apply at once with perfect confidence?"

"Dettol" is such an antiseptic—dangerous only to germs. It is a clean, pleasant fluid—non-poisonous and non-corrosive—highly efficient as a germ-killer. You can apply it freely (there are directions on every bottle). Remember, the smallest break in the skin is a wide-open gateway for the germs of septic infection.

Disinfect cuts and scratches at once with "Dettol." The way to prevent blood poisoning is to kill the germs that cause it. USE "DETTOL" PROMPTLY IN TIME OF ACCIDENT.



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THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC
YOUR CHEMIST HAS IT—IN 2/- BOTTLES

IF UNOBTAINABLE LOCALLY, SEND 2/- DIRECT AND A BOTTLE WILL BE SENT TO YOU, POST FREE.

BECKITT'S (OVER SEAS) LIMITED (PHARMACEUTICAL DEPT.), SYDNEY.

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

PATIENT: Don't you think everyone makes too much fuss about influenza these days? The slightest suggestion of a cold, and you hear people say they have "influenza," and they make as much fuss about it as they would if they were seriously ill. I know that one has to take reasonable care, but I think all this fussing is overdone.

I THINK you are confusing issues in this matter. Certainly a nasal cold is not influenza, and many people are apt to call it such, but when true influenza is present the patient cannot be over-careful.

Influenza is a dreaded complaint, especially when it becomes epidemic.

In true influenza the patient is likely to feel tired and slightly indisposed a few days before the real symptoms appear. Then, as a rule, the nose and respiratory tract are attacked. There may be running nose, like a typical "cold in the head." The fever rises. Delirium may be present.

But most characteristic of all is the extreme weakness and general prostration which the patient experiences, and which, strange to say, may persist for several weeks after the acute symptoms have subsided.

PNEUMONIA, the outstanding and dangerous complication of influenza, is frequently fatal. Another curious thing about influenza is that it may attack almost any part of the nervous system. Severe headaches are not uncommon. Sometimes the germs get into the brain tissue, causing inflammation—meningitis. Even paralysis of the limbs may result. The heart may also

be affected in a flu attack. Death has resulted from weakening of the heart muscle.

Influenza should not be looked upon as of little account. Even when an epidemic does not exist, even when the case is one of ordinary influenza, every care should be exercised.

All patients should be put to bed at once at the first sign of the disease, and a physician should be called.

The practice of belittling the disease and looking upon it merely as a severe cold is to be deplored. Influenza is a dangerous disease. Isolation of the patient should be carried out if at all possible so as to prevent its spread to others.

Treat influenza seriously. It is a dangerous illness.

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Home Dressmakers Will Find the Expertly-cut Patterns For These Chic Designs Simple and Easy to Follow. Send to Our Pattern Department.

DELIGHTFUL NECKWEAR.

WW1105.—Lovely finishing touch to the summer frock that will change an old frock into an excitingly new one. For the smart, high, triple collar you will require 1 yard 36-inch wide material; for the dressy, befrilled collar, 1½ yards. PAPER PATTERN, 10d. the set.

SNUG CHILD'S COAT

WW1106.—A simple but very pleasing coat for a little girl of 3 to 8 years. Cravat style is pleasing and modern. Note cute pockets and panels back and front. Material required: 2½ to 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

DELIGHTFUL STYLE

WW1111.—A very distinguished style with a real Parisian air. Sleeves are the popular semi-dolman, and skirt panels are gathered. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

UNUSUAL CHIC BLOUSE

WW1107.—With its unusual interesting sleeves and flattering treatment at the waist this blouse will delight discerning women. Note pretty jabot front, ideal to peep from under a coat. Bust sizes, 32 to 36 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



ww1107



ww1105



ww1106



ww1111



ww1112



ww1109

MATRON'S BRIDGE GOWN
WW1108.—Here is a graceful bridge and dinner gown for a matron. Note slenderizing cross-over effect, cleverly terminating in the single flowing line. Sleeves, 36 to 40 inches. Material required for 40-inch bust: 5 yards, 36 inches wide, with 1½ yards lace contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

CHARMINGLY YOUTHFUL
WW1110.—A very sweet evening gown for more informal wear—very suitable for a young girl. Youthful puff sleeves are in harmony with the soft large bow tying at the back. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 6 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



ww1108



ww1110

DEBONAIR ENSEMBLE

WW1112.—This dashing ensemble has a very sporty, debonair air. Very suitable for coming cooler evenings. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 7 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

DIGNIFIED MODEL

WW1109.—A simple style, delightful inasmuch as you will always feel quietly well-dressed in it. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

FOUR-IN-ONE TROUSSEAU PATTERN FREE!

To obtain, fill in coupon at left of page and send to our offices.

YOU may make this beautiful 4-piece trousseau set with this week's splendid four-in-one free pattern.

No. 1, brassiere, cleverly shaped, requires 1 yard 36-inch wide material, with 1½ yards lace edging.

No. 2, scanties, with shaped band, require 1 yard 36-inch wide material, with 2 yards lace edging.

No. 3, the slip, requires 2½ yards with 1½ yards lace edging.

No. 4, the night-dress, soft and graceful, requires 3 yards material 36-inches wide, with 1 yard lace.



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FREE PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a free pattern of the garments illustrated at far right, fill in the coupon, and post it WITH 1d. STAMP to cover the cost of postage, clearly marking on the envelope, "Patterns Dept." to any of the following addresses. A PENNY STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. A charge of three-pence will be made for Free Patterns over one month old.

ADELAIDE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 3584, G.P.O., Adelaide.

BRISBANE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane.

MELBOURNE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 125, G.P.O., Melbourne.

NEWCASTLE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.

SYDNEY.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4133K, G.P.O., Sydney.

TASMANIA.—The Australian Women's Weekly, c/o Andrew Mather and Co. Pty. Ltd., 100-110 Liverpool St., Hobart.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see addresses of our various offices, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name

Address

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FOR YOURSELF now easy and interesting everything is. Write your name and address on the coupon, state whether Mrs. or Miss, and enclose 4d. in stamps for this wonderful FREE BOOK, "The New Way of Dresscutting and Dressmaking." I will also send full particulars of my New Way Scholarship offer—a great opportunity for ambitious girls and women.

Miss Florence Fox, 25-6 Oystershell St., Sydney, N.S.W.

Coupon

Dear Madam—Send me ABSOLUTELY FREE full particulars of the New Way Scholarship Offer, and a copy of your book, "The New Way of Dresscutting and Dressmaking." I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage.

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IS NOW BE CONQUERED THROUGH A REVOLUTIONARY NEW DISCOVERY — THE HUTUWAI PLANT. The HUTUWAI PLANT has the necessary qualities and power to give genuine relief for Rheumatoid Arthritis, Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Neuritis, Neuralgia, Indigestion, and Constipation. HUTUWAI REMEDY is the Most Efficacious. Mrs. N. Monro, of 22 Cambridge St., writes on 15th January, 1936: "I have been suffering for over two years with rheumatism and arthritis and several times attended hospital and tried several remedies, but only got worse. After a short course of your Hutuwai Remedy I have now a wonderful improvement. This week I was able to do my own washing and mending—a thing which previously had been impossible."

Yours faithfully, Mrs. N. Monro.
(Write or call) Hutuwai Distributors, 511 West St., Sydney. Free consultation, free test charts. Hutuwai Remedy, 3/- and 1/6 per bottle. Free delivery Sydney Metropolitan area. Elsewhere in Australia, postage 1/- per bottle. Let HUTUWAI help you TO-DAY.

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PUTTING the "PUNCH" into Your GOLF

How the Long Irons Should be Used to Get Results

Lesson Learned from America's Champions

By JIM FERRIER, Amateur Champion of Australia and Close Champion of New South Wales—No. 3.

Last week's lesson was on the "sweeping" way of the wood shot—this week's deals with the "punching" way of the ball with the iron clubs from Nos. 1 to 5.

And any player will find it helpful to keep these terms in mind in relation to their respective clubs.

THE long iron shot is a direct, down hit. It should be the aim to hit into the ball and then push the club down and through so that a small divot is taken starting from the spot where the ball lay.

With that idea firmly in the mind let's get to the start. For the iron shot it is obviously necessary to stand closer to the ball and, as a consequence, it is easier to keep the shot straight.

The feet should be slightly closer together than for the wood shot, with the left foot about two inches back from the line of play.

Need for Care

IN order that the club may be brought down on the ball it is played a little further back from the front foot than the drive. And the weight of the body should be more on the front leg.

As with the wood, turn the head slightly so that the left eye is focused on the ball.

As the swing is not a sweeping one care must be taken to keep the wrists firm. If they are allowed to roll or be loose in the swing the club-head will

turn as it strikes the turf and the shot will be fouled. Commence the swing with the wrist firm—by that I don't mean uncomfortably tight—and take the club back along



ABOVE: A critical stage of the iron shot. Ferrier is bringing the club-head fast down on to the ball.

AT LEFT: A picture which explains why Jim Ferrier hits his iron shots straight. Note how he has pushed the club along the line of flight.



FERRIER'S STANCE for the long iron. Note the position of the ball in relation to the feet, and how the club is in a position to punch down on the ball.

the line of play for about nine inches to ensure an upright swing. The club-head leaves the ground earlier than in the case of the wood shot.

Swing Leisurely

THE right elbow should fit snugly into the waist, and the left arm should be straight, but not taut. Swaying should not enter the backswing at all and the pivot should thus be confined to the space occupied by the body at the stance.

The backswing must not be hurried. This is important. And the commencement of the downswing should be a similarly leisurely affair. When the wrists get down level with the shoulders the punching process starts with a vengeance.

Hit down on the ball and push the club-head down and through along the line of play. If you play the shot correctly the follow-through will not be as complete as in the wood shot.

Before the visit of the Americans I was usually wide of the green with my iron shots. Playing with the visitors showed me where I was wrong in my methods, and I have endeavored to put the lessons I learned into this article.

"Athlete's Heart" Not Known Amongst Women

By RUTH PREDDY

The recent statement by a doctor that many men suffered from "athlete's heart" as a legacy from over-exertion in their younger days seemingly does not apply to sportswomen.

It is the considered opinion of those closest in touch with women's sport that strict control prevents youngsters from over-taxing their strength, and that the girls of to-day are using their sport wisely in the cultivation of physical fitness.

"WE never allow our hockey girls to play more than one game a day," said Mrs. F. J. Davy, manager of the Australian women's hockey team to tour America this year. "Nearly all our players are business girls, and are only free to play hockey on Saturday afternoons, but we never permit them to take part in two matches in that time. Consequently there is no danger of their over-taxing their strength."

Mrs. Davy further mentioned that the girls selected for the American tour were at present undergoing training similar to that organised for the Davis Cup players. This was a course similar to that which the hockey players indulged in prior to their tour of England and the Continent in 1930.

Knowing that the tour is to be a very strenuous one, Mrs. Davy has set a fine example—she attends the physical culture classes with the players from her State, and also carries out the same instructions as to diet.

Training Controlled

MRS. RANALD PEDEN, who captained the Australian women's cricket team against England, said she had never heard of any sportswoman suffering from any heart affection due to over-training. "On the other hand I have known doctors to advise girls to play sport in order to strengthen their lungs and heart," she said.

The swimmers are also advised as to the amount of training they should do, and Mrs. Chambers, who was in charge of the women members of the last Olympic team, says that the women swimmers are discouraged from training too strenuously.

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Complete Book-length Novel



Little Man— What Now?

By _____

HANS
FALLADA



Free Supplement to the Australian Women's Weekly

ISSUE OF MARCH 7, 1936.

THIS SUPPLEMENT MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY

Little Man—What Now?

By HANS FALLADA

CHAPTER I

THE 2.10 train that left Platz for Ducherow on an August Sunday afternoon, carried in a third-class non-smoking compartment Herr and Frau Pinneberg, just married, and in its luggage van a large basket-trunk containing Emma's possessions, a sack with Emma's bedding—but only for her own bed; the family could not spare more—and an egg-chest with Emma's crockery.

There was only one occupant of the compartment besides themselves, a morose looking personage who could not make up his mind whether he would read the paper, look at the landscape, or stare at the young couple. He abruptly turned from one to the other, and when the two thought they were quite safe they found themselves caught.

Pinneberg ostentatiously laid his right hand on his knee. His wedding ring shone encouragingly. The old creature might stare as he liked, they had nothing to be ashamed of. But he was looking at the landscape, not the ring.

"Looks nice, the ring does," said Pinneberg. "You couldn't tell it was only gilt."

"Do you know it's funny about my ring. I keep on feeling and looking at it."

"That's because you aren't used to it yet. People who have been married a long while don't notice it. They don't even know when they've lost it."

"That won't happen to me," said Bunny, his wife, indignantly. "I shall always know I'm wearing it."

"So shall I," said Pinneberg. "It reminds me of you."

"And me of you."

They bent towards each other, nearer and nearer; and then jumped back as they caught the old creature's shameless eyes upon them.

"Not from Ducherow," whispered Pinneberg. "I should know him."

"Do you all know each other?"

"Pretty well—anyone that matters. I got to know them all when I was a salesman in Bergmann's Ladies and Gentlemen's Outfitters."

"Why did you give that up? It was really your sort of job."

"Had a row with the boss," said Pinneberg shortly.

Bunny would have liked to inquire further, but she scented another mystery, and said no more. Time for everything, now that they were married in the sight of a Registrar.

"Dear," began Bunny again. "I'm so frightfully excited about where we're going to live."

"Well, I hope you'll like it. There isn't much choice in Ducherow."

"Never mind, describe it again."

"Right," said he, and told her what he had so often told her before.

"I've already said that it's quite outside the town. Right in the country."

"That's just what I like."

"But it's just an ordinary apartment block. Old Mothes the builder put it up outside the town because he thought that others would build there too. But none did."

"Why not?"

"I don't know. Too lonely perhaps; twenty minutes outside town. There's no proper road."

"And tell me about our place," she reminded him.

"Well, then, we live right at the top, in the widow Scharrenhofer's apartment."

"What's she like?"

"I hardly know how to tell you. She

might very well be offended, don't you see?"

"I don't see," said Bunny, quite puzzled. "You must explain. How on earth could people be offended because we're married?"

"Yes, I'll explain all that later on. But not now. We must now—Are you carrying your suitcase? Now please pretend you don't know me very well."

Bunny said no more, but glanced up doubtfully at this young man beside her. He suddenly became elaborately polite, helped his companion out of the carriage, and said with an embarrassed smile: "This is the main Ducherow station. There is also a steam tram to Maxfelde. This way please." And he walked before her, down the steps from the platform, really a little too fast for such a solicitous husband, who had actually ordered a car in case the walk should be too much for his wife—two or three steps ahead of her—and then out through a side

exit, where a closed car was waiting.

"Good day, Herr Pinneberg," said the chauffeur. "Good day, Fraulein."

Pinneberg murmured hastily: "One moment, please. Perhaps you wouldn't mind getting in? I'll see about the luggage." And he went.

Bunny stood there and surveyed the station square, with its small two-storied

houses. Right opposite was the station hotel.

"Is this where the Kleinholz office is, please?" she asked the chauffeur.

"Where Herr Pinneberg works? No, Fraulein, we shall pass it later. It's on the Market Place, by the Town Hall."

"I say," said Bunny, "can't we have the hood off the car? It's such a lovely day."

"I'm very sorry," said the chauffeur. "Herr Pinneberg particularly ordered a closed car. Otherwise I certainly shouldn't have the hood up on a day like this."

"All right," said Bunny. "If Herr Pinneberg said so." And she got in.

Every Man's Problem

The story of "Little Man, What Now?" is the story of every man in the days of depression. The "little man" of the story is young Pinneberg. He is the mouthpiece of the millions who found the recent years a testing ground of their courage. But life always has its compensations. For Pinneberg there is "Bunny," his wife, shrewd, wise, humorous, and lovable. Literature is the sister for the creation of this character. While the story deals with hard days of the couple, it ends on a note of inquiry, "What now? What of the future?"

The return to prosperity has supplied the answer, and we may safely assume that Pinneberg and his "Bunny" and the baby are happy again.

puts on airs and says she's seen better days, but owing to the inflation . . . Why, she wept all over me one day."

"Oh Lord!"

"She won't always do that. Besides she won't have a chance; we're going to keep to ourselves aren't we? We won't have any truck with other people. We're quite happy with our two selves." Soon they reached their destination.

"I've ordered a car," said Pinneberg hastily. "It would have been too far for you to walk."

"Well, I never!" said Bunny. "And we who want to save money! Why only last Sunday we walked about Platz for two hours."

"But all your things!"

"A porter could have brought them. Or someone from your firm. You must have workmen—"

"No, that wouldn't do at all."

"All right," said Bunny submissively. "Just how you think."

"Besides," he said hurriedly, as the train braked to a standstill. "We don't want to behave as if we were married, but as if we had only just met."

"But why?" asked Bunny, in amazement. "We're properly married, aren't we?"

"Well," he said awkwardly, "it's because of the people here. We haven't sent out any cards, and we haven't put any notice in the paper. And if they see us they

SHE saw him walking towards her behind the porter, who was pushing the trunk, the sack of bedding, and the egg-box on his trolley. And because for the last five minutes she had been looking at this man of hers with altered eyes, she was struck by the fact that he kept his right hand in his trouser pocket. That had never been his habit; but now he had his right hand in his trouser pocket. It was to hide the wedding ring.

Then they drove off.

"There," he said, with rather an embarrassed laugh. "Now you'll get a view of the whole of Ducherow. Ducherow is really just one long street."

"Yes," she said. "But you were going to

explain to me why the people might be offended."

"Later on," he said. "We can't talk in the car. The roads are so bad in these parts."

"All right, later on," she said, and was silent too.

But another thing surprised her; he kept his head back in the corner of his seat, so that if anyone looked into the car he would not be recognised.

"There's your firm," she said. "Emil Kleinholz. Corn, Fodder, and Manures. Potatoes Wholesale and Retail. I can come and buy my potatoes from you."

"No, no," he said hastily. "That's an old signboard. We don't sell potatoes retail any more."

"That's a pity," she said. "It would have been so nice if I could have come to your office and bought ten pounds of potatoes. I wouldn't have let on that I was your wife, dear."

"Yes, it's a pity," he agreed. "It would have been very nice indeed."

She tapped her foot sharply on the floor of the car, breathing little snorts of indignation, but said no more.

After a while she asked meditatively: "Is there water here?"

"How do you mean?" he asked cautiously.

"To bathe in, of course," said Bunny impatiently. "Don't be so silly."

"Oh, yes, you'll be able to bathe," he said. And they drove on. They must be out of the main street by now. Bunny saw written up: "Feldstrasse." They were in a row of single houses, all standing in their gardens.

"Dear, it's lovely here," she said delightedly. "Look at all the flowers!"

The car began to jolt unmistakably.

"Now we're at Green End," he said.

"Green End?"

"Yes, our road is called Green End."

"Is this a road? I thought the man had missed his way."

ON the left was a meadow fenced with barbed wire, tenanted by a few cows and a horse. On the right was a clover field, spread with clover now in blossom.

"Do open the window," she begged.

"But we're just there."

Where the meadow came to an end, the cleared ground ended too. Here the town had planted its last monument, and what a monument it was! The speculative builder Mothes' achievement was a lank and lofty erection, painted brown and yellow, but only in front; the side walls were left unpainted, in expectation of adjoining buildings.

"It isn't pretty," said Bunny, looking up at it.

"But it's very nice inside," he said encouragingly.

"Well, let's go in," said she.

There was inevitably an anti-climax when they turned from gazing at the bright and placid country landscape to contemplate a room in which—Well, Bunny was really not spoilt, her highest ideal was the plain and unadorned furniture she had once seen in a shop window on the Mainstrasse at Paris. But this—

"I think you'd better take my hand, darling," she said. "I'm afraid I shall get stuck somewhere and shan't be able to get back or forward."

"It's not so bad as all that," he said, rather hurt. "There are some cosy little corners, I think."

"Corners all right!" said she. "For Heaven's sake tell me what all this is. No, don't say a word. Let's go and have a proper look round."

They started on a tour of the room, but though they mostly had to walk one in front of the other, Bunny would not let go her husband's hand.

Well; the room was a sort of cleft or passage, not particularly narrow, but very, very long. Four-fifths of it were stacked with upholstered furniture, walnut tables, overmantels, console, flower-stands, what-nots, and a large parrot-cage (without parrot); in the last fifth there were two beds and a wash-hand stand. But the partition between the two sections of the room was what attracted Bunny. It was not a screen or a curtain or anything of that kind, but a sort of trellis-work contrivance, rather like a vine trellis, reaching from the floor to the ceiling. The slats were not just plain wooden slats; they were made of walnut, grooved, and stained a beautiful brown. And to prevent the trellis looking bare, it was intertwined with flowers, artificial flowers, roses, narcissi, and violets; and with long green paper garlands reminiscent of festive beer-evenings.

"Oh, Lord!" said Bunny, and sat down. She sat down where she stood, but in that congested room there was no risk of her sitting on the floor. She encountered a rush-bottomed ebony piano-stool that happened to be standing there, widowed of its piano.

Pinneberg looked on dumbly. He did not know what to say. He had really been rather attracted when he took the place, and he had thought the trellis distinctly gay.

Suddenly Bunny's eyes began to sparkle, her legs recovered strength; she got up, approached the flowered trellis, and passed her finger over one of its slats. It was, like the rest, grooved and notched, and Bunny tried it with a finger.

"There," she said, and held out a finger to Pinneberg. The finger was grey.

"A little dusty," he said cautiously.

"A little!" cried Bunny with blazing eyes. "You'll let me have a charwoman, I suppose? I shall want a woman here for at least five hours a day."

"But why? What on earth for?"

"Who's going to keep all this clean, please? I might have managed the ninety-three bits of furniture with all their knobs and legs and ins-and-outs. Though it would have been a wicked waste of time. But this trellis means three hours' work a day. And the paper flowers—"

She flicked at a rose. The rose fell off, but millions of grey specks of dust whirled after it through the sunlit room.

After supper they sat at the window. There lay the moonlit country outspread before the gaze of Frau Pinneberg, nee Morschel. On the right the little gas lamp twinkled. And, right opposite, not far from the bank of the Strele, stood a clump of five or six trees. The Strele rippled through the darkness, and the night breeze was very soft.

It seemed a shame to mar the peace and calm of that lovely evening. But there was something that bored into Bunny's mind, that left her no peace, like an insistent voice: all this contentment was a fraud and self-betrayal. She must not give way to it, or she would find herself up to the ears in trouble.

BUNNY abruptly turned her back to the landscape, and said: "Yes, we did make each other a promise. We solemnly promised that we would always be honest and have no secrets from each other."

"Pardon me, it wasn't quite that. That was what you promised me."

"And aren't you going to be honest?"

"Of course I am. But there are things that women don't need to know."

"Oh!" said Bunny, quite taken aback. But she soon recovered herself and said quickly: "And how was it you gave the chauffeur five marks when there was only two marks forty on the meter? Is that the kind of thing that we women are not to know?"

"He'd carried the trunk and the sack upstairs."

"Two marks sixty for that? And why did you keep your right hand in your pocket so that people should not see your ring? And why did the car have to have the hood up? And why wouldn't you go down with me to the shop just now? And why might people be offended because we're married? And why—"

"Bunny," he said. "Bunny, I'd really rather you didn't—"

"It's all so silly, darling," she answered. "You simply mustn't have any secrets from me. If we have secrets from each other,



we shall start telling lies, and then we'll be just like everyone else."

"Yes, Bunny, but—"

"You can tell me everything, darling, everything. Even if you call me Bunny, I'm not a fool. You've got nothing to be ashamed of."

"Yes, yes, Bunny, but it isn't quite so simple, you know. I would like to, but... it looks so silly, it sounds so—"

"Is it something to do with a girl?" she asked firmly.

"No—no. At least—not in the way you think."

"How then? Tell me, darling. I can't bear this much longer."

"Very well, Bunny." Again he hesitated.

"Can't I tell you to-morrow?"

"Now! This very instant! Do you think I can sleep when I'm racking my brains like this? It's something to do with a girl, and yet it's nothing to do with a girl... It sounds so mysterious."

"ALL right then; listen. I'll have to begin with Bergmann. I started in Bergmann's shop, as you know."

"The outfitter's? Yes, I know. I should have thought that was a much nicer job than selling potatoes and manures."

"Look here, if you aren't going to be serious, Bunny—"

"I'm listening."

She had sat down again on the window-ledge. Her eyes wandered sometimes from her young husband to the moonlit countryside, which she could now look at and enjoy once more.

"Well, then, in Bergmann's I was first salesman with a hundred and seventy marks a month—"

"First salesman at a hundred and seventy?"

"Do be quiet! I always had to serve Herr Emil Kleinholz. He needed a good many suits. He drinks, you know. He can't very well help it when he's doing business with the farmers. But he can't stand much drink; and he falls down in the street and spoils his clothes."

"Ooh! He must look a sight!"

"Listen. Well, I always had to serve him; he wouldn't have anything to do with the boss or the boss' wife. They could never get him to buy a thing, but I could always sell him quite a lot. He often said that if I wanted a change and was sick of working for Jews, he had a purely Aryan business, and could offer me a good job as bookkeeper, at better pay than I was getting then. I thought to myself: That's all very well. I know what I've got; Bergmann isn't a bad sort, always very decent to his employees."

"Then why on earth did you leave him for Kleinholz?"

"There was some trouble over fetching parcels. I have lived in Ducherow for four years, and I never knew that Kleinholz wanted to marry off his daughter at any price. The mother's bad enough; she nags all day and

CHAPTER 2

trails around in a dressing jacket. But the daughter Marie—she's a proper little beast."

"And it was she you were to marry, poor darling?"

"It was she I was to marry. All Kleinholz's men are unmarried—there are three of us—but she made most of a set at me."

"How old is Marie?"

"I don't know," he said shortly. "Yes I do. Thirty-two or thirty-three. Anyhow, it doesn't matter. I'm not marrying her now."

"Well, you poor darling," said Bunny sympathetically. "Thirty-two or thirty-three. I didn't know such things could happen."

"Of course they can," he said morosely. "Well, now you know all about it, and you needn't pretend it's funny."

"I shan't do anything of the sort. . . . But you must admit, darling, it is a little comic. Is she a good match?"

"She isn't even that," said Pinneberg.

"The business doesn't bring in very much



now. Old Kleinholz drinks too hard, and then he buys too dear and sells too cheap. And the boy will get the business—he's only ten. Marie will only get a few thousand marks. If she even gets so much, so she's hardly an attraction that way."

"So that's that," said Bunny. "And you weren't going to tell me about it? And that's why you got married so secretly, with a closed car and your ring hand in your trouser pocket, eh?"

"Yes, that was why. Oh, Bunny, if it comes out that I'm married, those women will have me on the pavement inside of a week, and what's to happen then?"

"You must go back to Bergmann."

"No, I couldn't possibly do that. You see—" he swallowed, but then controlled his voice—"Bergmann prophesied that the Kleinholz job would go wrong. And then he said: 'Pinneberg, you will come back to me. There is nowhere else for you to go in Duchenrow. N.Y.' he said, 'you will come back to me, and I will take you back. But you will have to beg for it. I shall let you hang about the Labor Exchange for a month, and round my shop, begging for work. I can't let you off for such cheek.' That's what Bergmann said, and I can't go back to him now. I won't do it."

"But if he was right? You can see for yourself that he was right."

"Bunny," said Pinneberg imploringly, "please, dear Bunny, don't ask me to do that. Yes, of course he was right, and I was a fool, and it didn't matter in the least about fetching the parcels. If you kept on at me about it, I would go, and he would take me back. But the boss' wife and the other salesman, that fool Mamlock, would never let me forget it, and I should never forgive you."

"No, no; I won't ask you to, don't worry. But surely it's bound to be known, however careful we are?"

"It mustn't be known. It must not be known! I did everything so secretly, and now we're living out here and no one ever sees us together, and even if we meet on the street we won't know each other."

Bunny was silent for a while, then she said:

"But we can't go on living here, you see that for yourself."

"Do try, Bunny," he implored. "At any rate for the fortnight until the first of next month. We can't give notice before the first."

"I dislike this place. We can save money elsewhere."

Pinneberg sat at their coffee. Bunny's eyes were shining.

"Then to-day—to-day it really begins!" And with a glance at the chamber of horrors: "I'll tidy up the junk this very day."

And she added, looking into her cup:

"What do you think of the coffee? Twenty-five per cent. beans!"

"Well, since you ask, you know—"

"But, darling, we must be so economical—"

Whereat Pinneberg explained that until now he had always been able to have proper bean coffee. And she explained that two always cost more than one. And he said that he had heard that a man always lived more cheaply when he was married, that food at home for two came cheaper than a meal for one at a restaurant.

A long debate ensued, until he said:

"Good Lord, I must run!"

They said good-bye at the door. He was half way down the stairs when she called out:

"Darling! Stop a minute! What are we going to have for supper?"

"Anything'll do," came the answering shout.

"But say! Do say! I don't know—"

"Nor do I!" and the outer door slammed.

She dashed to the window. There he was, walking down the road; he waved to her, first his hand, and then his handkerchief, and she stayed at the window until he had passed the gas lamp and disappeared behind a yellow house wall. And Bunny, for the first time in her two and twenty years, had a morning to herself, a home to herself, and a dinner to think out all alone. And so she began.

At the corner of the road Pinneberg met Krank, the Town Clerk, and greeted him politely. Then he suddenly remembered that he had used his right hand in salutation, and that on his right hand was a ring. He hoped Krank might not have seen it. Pinneberg took off the ring, and carefully stowed it away in the inner pocket of his letter-case. He hated doing it, but how could it be helped—?

In the meantime, Kleinholz, his employer, and his family, had also been getting up. In that household, getting up was never a pleasant process on any morning; they were all in a specially bad temper at that hour, and inclined to tell each other the truth. Monday morning was the worst of all, as on Sunday evening the father was rather given to escapades, which avenged themselves in that awakening.

Frau Emilie Kleinholz was not exactly a gentle character, and so far as a man could be tamed she had tamed her husband.

LAUTERBACH was first at the office; five minutes to eight. But it was not his sense of duty that brought him there first, it was boredom. This short, fat, fair-haired little man with the huge red hands had once had a job as a bailiff on a farm. But he did not like the country. Lauterbach went to town; he went to Duchenrow, and to Emil Kleinholz. There he became a sort of expert on seeds and manures. The farmers were not particularly glad to see him beside the wagon when they were delivering potatoes. Lauterbach noticed at once when the potatoes were not properly sorted, and when they tried to pass off white Silesians among the yellow Industrials. But in other ways Lauterbach was not so bad. He was not, indeed, to be bribed with drinks—he never drank spirits, he considered that the Aryan race should be preserved from such demoralising poisons—nor with cigars. He clapped the farmers on the back, called them "Old scoundrels!" and knocked ten, fifteen, twenty per cent. off their prices,

but—and this made up for everything—he wore the Nazi badge, he had a repertoire of excellent jokes against Jews, and told them all about the latest Storm Detachment recruiting march to Bahrkow and Lensahn; in a word, he was a good, sound German, an enemy of the Jews, the French, Reparations, Socialists, and the Communist Party. Which made up for everything.

Pinneberg was next to arrive. Schulz, the third of the trio, came in about ten minutes past eight. And when he appeared Nazi badges and wheat way-bills were forgotten at a stroke. The wild Schulz, so clever and so capricious, Schulz who could reckon in his head the total of 385.63 hundredweight at 3 marks 85 quicker than Pinneberg could do the sum on paper; but a slave to women, an unscrupulous young ruffian who could not leave a girl alone, the only man who snatched a kiss in passing from Marie Kleinholz, out of sheer exuberance, and without being pinned down to marry that lady on the spot.

Schulz appeared, with his dark pomaded hair and yellow lined face, and great black shining eyes; Schulz the dandy of Duchenrow, with his creased trousers and black felt hat (fifty centimetres in diameter), Schulz with his beringed and nicotine-stained fingers; Schulz, king of the servant-maids, idol of the shop-girls, for whom they waited of an evening outside the office, and over whom they quarrelled at dances. Schulz appeared.

Schulz said "Morning," carefully hung up his jacket on a coat-hanger, and surveyed his colleagues, first with sympathy, and then with complete contempt.

At that moment Emil Kleinholz came in to his office. The trio leapt apart and sat down on their stools, with much rustling of papers. Kleinholz surveyed them, stood before them and contemplated three bent heads.

"Nothing to do, eh?" he snarled. "I shall have to sack one of you. Which shall it be?"

Neither of the three looked up.

"We hear a lot about rationalisation these days. Where three are idle, two might find enough work. What about you, Pinneberg, you're the youngest here."

Pinneberg did not answer.

"Can't open your mouth, of course, any of you."

"Well, and you?" said Kleinholz, turning on Lauterbach. But Lauterbach was not so nervous as his two colleagues. Lauterbach was one of those rare employees who don't care in the least whether they've got a job or not. "Afraid?" thought Lauterbach. "With these fists? What have I got to be afraid of? I can get a job as a groom or a porter. Clerk, indeed! Pure eyewash!"

So Lauterbach looked fearlessly into the old man's bloodshot eyes.

"Yes, Herr Kleinholz."

KLEINHOLZ banged on the barrier before the clerks' desks until it quivered.

"I'll sack one of this little crew. You'll see. . . . And the other two needn't think they've got safe jobs. Plenty more where you came from. Go along with Kruse to the loft, Lauterbach, and get five tons of ground-nut cake meal into sacks. No, stop; Schulz shall go. He looks like his own corpse again this morning. I'll do him good to lift the sacks."

Schulz disappeared without a word, delighted to have made his escape.

"You go to the station, Pinneberg, and look alive about it. Order four twenty-ton trucks for to-morrow morning, closed ones. I must get the wheat off to the mills."

"Very good, Herr Kleinholz," said Pinneberg, and dashed off. He did not feel very cheerful, though it was probably only old Kleinholz's hang-over that made him talk like that. However—

On his way back from the goods station

to the office he noticed someone walking along on the other side of the street; a girl, a woman . . . his wife.

Slowly he crossed the street and stepped on to the opposite pavement.

Bunny came towards him, with a net bag in her hand. She had not noticed him. She stopped and looked into Brecht the butcher's shop window. He came quite close to her, looked cautiously round and up at the houses, but there was nothing dangerous in sight.

"What's for dinner to-day, young woman?" he whispered over her shoulder, and shot past her, though he turned round once to look at her happy, glowing face. If Frau Brecht had caught sight of him from the shop window . . . she knew him, as he had always bought his sausages there . . . it was very reckless of him. Still, what could a man do with such a wife as his? So she hadn't yet bought those sausages she was talking about. Apparently they must really be very careful about money.

The old man was sitting in the office, alone. Lauterbach was out, Schulz, too. "Bad," thought Pinneberg, "very bad." But Kleinholz paid no attention to him. With his forehead supported on the hand, he slowly passed the other hand over page after page of the cash book, as though spelling out the columns of figures.

Pinneberg surveyed the situation, and thought he would do best at the typewriter. When a man is typing, he reflected, he is most secure from interruption.

He felt a hand on his shoulder, and his master said:

"Just a moment, Pinneberg—"
"I beg your pardon, Herr Kleinholz?" asked Pinneberg, raising his fingers from the keys.

"Writing about the clover, eh? Leave that to Lauterbach—"

"But—"

"Is it all right about the trucks?"

"Quite all right, Herr Kleinholz."

"Well, we must get busy this afternoon and put the corn into sacks. The women must help, too—they can tie up the sacks."

"Yes, Herr Kleinholz."

"Marie's very handy at that sort of thing. She's a handy girl at most things. Not pretty at all, but a useful girl."

"Certainly, Herr Kleinholz."

There they sat, one facing the other.

A KIND of lull fell upon the conversation. Herr Kleinholz wanted to let his words sink into the other's mind. They were to act as a sort of developer, and show what picture was on the plate.

Pinneberg sat and stared with a gloomy and anxious air at his master, as he squatted on his chair in a suit of heavy green tweed and high boots.

"Yes, Pinneberg," began the boss once more, and his voice sounded quite sentimental. "Have you thought it over? How do you feel about it?"

Pinneberg reflected nervously. But he knew of no way out. "About what, Herr Kleinholz?" he asked, feebly.

"About dismissal," said his master, after a long pause, "about dismissal. Whom would you dismiss if you were in my place?"

Pinneberg grew hot all over. What a brute the man was to torment him in this way.

"That I can't say, Herr Kleinholz," he said uneasily. "I can't speak against my colleagues."

Herr Kleinholz was enjoying the situation. "Then you wouldn't sack yourself if you were I?"

"If I were you? Really, Herr Kleinholz, I can't—"

"Well," said Emil Kleinholz, getting up. "I am sure you will think the matter over. You are engaged by the month. That would mean notice on September first for

October first, wouldn't it?"

Kleinholz walked out of the office, to go and tell mother how he had put the screw on Pinneberg. Hadn't she told him that Marie must be married, and Pinneberg was the best of the three?

CHAPTER 2

BUNNY began the morning by shopping. She quickly hung the bedding out of the windows to air, and then went out. Why hadn't he said what he wanted for his dinner? She didn't know what to get, and she had no idea what he liked.

The possibilities diminished as she meditated, and finally Bunny's vacillation found a refuge in pea soup. It was easy



and cheap, and would serve for the next day, too.

How she envied the girls who had been taught to cook! Her mother had always chased her away from the stove, and cursed her for a clumsy fool.

What did she need? Water, and water she had. Also a saucepan. Peas, but how much? Half a pound would surely be enough for two people, peas go a long way. Salt? Herbs? A bit of fat? Yes, that would always come in useful. How much meat? What sort of meat anyway? Beef, beef, of course. Half a pound is sure to be enough. Peas are very nourishing, and too much meat is unhealthy. And then, of course, potatoes.

Bunny went out to shop. It was very pleasant to stroll about the streets on a week-day morning, when everyone was at their offices. The air was still fresh, although the sun was already hot.

A large yellow post car was hobbling slowly across the market place. There, behind those windows, her last perhaps was sitting. But he was not. Ten minutes later he asked her over her shoulder what there would be for dinner. The butcher's wife must certainly have noticed something, she was so funny, and asked thirty pfennigs a pound for soup bones, and bare bones at that, without a scrap of meat on them, bones that ought to have been thrown in gratis. Bunny would write to her mother and ask whether this was right. No, better not, she would manage by herself. But she must write to his mother. And she began to compose the letter on her way home.

Old Scharrenhofer, the landlady, seemed a sort of ghost that walked only by night. When Bunny fetched water from the kitchen there was not a sign that anything had been or ever would be cooked there, all was blank and cold, and in the room beyond it there was not a sound. She put her peas on. Should she put the salt in at once? Better wait until they had boiled, then she could judge how much was wanted.

AT a quarter to twelve she was sitting at a small walnut writing table with a bit of yellow notepaper dating from her girlhood open in front of her. First the address: "Frau Marie Pinneberg—Berlin, N.W.40—Spenerstrasse 32 II."

A letter must be written to his mother. She must be told of the marriage, especially as he was the only son, and indeed the only child. Even if he did not get on with her, because he could not, as her son, approve of her way of life.

"Dear Mother, I am your new daughter-in-law, Emma, known as Bunny, and Hans and I got married the day before yesterday, on Saturday. We are very happy

and contented, and should be glad to know that you are pleased. We are getting on all right, except that Hans had unfortunately to leave his dress-shop, and now works in a produce business, which we don't like so much.

With best regards from

Your
BUNNY."

And she left a space for Hans to write his name beside hers.

She still had half an hour to spare, so she picked up a book that she had bought a fortnight before, called "The Sacred Miracle of Motherhood."

She pored over it with a frowning brow.

"DINNER!" shouted Hans, from the landing outside.

She must have gone to sleep for a little. She often felt so tired these days.

"My dinner," she reflected, and got up slowly.

"Not yet laid?" he asked.

"It won't be a minute, darling," she said, and hurried into the kitchen. "Can I bring a saucepan to the table? But I'll use the tureen if you like."

"What is there?"

"Pea soup."

"Fine. No, bring the saucepan. I'll lay the table meanwhile."

Bunny poured out the soup. She looked a little anxious. "Seems a bit thin?" she asked uneasily.

"I'm sure it's all right," he said, cutting up the meat on the little plate.

She tasted it.

"Oh, Lord! How thin it is!" she exclaimed. And then: "Oh, Lord, the salt!"

He, too, let his spoon drop, and across the table, across the plates, across the thick brown enamel saucepan, their eyes met.

"And I meant it to be so good," wailed Bunny. "I got everything needed. Half a pound of peas, half a pound of meat, a whole pound of bones—it ought to have been such a good soup!"

He got up and stirred up the soup meditatively with the large enamel ladle.

"I can feel a spot of something now and again. How much water did you use, Bunny?"

"It must be the peas. There's no goodness in them."

"How much water did you put in?" he repeated.

"Oh, well, the saucepan full."

"Five litres—and half a pound of peas. I think, Bunny," he said mysteriously, "it's the water that's the trouble. The water is too thin."

"Is that so?" she asked gloomily. "Did I use too much? Five litres? It was to last for two days."

"Five litres—I think that's too much for two days." Again he tasted. "No, I'm sorry, Bunny, but it's really only hot water."

"My poor darling, are you fearfully hungry? What shall I make now? Shall I run and get a couple of eggs and do fried eggs and potatoes? I know I can do that all right."

"Fine," said he. "I'll go and get the eggs myself." And he was gone.

When he came back into the kitchen her eyes were wet, and not from the onions that she had cut up to put into the potatoes.

"But, Bunny, there's nothing to cry about."

She flung both arms round his neck.

"Darling, I'm such a wretched housewife. I should so like to have everything nice for you. And if the baby doesn't get proper food he won't thrive!"

"Do you mean now or later?" he asked, laughing. "Do you think you'll never learn?"

"There, you're teasing me now."

"I was just thinking about the soup on the way upstairs. There was nothing

wrong with the soup except that you had used too much water. If you put it on again and let it boil for quite a while, the water that isn't needed will all boil away, and then we shall have some first-rate pea soup."

"Fine," she said beaming. "I'll do it this afternoon and then we'll have a plateful each for supper."

They took their potatoes and fried eggs into the sitting-room.

"Is it all right? Is that how you like it? I'm afraid it's very late. Can't you rest for a bit? You look so tired, darling."

"No, Not because it's late, but I couldn't sleep to-day. This fellow Kleinholz—He had for some time been thinking whether he should tell her. But on the Sunday night they had agreed that there should be no more secrets between them. So he told her. Besides, it does a man good to relieve his mind."

"Well, what shall I do now?" he asked. "If I say nothing, he'll certainly sack me on the spot. Suppose I just tell him the truth? Suppose I tell him I'm married and that he can't just turn me on to the street?"

But in this matter, Bunny was her father's daughter. An employee may expect nothing from an employer.

"He doesn't care," she said indignantly. "I daresay there used to be a few decent ones. But to-day . . . In these hard times, when they have to carry on anyhow, they think their own men don't matter."

"Kleinholz really isn't a bad fellow," said Pinneberg. "He's just thoughtless. I might be able to put it right with him, and explain we're expecting a baby and so—"

Bunny burst out at this: "Are you going to tell him that! A man who's trying to blackmail you? No, darling, that you won't do."

THE night of Saturday, that fateful Saturday, August 20, was richly blue and radiant. At breakfast Bunny had again repeated:

"Then you're sure to be free to-morrow. We'll take the steam tram to Maxfeld."

"Lauterbach's got to do the stables to-morrow," said Pinneberg. "We'll go to-morrow. That I promise."

"And then we'll take a rowing-boat and row across the Maxe Lake, and up the Maxe River." She laughed. "How's that for a name . . . ? I sometimes think you want to carry me about with you."

"Wish I could. But I must get along to business. Bye-bye, wife!"

"Bye-bye, husband!"

Then came Lauterbach to Pinneberg.

"Listen, Pinneberg, we've got a recruiting march to-morrow, and my group-leader says I must absolutely be there. Will you do the stables for me?"

"I'm awfully sorry, Lauterbach, but to-morrow I simply can't. Otherwise I would with pleasure."

"Oh, do; there's a good chap."

"No, really I can't. You know I would in the ordinary way. But this time it's out of the question. How about Schulz?"

"No, Schulz can't either."

"This time I can't."

"But you never have anything on."

"Well, this time I have."

"It's damned disobliging of you—I'm sure you've got nothing on."

"Yes, I have."

"I'll do two Sundays for you, Pinneberg."

"No, I won't do it. It's no good asking any more."

"Well, I think it's mean of you—when I've had special orders."

"That was the beginning; but there was more to come."

Two hours later Kleinholz and Pinneberg were alone in the office, which was full of a summer hum and buzz of flies. The old

man was very flushed—he had clearly had several drinks that day—and was in a good temper.

He began in quite a friendly tone:

"Do you mind doing the stables for Lauterbach to-morrow, Pinneberg? He has asked me for leave off."

Pinneberg looked up.

"I'm awfully sorry, Herr Kleinholz. I can't to-morrow. I've already told Lauter-

bach."

"Surely you can manage as usual; you've never had anything important on."

"I'm sorry I can't this time, Herr Klein-

holz."

Herr Kleinholz stared fixedly at his book-

keeper:

"Look here, Pinneberg, I don't want any

trouble from you. I've given Lauterbach

his leave, and I can't withdraw it now."

Pinneberg did not answer.

"You see, Pinneberg," went on Emil

Kleinholz again in a kindly tone. "Lauter-

bach isn't much use, we all know that.

But he's a Nazi, and his group-leader is

Rothsack the miller. I don't want to

get across him; he's very useful to us when

we want a job done quickly."

"But I really can't, Herr Kleinholz," pro-

tested Pinneberg.

"I might have got Schulz," proceeded

Emil meditatively; "but he can't either.

He's got to go to some family funeral to-

morrow, where there'll be a share out

afterwards. So he must go, you see, or the

others will pinch the lot."

"Dirty dog," thought Pinneberg.)

"Yes, Herr Kleinholz—" he began.

But Kleinholz was wound up.

"As far as I'm concerned, Herr Pinne-

berg, I'd gladly do the job—I never mind

obliging, as you know—"

Pinneberg agreed:

"That's so, Herr Kleinholz."

"But to-morrow I can't either. To-mor-

row I've got to go out into the country and

see about getting in some orders for clover.

We haven't sold any at all this year."

He looked expectantly at Pinneberg.

"I must go on a Sunday, Pinneberg,

because I'm sure of finding the farmers at

home."

Pinneberg nodded:

"Couldn't old Kube see to the horses,

Herr Kleinholz?"

Kleinholz was horrified:

"Old Kube! Do you think I'd give him

the key of the barn? He's been with us

for donkey's years, but he's never had the

key of the barn. No, no, Herr Pinneberg;

you can see for yourself, you're the only

man for the job. I shall expect you to-

morrow."

"But I can't, Herr Kleinholz."

Kleinholz now dropped from the clouds.

"But I've just explained to you that no

one has the time except you."

"But I haven't the time, Herr Klein-

holz."

"HERR PINNEBERG. You

surely don't suggest that I should do the

work for you to-morrow, simply because

you don't feel like it. What are you doing

to-morrow?"

"I—" began Pinneberg—"I must—" And

then he was silent, for nothing occurred

to him in his agitation.

"There—you see! I can't lose money

over my clover, just because you're being

awkward, Herr Pinneberg. Be reasonable!"

"I am being reasonable, Herr Kleinholz.

Really I can't do it."

Herr Kleinholz got up, and walked back-

wards to the door, glaring darkly at his

bookkeeper.

"I am greatly disappointed in you, Herr

Pinneberg," he said; "greatly disap-

pointed."

And he slammed the door.

Bunny was of course all on her hus-

band's side.

"But why should you? And I think it's

rotten of the others to try and let you in

for it. In your place I would have told the old man all about Schulz's funeral."

"No, you can't do that to another fellow in the office, Bunny."

"No, of course not," said she apologeti-

cally. "But I'd tell Schulz off, if I were you; and pretty smartly too."

"I'll do that, Bunny, I'll be sure and do that."

They were sitting in the steam tram to

Maxfeld.

PINNEBERG and his Emma being newly married, their hearts thirsted for solitude. They were disgusted by all this turmoil.

"Let's get away somewhere," suggested

Pinneberg. "Where there are trees and

water and hills—"

"But where?"

"It doesn't matter. Away from here,

anyway. We'll find somewhere."

And they found somewhere. At first the

forest path was wide, and pretty well

crowded with people; then Bunny discovered

a smell of mushrooms under the beeches,

and she lured him deeper and deeper into

the forest, until they suddenly found them-

selves on a stretch of grass between two

wooded slopes. They clambered up the

other side, holding each other by the hand,

and when they reached the top they found

a glade that led them up and down hill,

further and further into the green solitude

of the forest.

Slowly the sun climbed up the sky, and

time and again the sea wind from the dis-

tant Baltic rustled gloriously in the tree

tops. The sea wind used also to reach

Platz, which had been Bunny's home so

long ago, and she told her husband about

the only summer holiday she had ever had:

nine days in Bavaria, four girls together.

He, too, became suddenly talkative. He

told her how he had always been alone,

and could not get on with his mother; she

had never bothered about him, and he had

always been in the way of her love affairs.

Hers was such a dreadful job. It was a

long time before he could bring himself

to confess it; she was a bar-lady.

Then Bunny grew thoughtful again, and

found herself regretting her letter which

she had posted, for a bar-lady is really

something rather special; though she was

not quite clear as to the functions of a

bar-lady, never yet having been in a bar,

and what she had heard of the duties of

such ladies did not seem to suggest that

one of them could be old enough to be her

husband's mother. She had much better

have written to her in more formal terms.

However, it was now of course too late

to ask Pinneberg about that.

Then they sat down at the edge of the

forest and ate a large lunch from their

paper bags, and drank the thermos flask

dry. A great white circling bird, a glider,

rose and sank, and at last dropped, far

away in the distance. The people on the

top of the hill dashed towards it, but as

it was a good way off the two had finished

their lunch and Pinneberg had lit his

cigarette before the crowd had started to

drag the machine back again.

"Now they're pulling it up the hill again,"

explained Pinneberg.

"But what a dreadful lot of bother it all

is!" said Bunny. "Why doesn't it go by

itself?"

"Because it hasn't got a motor, Bunny;

it's a glider."

"Haven't they got the money to buy a

motor? Does a motor cost so much as all

that? I don't understand."

"But Bunny—" and he tried to explain

once more.



But Bunty suddenly flung her arms round his neck and said:
"It's a terribly good thing we've got each other, isn't it, darling?"
At that moment it happened.

ON the sandy road that ran along the edge of the forest, a motor car had slid up behind them, as soft and silent as though it moved on felt slippers, and when the two noticed it and started awkwardly apart, it was already about level with them. Although they really ought to have been able to see the faces of the occupants of the car in profile only, these faces were turned fully towards them. And they were astonished faces, stern, indignant faces.

Bunty could not understand; she thought that these people had stared at them rather stupidly, as though they had never seen a kissing couple before, and more especially she did not understand why her husband suddenly flung away from her and made a deep bow towards the car.

Then, as though at a secret word of command, all the faces reverted to profile, nobody took any notice of Pinneberg's magnificent bow, and with a rasping hoot from the horn the car speeded up, plunged into the forest and, with a flash of its red enamel, vanished.

Pinneberg stood there, deadly pale, with his hands in his pockets, and muttered:
"That's done for us, Bunty. He'll sack me to-morrow."

"Who will?"
"Kleinholz, of course. Good God! you didn't know. Those were the Kleinholzes!"
"Oh Lord!" said Bunty, and drew a deep breath. "Well, that's a bit of rotten luck." And then she took her tall husband in her arms and comforted him as well as she could.

CHAPTER 4

EVERY Sunday is succeeded by its Monday, though on Sunday morning about eleven o'clock Monday seems two eternities away.

But it comes, it surely comes. Everything goes on at the old pace; and at the corner of the market square, where Pinneberg always saw Kraus, the Town Clerk, he looked about him. There indeed was Kraus approaching, and when the two men were about level, they took off their hats.

When they had passed, Pinneberg held out his right hand in front of him; the gold wedding ring glittered in the sun. Slowly Pinneberg slid the ring off his finger, slowly he felt for his pocket-book, and then, with an air of quick defiance, put it back. Erect, his wedding ring on his finger, he marched to meet his fate.

Fate was some time in arriving. Not even the punctual Lauterbach was in his place that Monday, and of the Kleinholz family nothing was to be seen.

"He'll be in the stables," thought Pinneberg, and went out into the yard. There stood the red car; it was being washed. Oh, how he wished something had gone wrong with it yesterday about ten o'clock. And he said:

"Old man not up yet?"
"All in bed still, Herr Pinneberg."
"Who fed the horses yesterday, after all?"
"Old Kuts, Herr Pinneberg."

"Ah," said Pinneberg, and went back into the office.

At about a quarter past eight Schulz shuffled in, a very yellow Schulz, and in a very bad temper.

"Where's Lauterbach?" he asked angrily. "Shamming sick, when we've got so much to do?"

"Looks like it," said Pinneberg. "Lauterbach's never late. Have a good Sunday, Schulz."

At twenty past eight Lauterbach came in.

And what a sight and a spectacle was Lauterbach!

A black eye, one. Left hand in a bandage, two. Face covered with scars, three, four, five. On the back of his head a black silk plaster, and a pervasive reek of chloroform, six, seven. And what a nose, what a swollen, bloody nose! eight. And his under-lip, split and protruding, like a nigger's, nine. Knock-out, Lauterbach. To put the matter shortly, on the previous day Ernst Lauterbach had been vigorously and devotedly defending his political ideas against the local population.

The other two danced around him in huge excitement.

"Oh, my little man! What have they done to you?"

"Oh, Ernst, Ernst, will you never learn!" Lauterbach sat down, very stiff and cautious.

"What you see is nothing. You should have a look at my back!"

"But why on earth—?"
"Ah, that's the sort of man I am. I could quite well have stayed at home to-day, but I thought of all the work you fellows would have to do."

"And to-day's the day when one of us may be sacked, and the dogs bite the fellow who isn't there."

Emil Kleinholz came in.

KLEINHOLZ was unfortunately sober that morning, so sober, that he smelt the schnapps and beer on Schulz before he was through the door. He opened the game by saying:

"Ah, still nothing to do, gentlemen? Well, to-day's the day when I've got to give one of you notice." He grinned. "Work's scarce, eh?"

He looked triumphantly at the three of them, and they crept humbly to their places. Kleinholz followed.

"Well, my dear Schulz, I daresay it suits you very well to sleep off your drink in my office and get paid in good money for doing so. Pretty wet funeral, wasn't it?"

He thought for an instant; then he had an idea.

"I think you'd better get on the trailer behind the lorry and go along to the mills. It's a bad road, and breaking that old trailer will be just the sort of exercise to put you right. I'll tell the driver to keep you up to it."

Kleinholz laughed at this prospect. Schulz was on his way to the door when Kleinholz shouted:

"How are you going to manage without papers? Pinneberg, get the order forms ready for Schulz; the fellow's too shaky to write this morning."

Pinneberg ran off, glad to have something to do.

Then he gave Schulz the papers.

"Here you are, Schulz."

"Just a moment, Herr Schulz," said Emil. "You can't be back before twelve, and I can only give you notice up till twelve, by our agreement. I still don't know which of you I'm going to sack; I shall have to think it over. . . . So I'll give you notice just as a precaution; that'll give you something to chew on the journey, and if you attend to that brake properly, you ought to be pretty sober by the time you get back. Schulz, my lad."

Schulz got up; his lips moved, but not a sound came. His face was always lined and yellow, but that morning he was a pitiable object.

"Get along now," said Kleinholz, "and report to me when you get back. Then I'll tell you whether your notice holds or not."

Schulz went; the door closed, slowly and with trembling hand, on which the wedding ring glittered. Pinneberg pushed the blotting pad away from him. Was it his turn now, or Lauterbach's?

AT the first word he understood that the next was to be Lauter-

bach. To Lauterbach Kleinholz used quite another tone. Lauterbach was a stupid but a powerful man, and if he were goaded too far he simply hit out. You had to be careful with Lauterbach; but Emil knew how to manage him.

"I am really sorry to see you in such a state, Herr Lauterbach. Black eye, purple nose, a mouth that you can hardly talk with, and an arm—you're here to do a full-time job, I would have you remember; at any rate you want full-time pay for it, don't you?"

"Nothing wrong with my work," said Lauterbach.

"Gently, Herr Lauterbach, gently. Politics are all right, you know, and I daresay National Socialism is a very good thing. We shall be able to tell better after the next elections; but I don't see why I should have to pay for it—"

"I'm up to any job," said Lauterbach.

"Well," said Emil softly. "We'll see. But not to-day, I think; the job that's got to be done to-day is not for a sick man like you—"

"I'm perfectly capable—" said Lauterbach.

"You may say so, Herr Lauterbach; but I don't quite believe it. Old Brommen hasn't turtled up, so we'll have to clean the winter barley over again, and I was going to ask you to work the clapper—"

New this was a really dirty trick, even for Emil. Apart from anything else, working the clapper was not a clerk's job at all.



and secondly, it called for two very sound strong arms.

"You see," said Emil; "as I thought, you're an invalid. Go home, Herr Lauterbach, but you won't get any pay while you're away. It isn't a case of illness."

"I'll do it," said Lauterbach in a tone of savage defiance. "I'll turn the fan. Don't you be afraid, Herr Kleinholz!"

"Very well; I'll come up to you before twelve, Lauterbach, and tell you definitely whether you're sacked or not."

Lauterbach muttered something unintelligible, and departed.

THE two were left alone. Now it's my turn, thought Pinneberg. But to his surprise Kleinholz said in quite a friendly tone:

"Those two fellows, Herr Pinneberg, are alike, there's nothing to choose between them."

Pinneberg did not answer.

"You look very festive to-day. Can't I find some dirty work for you to do? You might make up the Honor estate accounts to August, thirty-first. And keep an eye on the straw consignments. They once sent hay straw instead of rye straw, and the load wasn't accepted."

"I know, Herr Kleinholz," said Pinneberg. "That was the truck that went to the racing stable at Karlsruher."

"Good for you," said Emil. "Quite right, Herr Pinneberg. If only all the others were like you. Well then, get on with it. Good morning."

And he went.

Pinneberg's heart was glad with him. "Oh, Bunty, we're safe; we needn't be afraid about my job, and about the baby."

He got up and fetched the file with the experts' reports, as that load of straw had been valued by an expert.

"How did the account stand on March 31st? Debit: Three thousand seven hundred and sixty-five marks, fifty-five. Then

Suddenly, as though at a clap of thunder, he looked up:
"And like a blasted fool I've given my word to the others that we'll all give notice

If he sacks one of us. And I suggested it; God help me for a fool. I never thought of this. . . . He'll simply sack all three of us!"

He jumped up and began to pace up and down the office.

This was Pinneberg's hour, his special hour, in which he wrestled with the angel. He realised that he would certainly get no other job in Ducherow; and as things were at present he wouldn't get a job anywhere else. He paced up and down, and he grew very hot.

"What am I to do? I simply can't. . . . And the others certainly wouldn't do it. Well, then. . . ? But I mustn't be mean; I can't do anything I'd be ashamed of. If only Bunny were here! If I could only ask her. She's so straight, she knows exactly what a chap ought to do—"

He rushed to the window, and stared out on to the Market Square. If only she would pass; and quickly! She was sure to pass that morning, she had said she was going out to buy some meat.

"Oh, Bunny. Dear Bunny—do come by!"

THE door opened and Marie Kleinholz appeared.

It was an ancient privilege of the women of the Kleinholz family that on Monday morning, when no customers came in, they should be allowed to lay out their washing on the large table in the office. And it was also these ladies' right to ask the clerks to see that the table was clear. But in the great excitement of that morning this had not been done.

Pinneberg jumped up.

"Just a moment. I'm so sorry, it will be ready in a minute."

He threw samples of corn into pigeon-holes, piled up the files on the window-ledge, and for a moment did not know what to do with the corn-tester.

"Hurry up, my good fellow," said Marie, in a quarrelsome tone. "I'm waiting here with my washing."

"Just a moment," said Pinneberg, very quietly.

"A moment indeed," she grumbled. "It ought to have been done long ago. But, of course, if you stand at the window winking at the girls—"

Pinneberg thought it better not to answer. Marie dumped her armful of washing down on to the now cleared table. "Why, the table's filthy! This stuff will be dirty again at once. Where's the duster?"

"I don't know," said Pinneberg rather sharply, and pretended to look for it.

"Every Saturday I hang up a fresh duster, and by Monday it's gone. Someone must just steal the dusters."

"I won't have you say that," said Pinneberg angrily.

"Won't have it, indeed! What's it got to do with you? Did I say you stole the dusters? I said 'Someone.' I don't think much girls would touch dusters, they'd think themselves above it."

"Look here, Fraulein Kleinholz," began Pinneberg, but mastered himself, and with an "Oh, well," sat down in his place to work.

"Yes, I thought you wouldn't have much to say for yourself. Fancy cuddling a girl like that in a public road—"

She waited a minute to see if her arrow stuck.

Pinneberg controlled himself with an effort. There wasn't much washing, and then she'd have to go.

Marie again took up the thread of her chatter.

"The creature looked frightfully common. So over-dressed."

Pause.

"Father said he had seen her in the Palm Grotto as a waitress."

Again a pause.

"Well, many men like their women

common, it actually attracts them, so father says."

Again a pause.

"I'm sorry for you, Herr Pinneberg."

"And I for you," said Pinneberg.

A rather longer pause. Marie was rather disconcerted. At last she said:

"If you are insolent to me, Herr Pinneberg, I shall tell father and he'll give you the sack."

"What do you mean—insolent?" asked Pinneberg. "I said exactly what you said."

Then silence reigned. It seemed like a final silence. Now and again could be heard the clatter of the sprinkler when Marie Kleinholz shook it, or the steel ruler clinking against the ink-pot.

SUDDENLY, however, Marie gave a shriek, and dashed triumphantly to the window.

"There she goes! There she goes, the little baggage! Lord, how she's made up—disgusting, I call it."

Pinneberg got up, and looked out of the window. Passing down the street was Emma Pinneberg, his Bunny, with her net-bag, the being whom he loved best in the world. And to say that she was "made up" was, he knew, a lie.

He stood and stared at Bunny until she reached the corner and disappeared down the Station Road. He turned and walked up to Fraulein Kleinholz. His face looked



rather stern and pale, and his forehead was set and lined. There was fire in his eyes.

"Look here, Fraulein Kleinholz," he said, and by way of precaution he plunged his hands in his trouser pockets; then he swallowed, and started again. "Look here, Fraulein Kleinholz, if you say anything like that again, I'll box your ears for you."

She tried to say something, her thin lips quivered, and her skinny bird-like head jerked towards him.

"Hold your mouth," he said roughly. "That's my wife, understand!" He pulled his right hand out of his pocket and flourished his wedding ring under her nose. "And you can be glad if you are ever as good a woman as she is!"

With that, Pinneberg turned away. He had said his say, and he felt immensely relieved. Consequences? Who cared? He was ready for them all. So Pinneberg turned away and sat down in his place.

For quite a while there was silence. He glanced towards Marie, but she did not see. She turned her poor little head with its thin faded hair towards the window; the other had passed and disappeared.

Then she sat down on a chair, laid her head on the table, and began to cry—to cry as though her heart would break.

"Oh, Lord!" said Pinneberg, and was a little ashamed of his brutality (but not much). "Don't take it so hard. I didn't mean it."

But she cried and cried, and it probably did her some sort of good, and between her tears she stammered out that she couldn't help being like what she was, and she had always thought him such a decent man, quite unlike the other two, and was he really married? Ah, not in church? Well, she wouldn't tell her father—he needn't be afraid—if his wife came from hereabouts, she didn't look like it—and what she had said before she had only said to make him angry. The girl looked very nice.

And so it went on, and so it would have gone on for a long while, if Frau Klein-

holz's shrill voice had not suddenly burst in upon them:

"Where's that washing, Marie? I want to get the mangle done."

With a horrified cry, Marie leapt up, picked up her washing, and ran out. But Pinneberg sat on, and really felt quite pleased with himself. He whistled a tune, energetically added up figures, and kept an eye on the window in case Bunny passed on her way back. But perhaps she had passed already.

Time went on. It was eleven, then half-past, then a quarter to twelve, and Pinneberg sang "Hosanna to my Bunny. We're safe for another month." And all might have gone well, but at five minutes to twelve Father Kleinholz came into the office, surveyed his bookkeeper, walked to the window, stared into the street, and said in quite a human voice:

"Well, Pinneberg, I've been in two minds about this. I would sooner have kept you on, and let one of the others go. But your refusal to turn up on Sunday just because you wanted to have the day out with a girl—that I can't forgive, and that's why I'm giving you notice."

"Herr Kleinholz—!" Pinneberg stiffened himself for a comprehensive explanation which would certainly have lasted till after twelve o'clock, and thus beyond the time within which he could be dismissed. "Herr Kleinholz, I—"

But at that moment Emil Kleinholz cried out in a fury:

"Heavens! There's that girl again. Your time's up on October thirty-first, Herr Pinneberg."

And before Johannes Pinneberg could say a word, Emil was outside and had disappeared with a slam of the door. But Pinneberg saw Bunny disappear round the corner of the market square, sighed deeply, and looked at the clock. Three minutes to twelve. Two minutes to twelve saw Pinneberg dashing across the yard to the seed-corn shed. There he fell upon Lauterbach, and said, breathlessly:

"Lauterbach, go to Kleinholz and give him notice. Remember your promise. He's just sacked me!"

Lauterbach first took his arm slowly from the crank of the fan, surveyed Pinneberg with astonishment, and said:

"First, it's a minute to twelve, and I couldn't give him notice before twelve; secondly, I should have to speak to Schulz first, and he isn't there. Thirdly, I've just heard from Marie that you're married, and if that's true, you've been deceiving us all. And fourthly—"

But what fourthly was, Pinneberg did not hear. The church clock slowly and stroke by stroke, struck twelve. It was too late. Pinneberg was dismissed, and nothing more could be done.

CHAPTER 5

THREE weeks later—it was a dull, cold rainy September day, very windy—three weeks later, Pinneberg slowly shut the outer door of the branch office of the Clerks' Union. For a moment he stopped on the landing, vacantly contemplating a placarded appeal to the sense of solidarity among clerks. He sighed deeply, and walked down the staircase.

The fat personage with the flashing gold teeth had decisively proved that there was nothing to be done for him, and that he must simply become a member of the unemployed.

"You know, yourself, Herr Pinneberg, what are the prospects in textiles here in Ducherow. Nothing vacant." Pause. And then, with increased emphasis: "And there won't be either."

"But the Union has branches everywhere," said Pinneberg timidly. "Couldn't you get into touch with them? I have

such good testimonials. "Perhaps," added Pinneberg, with a pathetic wave of his hand, "perhaps there's something doing somewhere else."

"Impossible," said Herr Friedrichs with conviction. "If there was anything vacant—and how could there be, with everybody sitting on their jobs as though they were frozen to them—there are so many unemployed members on the spot. It wouldn't be fair, Herr Pinneberg, to pass over the men on the spot in favor of someone from outside."

"But supposing the man from outside were in greater need?"

"No, no, it would be most unfair. Everyone's in need these days."

Pinneberg did not pursue the question of fairness or unfairness. "What about some other job?" he persisted.

"Well," said Herr Friedrichs, shrugging his shoulders, "there isn't anything else. You're not really a trained bookkeeper, Herr Pinneberg, though I dare say you've picked up a bit with Kleinholz. That must be an odd sort of firm . . . Is it really true that he gets drunk every night and brings women into the house?"

"I don't know," said Pinneberg shortly. "I'm not on duty at night."

"Well, well, Herr Pinneberg," said Herr Friedrichs in a tone of some irritation, "the Union is very much against transfer of untrained elements from one branch to another. The Union can't support such procedure; it damages the status of our members."

"Oh, hell!" said Pinneberg. Then he went on obstinately. "But you must do something for me by the first of the month, Herr Friedrichs. I'm married."

"By the first! But that's in exactly a week. Quite out of the question, Pinneberg. How can I do any such thing? You must see that for yourself, Herr Pinneberg. Be reasonable."

Pinneberg did not attach much value to reason. "We're expecting a child, Herr Friedrichs," he said softly.

Friedrichs glanced up at his petitioner. Then he said in a kindly and encouraging tone: "Ah, well, children bring a blessing. So they say. You'll get your unemployment pay. Many have to manage with less. It will be all right. You'll see."

"But I must—"

Herr Friedrichs saw that he must do something. "Well now listen, Pinneberg. I quite see that you're in rather a tight place. So I will write your name down here on my memorandum book: Pinneberg, Johannes, twenty-three years old, salesman, living at—? Where do you live?"

"Green End."

"Ah, right outside the town? Right. And your membership number. Thank you." Herr Friedrichs looked thoughtfully at what he had written. "Now I shall put this by my ink-pot so that it will be always under my eye. And when anything turns up, I shall think of you first."

Pinneberg then went back to walk the streets and sit for a while in the cold deserted park.

SUDDENLY Pinneberg burst out laughing. That smoked salmon. That half-pound of smoked salmon. Poor Bunny, how unhappy she had been. And how good it was to comfort her. He had forgotten his plight now.

One evening, just as they were sitting down to supper, Bunny said she could not eat, the sight of the food disgusted her. But to-day in the grocer's window she had seen a smoked salmon, so red and juicy; how she longed for some!

"Why didn't you bring some home with you?"

"But you don't know what it costs!"

Well, they talked and talked; it was of course absurd, much too dear. But if Bunny couldn't eat anything else . . . Supper could be put back for half an hour and Pinneberg would run into town at once.

NOT a bit of it! Bunny would go herself. What nonsense! Walking was very good for her; besides, she might be sitting here in terror lest he might be buying the wrong salmon. She must see every slice of it cut with her own eyes. She would certainly go.

"All right, you go."

"And how much shall I buy?"

"A quarter pound. No, half a pound, as we're going to be extravagant."

He watched her walk away: she had a fine long vigorous stride, and looked very well in her blue frock. He leaned out of the window until she had disappeared round the corner of the road, and then began to pace up and down the room. He reckoned that when he had gone back and forward through that room for fifty times, she would again be in sight. He went to the window. Right! Bunny was just entering the house, she had not looked up. Only two or three minutes more. He stood and waited. He thought he heard her at the door of the flat. But Bunny did not come.

What had happened? She had gone into the house, and yet she did not come.

He opened the door into the little hall, and there in the doorway stood Bunny, shrinking against the wall with tear-stained, anguished face, and holding out a piece of sticky grease-proof paper—empty.

"But what on earth's the matter, Bunny? Did you drop the salmon?"

"I ate it," she sobbed. "I ate it all by myself."

"You ate it all out of the paper? Without bread? The whole half-pound? Bunny?"

"I ate it," she said, "all by myself."

"Well, then, come and tell me about it. Come along in; there's nothing to cry about. Tell me just what happened. You bought the salmon—"

"Yes, and I had a craving for it. I could hardly wait while she was carving and weighing it. And as soon as I got outside I went into the nearest doorway and took out a slice—and it was gone."

"And then?"

"Yes, darling, I did that the whole way home. I couldn't help stopping whenever I passed a doorway. At first I didn't mean to cheat, I divided it exactly, half and half. Then I thought an extra slice wouldn't matter. And then I ate more and more of your share, but one bit I managed to keep until I got here, just outside the door—"

"And then you ate that too?"

"Yes, I ate that too; it's so awful of me, and now you've got no salmon, darling. But isn't that I'm really bad," she began to sob again. "It's the state I'm in. I never was greedy. And I shall be fearfully sorry if the baby's greedy. And—and—shall I run back to town now and get some more salmon? I'll bring it back this time, I will truly."

It was September 26, a Friday, and on this Friday Pinneberg was, as usual, still at the office. Bunny was cleaning up. As she was sweeping, there was a knock at the door. She said: "Come in."

The postman appeared, and said:

"Does Frau Pinneberg live here?"

"I'm Frau Pinneberg."

"Here's a letter for you. There ought to be a plate up on the door. I can't smell where you live, can I?"

So saying, he vanished.

But Bunny stood there with the letter in

her hand, a large mauve envelope, addressed in a scrawling script. It was the first letter that Bunny had received since she was married; she did not correspond with those at Platz.

This letter did not come from Platz; this letter came from Berlin. And as Bunny turned it over and over she noticed the name of the sender written on the back.

"Mia Pinneberg, Berlin N.W.40, Spenerstr. 92 II."

"Why, it's the boy's mother, Mia, not Marie," thought Bunny. "Well, she hasn't been in much of a hurry."

But Bunny did not open the letter. She put it down on the table, and while she went on cleaning she kept on looking at it.



She would read it with him when he got home. That would be best.

But suddenly Bunny threw away her duster. She had a presentiment that this was a great hour, she was sure of it. She ran into the Scharrenhofers' kitchen and washed her hands under the tap. The old lady said something to her, and Bunny mechanically said "Yes," but did not hear. She was standing before the mirror tidying her hair.

Then she plumped down into the corner of the sofa just in the way she had been told not to do (the springs creaked protestingly), picked up the letter, and opened it.

She read it.

She was slow of understanding.

She read it a second time.

THEN she was on her legs; they were trembling a little; no matter, she must go along to Kleinholz's place and speak to the lad at once.

"Oh, Lord," thought she, "I mustn't be too delighted. But I can't avoid this—how can I—?"

Kleinholz's office wore rather a sleepy air. The three clerks were sitting around, and Emil was sitting around, too. There was really nothing to do that day. But while the clerks had to behave as if they were doing something, and that with feverish energy, Emil merely sat around and wondered whether Emilie would let him have another drink. He had managed two already that morning.

In that stagnant office the door suddenly flew open, and a young woman burst in with flying hair, flashing eyes, and rosy cheeks; but—but wearing a most unmistakable kitchen apron; and she cried:

"Darling, come out of here; I must speak to you at once!"

And as the four occupants of the office stared at her in bewilderment she suddenly recollected herself and said:

"I beg your pardon, Herr Kleinholz; my name is Pinneberg, and I must speak to my husband urgently."

And suddenly this self-contained young woman burst out sobbing and said imploringly:

"Do come at once, darling. I—"

Emil growled out something, Lauterbach emitted a snarl, Schulz grinned insolently, and Pinneberg looked frantically embarrassed. He waved his hand in a sort of desperate gesture of apology as he went out of the door.

In the doorway outside the office, the broad doorway through which the lorries passed with their sacks of corn and

potatoes, Bunny, still sobbing, fell on her husband's neck.

"Darling, I'm nearly crazy, I'm so happy! We've got a job. Read this."

And she pushed the mauve letter into his hand.

PINNEBERG was shaking with agitation; he had no idea what was up.

Then he read:
"My Dear Daughter-in-Law, called Bunny—I expect the boy is just as big a fool as ever, and you will have no end of trouble with him. It's simply silly, after the education I gave him, that he should be working in produce. He must come here at once, and on October 1st take up a job I have got for him in Mandel's Store. To begin with you can live with me. Greetings.—From your Mamma."

"P.S.—I meant to write to you a month ago, but I couldn't manage it. You must telegraph when you're coming."

"Oh, darling, darling, I'm so happy!"
"Yes, my sweet one, and so am I. I don't know what mamma means about edu-



cation. . . . Well, I won't say anything now. Go at once and telegraph."

But it was a moment or two before they could tear themselves apart.

Then Pinneberg went back into the office and sat down stiffly, silent and portentous. "Any news of a job?" asked Lauterbach. And Pinneberg answered in an indifferent tone:

"I've got a position as first salesman in the Mandel Store in Berlin. Three hundred and fifty marks a month."

"Mandel?" said Lauterbach. "Jews, of course."

"Mandel?" said Emil Kleinholz. "Make sure it's a respectable firm. I should find out first if I were you."

"I once had a girl," said Schulz meditatively, "who screamed like that when she was a bit excited. Is your wife always so hysterical, Pinneberg?"

CHAPTER 6

A TAXICAB drove along the Invalidenstrasse, made its way slowly through a turmoil of foot-passengers and trams, reached the less crowded space in front of the station, and hooking with apparent relief, sped up the slope to the Stettin Station. And there stopped.

Frau Mia Pinneberg wandered up and down the station platform. She had a flabby, rather full face, and strangely light blue eyes, which looked as though they had been bleached. She was fair, very fair, with dark painted eyebrows; indeed, she was a little made up everywhere, but only to go to the station. Usually, she had hardly got herself presentable at that hour of the day.

"Bless the lad," she thought to herself, and felt quite touched; she knew she ought to feel touched, otherwise the whole business was a nuisance.

She wondered whether he was still as foolish as ever. Of course he was. Who would marry a girl from Ducherow? She—his old mother—could make a man of him, a really useful man. His wife . . . well she might be the sort of girl who would help in the flat. Jachmann always said the bills were too high. Perhaps she would get rid of old Moller. She would see. Thank the Lord, here was the train—

She beamed at the arrivals.
"You look splendid, dear. The coal trade seems a healthy business. You didn't deal in coal? Then why did you write and say

you did? Now give me a nice kiss; you needn't be afraid; my lipstick is kiss-proof. You too, Bunny. I thought of you as looking quite different!"

She surveyed her at arm's length.

Bunny smiled:

"And what did you think I'd be like. Mamma?"

"Well, you know, a country girl, and with the name of Emma, and he calls you Bunny. . . . You still wear flannel underclothes in Pomerania, don't you? No, Hans, you've done a bit of good for yourself this time. Bunny, indeed! She's a Valkyrie, high-bosomed and proud-hearted, eh? . . . Now don't you blush, or I shall think of Ducherow."

"I certainly shan't blush," laughed Bunny. "Of course I've got a high bosom. And I've got a proud heart, too. To-day, especially, Berlin! Mandel! And such a mother-in-law! But I haven't got any flannel underclothes."

"Ah, apropos of flannel—what about your things? You'd better have them delivered by van. Or have you got any furniture?"

"No, we haven't furniture, Mamma. We haven't been able to buy any yet."

"No hurry. I can let you have a gorgeously furnished room. A very good room it really is. Money's better than furniture, any day. I hope you've got plenty of that."

"Money?" growled Pinneberg. "Where do you expect us to have got it from? What sort of wages does Mandel pay?"

"Who? Mandel?"

"Yes, Mandel's Store, where I've got the job."

"Did I say Mandel? I had forgotten. You must talk to Jachmann this evening. He knows everything."

"Jachmann—?"

"Let's take a taxi. I've got a little party this evening, and I shall be frightfully late if we don't. Hans, there's the goods delivery office. They're not to send it before eleven. I don't like anyone ringing at my bell before eleven."

THE two women were for a moment alone.

"You like to sleep late, Mamma?" asked Bunny.

"Of course. Don't you? Every sensible person likes to sleep late. I hope you don't start creeping about the place at eight o'clock."

"Of course I like sleeping late. But the lad has to get to business in good time."

"The lad? What lad? Oh, the lad. I call him Hans. His real name is Johannes; old Pinneberg insisted on it, he was like that. . . . Well, you needn't get up so early. It's just a superstition of these men. They can perfectly well make their own coffee and spread their own bread and butter. But you must tell him to be as quiet as he can. He used to be fearfully inconsiderate."

"Not to me," said Bunny decisively. "To me he has always been the most considerate man in the world."

"How long have you been married—?" Don't tell me, Bunny. Bunny, indeed—I must think of something to call you. Fixed that up, my son? Now for a taxi."

"Spencerstrasse ninety-two," said Pinneberg to the driver. And when they had sat down, he said: "So you're giving a party this evening, Mamma? Not—?" and he paused.

"Now, what's the matter?" said Mamma in an energetic tone. "Anything wrong? A party in your honor, you meant to say, didn't you? No, my son; in the first place I couldn't afford it, and, secondly, it isn't a party, it's business. Only business."

"But you don't still go to—?" Again Pinneberg did not finish his sentence.

"Oh, Lord, Bunny," cried his mother in despair. "What's to be done with the lad?

Now he's upset again. He wants to ask me whether I still serve in a bar. He'll ask me that when I'm eighty. No, my boy, and haven't done for many years. I'm sure he's told you I served in a bar—that I was a bar-lady, didn't he? Tell me now."

"Well, he did say something—," said Bunny hesitatingly.

"There!" said Frau Pinneberg triumphantly. "Do you know, my son Hans positively glows over his mamma's wickedness. He's actually proud of his shame!"

"Really, Mamma," protested Pinneberg.

FRAU PINNEBERG opened a door, and said triumphantly:

"There, that's your room—"

She switched the light, and a reddish glow from the ceiling mingled with the light of the fading September day. She had said it was gorgeous, and gorgeous it certainly was. On a low dais stood the bed, a large bed of gilded wood and adorned with cupids. Two red silk quilts, and a white fur rug on the dais. Above, a baldachino. It was a show bed, a bed of state.

"Good Lord," cried Bunny, at the sight of this new home of hers. Then she said softly: "But this is much too grand for us. We're quite modest people."

"It's quite genuine," said Frau Pinneberg proudly. "Louis XVI or rococo, I can't remember which; you must ask Jachmann, he gave it to me."

"Gave," thought Pinneberg. "Gave you a bed!"

"I've always let it until now," went on Frau Mia Pinneberg. "It looks lovely, but it isn't very comfortable, for all that. Mostly to foreigners. With the small room opposite I used to get two hundred a month for it. But who will pay that to-day? We'll say a hundred for you."

"I can't possibly pay a hundred marks rent, Mamma," said Pinneberg.

"But why not? A hundred marks isn't much for a room like that. You can use the telephone, too."

"I don't want a telephone. I don't want a grand room," said Pinneberg irritably. "I don't even know what I'm going to earn, and you talk about a hundred marks rent."

"All right, let's have some coffee," said Frau Pinneberg, and switched off the light again. "If you don't know what you're going to earn, you can very likely pay a hundred marks. Your things will be put in here. And listen, Bunny: my charwoman, old Moller, hasn't turned up to-day; will you help me a bit to get things ready? You won't mind?"

"I'll be very glad to help, Mamma," said Bunny. "I hope I'll be of some use, but I'm not a very good housewife."

After a while the scene in the kitchen was this: Frau Pinneberg sat on a rather broken-down wicker chair, smoking one cigarette after another. The two younger Pinnebergs were standing at the sink, washing up. Bunny washed; he dried. There was an enormous amount to wash up: saucepans full of remains, remnants of cups, squadrons of wine-glasses, plates, and quantities of knives and forks and spoons—no washing up could have been done for a fortnight.

Frau Mia Pinneberg entertained them as they worked.

"It's that awful charwoman of mine. I never come into the kitchen and you see what happens. She's a waste of good money; I'll give her the sack to-morrow. Hans, my son, take care you don't leave any fluff from the cloth on the wine-glasses. Jachmann is frightfully particular about a thing like that, he'd simply throw the glass out of the window. When we've finished the washing up, we'll go and lay the supper. That won't take us long; we'll make some nice little sandwiches—there must be a lot of roast veal left. Thank the

Lord, here comes Jachmann; he can help, too."

The door opened, and Herr Holger Jachmann came in.

"Whom have we here?" he asked, looking rather disconcerted.

JACHMANN was a giant. Jachmann was quite different from what the Pinnebergs had imagined. A tall fair man with a strong, cheerful and straightforward face, broad shoulders, and even now, though it was getting on towards winter, without jacket or waistcoat.

"Whom have we here?" he asked in astonishment, and stopped in the doorway. "Has that old beast of a char killed herself at last with our brandy?"

"Charming, Jachmann," said Frau Pinneberg, but stayed quietly in her chair. "There you stand and stare. I must really make a note of how often you stand and stare. Considering I expressly told you I was expecting my son and daughter-in-law."

"You did not say one word about it, Pinneberg, not one word," said the giant emphatically. "I've never even heard you had a son, and now a daughter-in-law as well. Gracious lady—" and Bunny at the sink her hands all wet, had her hand kissed for the first time in her life—"gracious lady, I am delighted. Will you always be washing up here? Allow me." He took a saucer from her hand. "This seems a desperate case. Pinneberg has apparently been trying to produce boiled shoe-soles. If I remember rightly, and the late Moller hasn't taken it with her to her grave, there must be a bottle of stuff in the kitchen cupboard. I thank you, young man; we will wet our friendship in due course."

"Well, you may do what you like," came Frau Pinneberg's voice from the background, "and flirt with my daughter-in-law. Do you mean to tell me I never told you about my son? Why you got this son of mine a job in Mandel's, by your own personal influence, to start on October the first, which is to-morrow. There now, Jachmann."

"I? Not a bit of it. I wouldn't attempt such a thing in these days. It would be trouble for nothing."

"Good God! what a man," cried Frau Pinneberg. "And you said the thing was all fixed up, and that I was to send for him."

"You are completely and utterly wrong, Pinneberg. I may, perhaps, have said I would see what could be done, or something of that kind—indeed, I rather fancy I did, but you certainly never said anything to me about a son. It's always your damned vanity. Son—I never heard you utter the word!"

"Well!" said Frau Pinneberg indignantly.

"And, of course, I never said the thing was fixed up. I am a most scrupulous and orderly man in business matters, almost pedantic, in fact. I was with Lehmann of Mandel's only the day before yesterday—he's the head of the Staff Department—and he'd have been certain to say something about it. No, Pinneberg, no, you have been building castles in the air again."

THE two young Pinnebergs had long since finished washing up, and they stood there looking from one to the other. At Mamma, addressed briefly as Pinneberg by her giant, and at the vast Jachmann, who so calmly brushed everything aside, and considered the matter at an end.

But there was Johannes Pinneberg to be reckoned with. He cared less than twopence for Jachmann, whom he loathed at sight, and thought a nincompoop; but he

took three steps towards his mother and said, pale and a little halting in his speech, but very clearly:

"Mamma, does this mean that you got us here from Ducherow, and made us spend all this money on our journey, just to make fools of us? Just because you wanted to let your grand bedroom for a hundred marks—"

"Darling," said Bunny.

But he went on even more resolutely:

"And simply because you wanted some one to wash up? We're poor people, Bunny, and I; probably I shan't get any unemployment pay here, and what—what—suddenly he began to gulp—"what in the world is to become of us?"

"Now, now, now," said Mamma. "Don't cry, at any rate. You can go back to Ducherow at any time. You've just heard, and you too, Bunny, that it isn't my fault at all, and that this man Jachmann has messed up the whole thing as usual. Why, to listen to him you'd think everything was all right, and he was the most orderly man under the sun, but really. . . . As he stands there, I would bet he's forgotten that the Stoschusens are bringing three Dutchmen this evening, and that he was to invite Mullensiefen and Claire and Nina. And you were to bring new ecarte cards with you."

"Listen to her," said the Dutchman triumphantly. "That's just like Pinneberg." "Herr Jachmann," said Bunny suddenly, "listen a moment. It doesn't matter to you a bit whether we have a job or not. You can probably get jobs, though; you are much cleverer than we are—"

"Do you hear that, Pinneberg?" said Jachmann with great satisfaction.

"But we are quite simple people. And we are very unhappy because my husband hasn't got a job. So I do ask you to do all you possibly can to get us one."

"My dear young lady," said the huge man with great emphasis, "I most certainly will. I'll get the young man a job. What shall it be? How much does he need to earn so that you can live?"

"But you know all about it," declared



Frau Pinneberg. "Salesman at Mandel's, Gentlemen's Outfitting Department."

"Mandel's? Why do you want to go into a rotten old show like that, eh?" asked Jachmann, blinking. "Besides, I don't believe they pay more than five hundred a month."

"You're mad," said Frau Pinneberg. "A salesman at five hundred? Two hundred, or two hundred and fifty at the outside."

"I'll talk to Lehmann. I'll talk to him to-morrow. Your husband can begin the day after. Word of honor."

"Then thank you, Herr Jachmann, thank you very much."

CHAPTER 7

PINNEBERG called on Lehmann the next day. It was a gigantic room with one wall almost entirely windows. By the windows stood a mammoth writing-table, on which there was nothing but a telephone and mammoth yellow pencil. Not a scrap of paper. Nothing. At one side of the writing-table was a chair, empty. On the other side stood a small wicker chair, and on it—why, this must be Herr Lehmann: a tall, yellow man with a lined face, a short, black beard, and a sickly-looking bald patch. Very dark, round, piercing eyes. Pinneberg remained standing by the

writing-table. Spiritually, as it were, he stood at attention, hunched his shoulders, and kept his head down so as not to look too tall. For it was only pro forma that Herr Lehmann sat on a wicker chair; to indicate the abyss between them he ought really to have been sitting on the topmost rung of a steel ladder.

"Good morning," said Herr Pinneberg, in a quiet, polite tone, and bowed.

Herr Lehmann said nothing. But he picked up the mammoth pencil and stood it upright.

Pinneberg waited.

"What is it you want?" said Herr Lehmann very irritably.

This was a fencer for Pinneberg.

"I—I thought—Herr Jachmann—" And that was all he could say.

Herr Lehmann surveyed his visitor.

"I'm not concerned with Herr Jachmann. I want to know what it is that you want."

"I am applying," said Pinneberg, speaking very slowly, so as not to get out of breath again, "for the post of salesman."

Herr Lehmann put the pencil down. "We are not making any new appointments," he said decisively, and waited.

HERR LEHMANN was a very patient man. He waited. At last he said, again standing the pencil up on end: "Yes, anything else?" "Perhaps later on—" stammered Pinneberg.

"At such a time as this—" said Herr Lehmann scornfully.

Silence.

Pinneberg's heart sank. Poor Bunny! He might as well depart. Then Herr Lehmann said:

"Show me your testimonials."

Pinneberg handed them across the table; his hands were trembling and he was honestly afraid. What was in Herr Lehmann's mind no one knew; but the Mandel Store employed men by the thousand, and Herr Lehmann was the chief of the Staff Department, and so a great man. Perhaps he was having a joke.

So Pinneberg nervously produced his testimonials; his apprenticeship certificate, and documents from Wendheim, from Bergmann, and from Kleinholz.

The testimonials were all very good. Herr Lehmann read them very slowly and with a quite unmoved expression. Then he looked up and seemed to be thinking. Perhaps, perhaps—

Herr Lehmann spoke.

"Yes, we don't deal in produce."

There! And of course Pinneberg could only stammer awkwardly:

"I thought—in the Men's Outfitting, perhaps—that was only a temporary post—"

"Have you got your Employment Insurance Card?"

Pinneberg wondered what all this could mean. Why had he asked for his Insurance Card? Did the man want to torture him? And he put the green card down on the table. Herr Lehmann looked at it carefully, examined the entries, and nodded.

"And your wage-tax card?"

Pinneberg handed this over likewise, and it too was examined. There followed a pause, during which Pinneberg hoped, despaired, and hoped again.

"Well," said Herr Lehmann finally, laying his hand on the papers. "Well, we are not taking on any new employees. We can't. We are even dismissing old ones."

That was that; the last word. But Herr Lehmann's hand still was lying on the papers, and he had even put the mammoth pencil on them.

"However," said Herr Lehmann, "however, we can always transfer really efficient men from our branches. Are you an efficient man?"

Pinneberg whispered something; not a protest. But it satisfied Herr Lehmann.

"You, Herr Pinneberg, will be taken over

from our branch in Breslau. You come from Breslau, don't you?"

Pinneberg whispered again, and again Herr Lehmann was satisfied.

"I suppose there's no one from Breslau in the Men's Outfitting Department, where you will work, is there?"

Pinneberg murmured something.

"Good. Then you'll start to-morrow morning. You will report at eight-thirty in Fraulein Semmler's office, and sign the contract and the House Regulations, and Fraulein Semmler will tell you what to do. Good morning."

"Good morning," said Pinneberg too, and bowed. He walked backwards to the door. He already had the handle in his hand, when Herr Lehmann whispered—actually whispered, across that vast apartment:

"Give your father my best regards. Tell him I've engaged you. Tell Holger I shall be free on Wednesday evening."

But for these final words, Pinneberg would never have known that Lehmann could smile; rather acidly, but smile he could.

So Pinneberg had a father, a real father. And as the father was called Jachmann and the son Pinneberg, the son must illegitimate. But that had been all in his favor with Herr Lehmann. Pinneberg could very well imagine how Jachmann had talked to Lehmann about this youthful peccadillo, and Lehmann looked pretty much of an old goat himself. And here he was, in luck, by the aid of the detestable Jachmann; he found himself figuring as a native of Breslau, a salesman in the local branch of Mandel's, and he had got a job. Testimonials were no use. Efficiency was no use. Obsequiousness was no use—but a fellow like Jachmann, he was some use.

What had been going on at the flat last evening? There had been much noise and laughter, and they had certainly got drunk. Bunny and he had been lying in their gorgeous bed, and behaved as though they had heard nothing. They had said nothing; after all she was his mother; but it was a very doubtful sort of party.

It was October 31, half-past nine o'clock in the morning. Pinneberg was in the Men's Outfitting Department of Mandel's Store, setting out a stock of grey striped trousers.

"Sixteen fifty—sixteen fifty. Eighteen ninety—eighteen ninety. . . . Dammit, where are the trousers at seventeen seventy-five? We've certainly still got some at seventeen seventy-five. I suppose that careless swine Kessler has hidden them away again. Where on earth are the trousers at—"

A little further off in the salesroom the apprentices Beerbaum and Malwald were brushing coats. Malwald was a sportsman, and apprenticeship in outfitting can be looked on in the light of a sport. Malwald's last record was the faultless brushing of a hundred and nine coats in an hour. He had been rather too vigorous; a button broke, and Janicke, the sub-manager, had something to say about that.

Kropelin, the head of the department, would certainly have said nothing. He always understood that accidents will happen. But Janicke, his deputy, could not become head of the department until Kropelin was no more; so he had to be sharp, energetic, and always intent upon the firm's interests.

The apprentices were counting out loud: "Eighty-seven, eighty-eight, eighty-nine, ninety—"

So Janicke was not yet in view. And Kropelin did not look up. They were busy talking to the buyer about winter overcoats; fresh supplies were urgently needed, and there were no more blue trench-coats in stock.

Pinneberg kept on looking for the trousers at seventeen seventy-five. He could

have asked Kessler, who was doing something a few yards away, but he did not like Kessler. For when Pinneberg joined, Kessler had observed very audibly:

"Breslau, eh . . . ? We know all about that—another of Lehmann's little jobs."

Pinneberg went on sorting out trousers. It was very quiet for a Friday. There had been only one customer who had bought a mechanic's overall. Kessler had of course served him; he had pushed himself forward, although it was the first salesman's Helibutt's turn. But Helibutt was a gentleman and did not mind that sort of thing. Besides, Helibutt sold quite enough as it was, and he knew very well that in case of difficulty Kessler would go to him for help. That satisfied Helibutt. It would not have satisfied Pinneberg, but Pinneberg was not Helibutt. Pinneberg could show his teeth; Helibutt was much too refined to do any such thing.

At the moment Helibutt was standing at a desk making some calculations. Pinneberg watched him, and wondered whether he should ask him where the missing trousers might be. It would be a good opportunity of getting into conversation with him, but Pinneberg thought better of it; and he did not. He tried several times to talk to Helibutt, who always had been faultlessly polite, but somehow the interview had frozen.

Pinneberg did not want to force his company on the man, more especially as he admired him. Their acquaintance must come without effort, and come it would. And a fantastic idea came into his head;



he would ask Helibutt to visit them at the Spenerstrasse, that very evening if possible. He must show Helibutt to his Bunny, and above all, he must show his Bunny to Helibutt. He must prove that he was not just a commonplace dull salesman; he had Bunny. Who of the others could say as much?

SLOWLY the shop awakened. For some while the assistants had been standing about, bored and only officially on duty; then suddenly they began to sell. Wendt was busy. Laseh was selling, and so was Helibutt. And Kessler, too, though it had really been Pinneberg's turn. But Kessler was always so impatient. However, Pinneberg soon had his customer, a young student. But Pinneberg had no luck; the student, a youth with a dusky-scarred face, asked, short and sharp, for a blue trench-coat.

It flashed through Pinneberg's brain: "Not one in stock. And this fellow won't take anything else. . . . I must push something on to him, if only to spite that brute Kessler."

He soon had the student in front of a mirror.

"A blue trench-coat? Certainly, sir. Will you just try on this ulster a moment?"

"But I don't want an ulster," said the student.

"No, of course not. But just to get the size. If you wouldn't mind. . . . There—it looks very smart. I think, sir?"

"It doesn't look bad," said the student.

"Now show me a blue trench-coat."

"Sixty-nine fifty," said Pinneberg casually, feeling his way. "A special offer. It would have been ninety last winter. Woven lining. Pure wool—"

"Right," said the student. "The price is all right, but I want a trench-coat. Please show me some."

Slowly and reluctantly Pinneberg took off the smart ulster. "I don't think you'll

find anything to suit you as well as this. Blue trench-coats are really quite out of fashion. They have become so common."

"Will you be kind enough to show me one," said the student emphatically. "Or don't you want to sell me a trench-coat?"

"But of course, of course, anything you like." And he smiled just as the student had smiled when he asked his last question. "Only . . ." and he reflected feverishly. Come, he thought he had better out with it. "Only, I can't sell you a blue trench-coat." Pause. "We're quite out of trench-coats."

"Why on earth didn't you tell me that before?" asked the student, half bewildered and half angry.

"Because I wanted to convince you how well that ulster suited you. It really looks its best. You see," said Pinneberg, in a lower tone and with a deprecating smile. "I only wanted to show you how much better it is than a blue trench-coat. That was just a fashion, but this ulster—"

Pinneberg looked at it affectionately, stroked its sleeves, hung it over the hanger and was about to put it back in the stand.

"Stop!" said the student. "I might. . . . It really doesn't look so bad—"

"It certainly does not," said Pinneberg, helping his customer into the coat again. "An ulster always looks so distinguished. May I show you some more ulsters, sir? Or a light trench-coat?"

He saw that the mouse was already in the trap, sniffing at the bacon: he could take a risk.

"Oh, then you have some light trench-coats?" said the student, angrily.

"Yes, we have a few," said Pinneberg, and went up to another stand.

In this stand hung a yellowish-grey trench-coat; it had been twice reduced in price, and its brethren from the same wholesaler, and of the same color and cut, had long since found their purchasers. But this one seemed to be fated never to leave Mandel's. Everyone who wore this coat looked somehow comic or grotesque, or in some way wrongly dressed.

"Here is something," said Pinneberg, flinging the coat over his arm. "A light trench-coat, sir. Thirty-five marks."

The student slipped his arms into the sleeves.

"Thirty-five?" he asked in astonishment.

"Yes," answered Pinneberg loftily. "Such coats are not expensive."

The student surveyed himself in a mirror; and the miraculous effect of the garment was once again observable. That neat young man looked like a scarecrow.

"Take the thing off at once," cried the student. "It's appalling."

"It is a trench-coat," said Pinneberg gravely.

Then Pinneberg wrote out a bill for sixty-nine fifty and gave it to the customer with a bow.

"Thank you very much, sir."

"No, I have to thank you," said the student, thinking no doubt of the yellow trench coat.

"Well, that's that," thought Pinneberg. He threw a quick glance round the department. The others were still selling, or just starting to sell.

Then came a man and two women. These people were difficult, but with Helibutt's help they were sold a suit. It was a great fiasco.

PINNEBERG'S heart swelled with happiness. "Do you really think so, Helibutt? Do you really think that I'm a born salesman?"

"But you know that yourself, Pinneberg. It amuses you to sell things."

"The people amuse me," said Pinneberg. "I always want to find out what sort of people they are, and how best to deal with them, and screw them up to buying some-

thing." He drew a deep breath. "I nearly always pull it off."

"I've noticed that, Pinneberg," said Heilbutt.

"And then there are those confounded people who don't really come to buy, but just to make a fuss and a nuisance of themselves."

"No one can sell to them," said Heilbutt. "You can," said Pinneberg; "you can."

"Perhaps. No. Well, sometimes perhaps I manage it because people are afraid of me."

"There you are," said Pinneberg. "You impress people so frightfully, Heilbutt. When you're there they're too shy to behave as they would like to." He laughed. "Nobody feels like that with me. I have to bow-low to them, and try to guess what they want. That's why I know so well how angry those folks will be for having bought that expensive suit. They'll all be down on each other, and none of them really know why they bought it."

"Yes, and why did they buy it, eh, Pinneberg?" asked Heilbutt.

PINNEBERG was quite taken aback. He racked his brains. "Yes, I really don't know, either. . . . They all talked such a lot. . . ."

Heilbutt smiled. "Ah, now you're laughing, Heilbutt. Yes, now you're laughing at me. Of course, now I come to think of it, they bought it because you impressed them so."

"Nonsense," said Heilbutt; "utter nonsense, Pinneberg. You yourself know quite well that no one buys anything for that reason. I did, perhaps, speed matters up a bit."

"You certainly did, Heilbutt."

"No. The decisive point was that you never lost your temper. There are colleagues of ours," said Heilbutt, and his dark eyes ranged over the shop, until they rested on the man he sought, "who get offended at once. When they say that such and such is a splendid pattern, and the customer says he doesn't like it, they answer loftily: 'There's no disputing as to tastes.' Or they just say nothing, out of sheer ill-temper. You're not like that, Pinneberg."

"Well, gentlemen," said Janekke, the bustling sub-manager, "a little palaver, eh? I hope you've both been busy. We must keep hard at it, you know; times are difficult, and a great deal has to be sold to provide a salesman's salary."

"We were just discussing, Herr Janekke," said Heilbutt, gripping Pinneberg's elbow unobserved, "the various sorts of salesmanship. We discovered there were three: Those who impress customers; those who guess what customers really want, and thirdly, those who only sell by accident. What do you think, Herr Janekke?"

"Very interesting as theory, gentlemen," said Herr Janekke, smiling. "I know only one sort of salesman: those whose sales-book shows a high total in the evening. I know there are still some with low totals, but I'm taking care they shan't stay with us much longer."

So saying, Herr Janekke hurried on to stir up someone else. Heilbutt looked after him, and said in a voice which he did not trouble to subdue: "Swine."

Pinneberg thought it splendid simply to say "Swine" without regard to consequences, though it seemed to him a little risky. Heilbutt was about to move away; he nodded, and said:

"Well, Pinneberg. . . ."

"Then Pinneberg said:

"I have a great favor to ask of you, Heilbutt."

Heilbutt was rather taken aback. "Eh? Certainly, Pinneberg."

"I wonder if you would come and see us," said Pinneberg. Heilbutt was even more taken aback. "I've told my wife so

much about you, and she would so much like to meet you. Would you have time, one evening? To a very plain supper, of course."

Heilbutt smiled again, but it was a delightful smile, from the corners of his eyes. "Of course I will, Pinneberg. I had no idea that it would amuse you. I shall be glad to come some time."

Pinneberg asked hurriedly: "Would it—could you possibly manage this evening?"

"This very evening?" Heilbutt reflected.

"I must think for a moment." He took a little leather notebook out of his pocket.

"Wait now; to-morrow there's an evening class lecture on Greek sculpture. You know, of course."

Pinneberg nodded.

"And the day after, it's my nudist culture evening. I belong to an association for



nudist culture. And the evening after that I've promised to my young lady. No, so far as I can see, Pinneberg, I'm free this evening."

"Good!" burst out Pinneberg, quite breathless from gratification. "That's excellent. Would you make a note of the address? Ninety-two Spenerstrasse, second floor."

"Herr and Frau Pinneberg," wrote Heilbutt; "92 Spenerstrasse; second floor. I had better get out at the Bellevue station, hadn't I?"

CHAPTER 8

PINNEBERG stood outside the Mandel store with one hand in his pocket grasping his pay envelope. He had been working for a month, but during all that month he had had no notion how much pay he would get. When he was engaged at his interview with Herr Lehmann—well, he was so thankful to get a job that he had not asked.

He had not even asked his colleagues. "I'm supposed to know from being at Breslau how much Mandel's pay," he said to his wife, when she pressed him on the point.

"Well, go to your Union, then."

"Oh, they're only polite when they want money out of you."

"But we must know exactly how much it is, dear."

"Well, we soon shall know, Bunny. They can't pay under the scale. And the Berlin scale is sure not to be bad."

Well, now he had his Berlin scale, which was so certain not to be bad. A hundred and seventy marks net! Eighty marks less than Bunny had expected, and sixty less than he had estimated in his gloomiest moments.

"Damned robbers, they don't care how the likes of us are to live. They are content to know they can get plenty more of us for less. And for such a wage as this we have to crawl and cringe." A hundred and seventy marks net. It was going to be a pretty tough job to manage on that in Berlin. Mamma would have to wait a bit for her rent. A hundred marks—Jachmann was right, she was clearly a little cracked. However, it was a problem how the Pinnebergs were going to manage. They would certainly have to give Mamma something; she was not the sort to let them off.

A hundred and seventy marks—and he had had such a lovely scheme in his mind. A surprise for Bunny.

It had begun in this way: One evening Bunny pointed to an empty corner in their gorgeous bedroom and said:

"There really ought to be a dressing table here, you know."

"But do we need one?" he had asked in

astonishment. His ambitions had never risen above beds, a leather armchair, and an oak sideboard.

"Need one? No. But it would be very nice to have one. Now don't look like that, darling. It's only a fancy of mine."

That began it. They had to go for walks—it was good for Bunny in her condition. Now they had something to look at on their walks; they went in search of dressing tables. They went on long explorations. There were various districts and side streets where carpenters' and furniture makers' shops stood almost side by side. They stopped, and said: "Look at that one."

"I think the grain of the wood would be very tiresome."

"Do you?"

They soon had their favorites, and their chief favorite stood in the shop of a certain Himmelsch in the Frankfurter Allee. The specialty of Himmelsch & Co. was bedrooms, and the firm seemed to attach importance to this circumstance. On their shop sign was written: "Himmelsch for beds. Modern bedrooms a specialty."

For several weeks a suite of bedroom furniture had stood in this shop window: not particularly dear, seven hundred and ninety-five marks, including mattresses and real marble tops. And one of the pieces was a dressing table in Canadian walnut.

Each time they stood and looked at it more longingly. It was a good hour and a half's walk there, and an hour and a half back. "Oh, darling, if we could only buy something like that. I think I should scream for joy."

"Those who can buy such things," said Pinneberg sagely, after a pause, "do not scream for joy. But it would be nice."

"It would," said Bunny. "It would be glorious."

Then they turned to go home. They always walked with Pinneberg's arm slipped through Bunny's; he could thus feel her breast, now growing fuller; it was like a soft and friendly refuge among all these vast streets and these countless unknown persons. On this journey home Pinneberg conceived the idea of giving Bunny a surprise. After all, they had to begin some time, and if they once had a piece of furniture, the rest would soon follow. It was for that reason that he had got off at four o'clock; to-day was October 31, pay day. He had not breathed a word to Bunny; he had just meant to have the thing sent home. And he would behave as if he didn't know anything about it—

AND now a hundred and seventy marks! It was out of the question, absolutely and entirely out of the question.

But men do not so easily desert their dreams. Pinneberg felt he could not yet carry home his hundred and seventy marks. He must be a bit cheerful when he arrived. Bunny had so counted on two hundred and fifty marks. He made his way towards the Frankfurter Allee. A visit of farewell. After this, they would never look into that shop window again. What was the good? For such as them, there would be no question of a dressing table; they might just manage a pair of iron bedsteads.

Here was the shop window with the bedroom suite, and there at the side stood the dressing table. The mirror, in its brown frame delicately tinged with green, was square, and hung on straight supports; square, too, was the little cupboard underneath, with two wings to the right and left. It was strange how one could fall in love with such a thing; there were thousands of dressing tables like it, or nearly so. But this—this was the one.

Pinneberg surveyed it for a long while. He stepped back a little, then he went close up to the window. The dressing table remained unaltered; it did not change. The mirror, too, was a good one. How splendid

It would be if Bunny could sit before it of a morning in her white and red bath-wrap. . . . It would indeed.

PINNEBERG sighed gloomily, and turned away. No; not for you, and the likes of you. Others contrive to get such things; but you can't. Go home, little man, waste your money as you will and can and may, but leave such things as this alone.

From the next street corner Pinneberg looked back once more; the shop windows of "Himmlich Beds" were just a glow of magical light. He could just discern his dressing-table.

Suddenly Pinneberg turned. Without hesitation, and without so much as a glance at the piece of furniture in question, he made straight for the shop door.

And as he did so, many thoughts swept through his mind.

"That's not the point," he heard a voice say.

And: "One must begin some time. Why should we never have anything?"

And, very resolute: "I'm going to do it, and whatever happens I shall have done that sort of thing once, anyway."

In a slightly diminished form this is the mood in which a man thieves, commits robbery and murder, or joins in a riot. In this mood Pinneberg bought a dressing-table, but it comes to the same thing.

"Yes, sir?" said the salesman, an elderly and gloomy personage with a few wisps of hair plastered across his pallid skull.

"You have a bedroom suite in the window," said Pinneberg; he was in a savage temper, and his tone was intensely aggressive. "Caucasian walnut."

"Certainly, sir," said the salesman. "Seven hundred and ninety-five marks. A real bargain. The last of a whole series. We couldn't produce any more at the price. If we were to make any more they would cost at least eleven hundred."

"How do you make that out?" asked



Pinneberg contemptuously. "Wages are steadily coming down."

"But the taxes, sir! And the import duties! What do you suppose is the duty on Caucasian walnut? Trebled in the last three months."

"Well, if it's as cheap as all that, why has it been standing such a while in your shop window?" asked Pinneberg.

"It's a matter of money," said the man. "No one has any money, sir, these days." He laughed dolefully. "I haven't."

"Nor have I," growled Pinneberg. "And I don't want to buy the whole suite—I can't see myself ever having enough money to do that. I want the dressing-table."

"A dressing-table? Then might I trouble you to come upstairs? We keep the single pieces of furniture on the first floor."

"I want that one," said Pinneberg angrily, pointing with his finger. "That's the dressing-table I want to buy."

"Out of the suite? Out of the bedroom suite?" asked the salesman, gradually grasping his intention. "I'm very sorry, sir, but we can't sell a single piece out of the suite. We should spoil it if we did that. But we have some very nice dressing-tables upstairs."

AND while Pinneberg was talking and growing more and more excited, he felt inwardly that he was being a cad, and behaving just as badly as his most objectionable customers. He was being abominably offensive to an old, bewildered, worried man. But he could not help it, he was in a savage mood that day, and he

cared for nothing and no one. And unfortunately his only antagonist was this old shop assistant.

"One moment, please," he stammered. "I should just like to speak to the manager—"

He disappeared, and Pinneberg looked after him with pity and contempt. "Why am I behaving in this way?" he thought. "I ought to have brought Bunny with me. Bunny is never like this. I wonder why?" he reflected. "And she doesn't have an easy time."

The man came back. "You can have the dressing-table," he said shortly. His tone was much altered. "The price will be a hundred and twenty-five marks."

"A hundred and twenty-five—but this is lunacy," thought Pinneberg. "They're trying to stick the price up. The whole suite only costs seven hundred and ninety-five."

"I think that is too dear," he said.

"It isn't dear at all," said the salesman. "A first-class crystal mirror like that costs fifty marks alone."

"And what would be the arrangements as regards instalments?"

The storm was past, and only the price was now in dispute, Pinneberg had dwindled and the salesman had increased.

"There is no question of instalments," said the salesman in a superior tone, looking Pinneberg up and down. "It is already as a favor that we are selling you the article. We are counting on the fact that, later on, you . . ."

"I can't back out," thought Pinneberg in despair. "I have made too much fuss. The whole thing is lunacy—what will Bunny say?"

A loud he said: "Good, I'll take the dressing-table. But you will have to deliver it to-day."

"To-day? We can't manage that. The men will be leaving work in a quarter of an hour."

"I can still get out of it," thought Pinneberg, "or I could have done, if I hadn't talked so very large."

"I must have it to-day," he insisted. "It's a present. Otherwise there's no point in it."

He was thinking that Heilbutt would be coming that evening, and that it would be nice if his friend could see this present for his wife.

"Just a moment," said the salesman, and disappeared again.

"It would be best," reflected Pinneberg. "If he said that it couldn't be managed to-day, then I could say I was sorry, but it would be no good to-morrow. I must take care to get out of the shop at once." And he planted himself near the door.

"The manager says he will let you have a hand-cart and one of the apprentices to help. You will have to give the lad a trifle, as it's after hours."

"Yes," said Pinneberg slowly.

"It isn't heavy," said the salesman encouragingly. "If you don't mind giving a hand behind, the lad can pull the cart all right. Just keep an eye on the mirror. We'll have some sacking put round it."

"Right," says Pinneberg. ". . . A hundred and twenty-five marks."

BUNNY was sitting in their sumptuous apartment, darning stockings. In itself the darning of stockings is one of the most depressing occupations on earth. Bunny hardly noticed what her hands were doing. Bunny was making calculations. He would be bringing home two hundred and fifty marks; fifty would go to Mamma, which was really far too much, since Bunny worked for her five or six hours every day; a hundred and thirty must be made to do for everything else; which left sixty. . . .

The door opened slightly and Frau Mia Pinneberg's tousled head appeared in the

gap. "Hans not back yet?" she asked for the fourth or fifth time that evening.

"No, not yet," said Bunny curtly, for she was getting annoyed.

"But it's half past seven already. He can't be—"

"He can't be what?" asked Bunny rather sharply.

But the old lady was not to be drawn. "I see I shall have to be careful, my dear daughter-in-law," she laughed. "Your husband is of course a model husband, he never happens to stop out on pay-day and have a drink or two."

"My husband never drinks," said Bunny.

"All right, I was just saying that it never did happen to your husband."

"Of course it doesn't."

"No. . . . No."

"No."

Frau Mia Pinneberg's head disappeared, and Bunny was alone again.

"Old goat," she thought venomously. "Always trying to make trouble. She's only fussing about her rent. Well, if she's counting on a hundred . . ."

Bunny went on darning.

THERE was a ring at the front door bell. "That's him," thought Bunny. "Has he forgotten his key? No, it must be someone for Mother; she can open the door herself."

But she did not open it. The bell rang again. Bunny sighed, and went out. Her mother-in-law's face appeared in the door of the back sitting-room, already half-arranged in warpaint. "If it's anyone for me, Emma, show them into the little room. I'll be ready in a minute."

"Of course it's someone for you, Mamma," said Bunny. The head vanished, and simultaneously with the third ring Bunny opened the door. Outside stood a dark gentleman in a light grey overcoat; he carried his hat in his hand, and there was a smile on his face. "Frau Pinneberg?" he asked.

"She'll be here directly," said Bunny. "Will you take your coat off, please? In here."

The gentleman was rather embarrassed; he looked as though there was something he did not quite understand. "Isn't Herr Pinneberg in?" he asked, as he went into the little room.

"Herr Pinneberg has long been—," dead, Bunny was going to say. Then she suddenly remembered—and she said: "Ah, you want to see Herr Pinneberg. He isn't here yet. But he'll arrive at any moment now."

"Strange," said the gentleman, who did not seem at all offended, but quite pleased. "He left Mandel's at four o'clock. But he first invited me to come here this evening. My name is Heilbutt."

"So you are Herr Heilbutt," said Bunny, quite bewildered, and looking thunderstruck. "Supper," she thought. "Left the shop at four. Where on earth is he? What food have I got in the house? And Mamma will be waiting in again at any moment . . ."

"Yes, I'm Heilbutt," said the gentleman again, very patiently.

"Goodness gracious, Herr Heilbutt. I don't know what you must think of me," said Bunny. "Well, I'd better tell you straight out that first I thought you wanted to see my mother-in-law, whose name is also Pinneberg."

"It would be," said Heilbutt, with a smile of amusement.

"And secondly my husband never told me that he was going to invite you to-day. That was why I was so taken aback."

"I didn't notice it," said Heilbutt politely. "And thirdly, I can't understand how it is that if he left at four o'clock—and how did he get off at that time?—he isn't home yet."

"He had something he wanted to see about."

"Oh, yes, I daresay he's buying me a winter coat somewhere."

Heilbutt pondered for a moment. "I don't

think so. He could get one at Mandel's at the reduced price for employees."

"Then what on earth—?"
The door opened and with a large and cheerful smile Frau Mia Pinneberg went up to Helbutt: "You must be Herr Siebold, who rang up to-day about my advertisement. May I ask, Emma—?"

But Emma stood her ground: "This is Herr Helbutt, one of Hans' colleagues. He has come to see us."

FRAU MIA PINNEBERG beamed. "Oh, I beg your pardon, of course. Delighted, Herr Helbutt. So you are in the shop, too?"

"I am a salesman," said Helbutt. And Bunny, who heard the street door being shut, said: "I'm sure that's the lad."

It was indeed the lad; there he stood in the doorway, with one end of the dressing-table in his hands, and the other end of "Himmlich Beds" at the other end. "Good evening, Mamma. Good evening, Helbutt; very glad to see you. Evening, Bunny. Yes, here's our dressing-table. We were nearly run over by a motor-bus on the Alexanderplatz. I tell you I've sweated blood and fat to get here. Will someone open the door of our room?"

"But, darling—!"
"Did you bring the thing here yourself, Pinneberg?"

"I did," said Pinneberg; and he burst into English in his excitement. "I myself with this—how do you call him?—apprentice."

"A dressing-table," said Frau Pinneberg, cheerfully. "You must be very flush, my dear. Who on earth needs a dressing-table in these short-haired days?"
But Pinneberg did not hear. He had just successfully trundled the article through the turmoil of the Berlin streets; and no misgivings as to his private budget oppressed him in that hour.

"Over there, in that corner, young fellow," he said to the snuffling apprentice. "A little beyond the corner. The light's better there. We'll have to shift one of the lamps. And now, my boy, we'll go down and get the mirror. Excuse me just a moment— This is my wife, Helbutt," he said, beaming. "I hope you like her!"

"I can manage the mirror myself, sir," said the lad.

"She's marvellous," answered Helbutt.

"Darling!" laughed Bunny.

"The boy's quite mad to-day," said Frau Mia Pinneberg.
"No you don't," said Pinneberg. "I won't have you falling up stairs with my mirror." And he added in a mysterious whisper: "It's real polished crystal, worth fifty marks by itself."

He disappeared with the lad. Those left behind stood and looked at each other.

"Well, I won't disturb you any longer at the moment," said Frau Pinneberg. "I expect you'll be busy with the supper, Emma. Can I help you at all?"

"Good Lord—my supper!" said Bunny in despair.

"Yes," observed her mother-in-law, as she departed; "I'll gladly help you out."

"Please don't trouble," said Helbutt, laying a hand on Bunny's arm. "I didn't come here for supper."

The door opened again, and Pinneberg and the boy reappeared.

"Now then, we shall really see what it looks like. There—lift it up a bit, young fellow. Have you got the screws? Wait a moment..." He screwed and sweated, and talked incessantly the while. "A little more light here, I can't see properly. . . . No, please, Helbutt, don't go near it just yet. I want Bunny to see herself in the mirror before anyone. I haven't looked into it myself. I kept the cover on all the time. Here's three marks, my boy. Now get along, you'll find the street door still open. Evening. . . . Bunny, I want you to do

something for me. You needn't feel shy because Helbutt's here. Eh, Helbutt?"

"Why of course not! Please..."

"Then put on your bath wrap. Just slip it on over your clothes. Please. I have often pictured you looking into the mirror in your bath wrap, and I wanted you to be the first. . . . Please, Bunny..."

"Darling," remonstrated Bunny, but she was naturally touched by so much ardor. "You see, Herr Helbutt, I must do what I'm told." And she took her bath wrap out of the wardrobe.

"I feel very privileged," said Helbutt. "And your husband is quite right. Every mirror ought to reflect something specially pretty for the first time."

"Oh, get away with you," said Bunny, tossing her head.

"But I assure you—"

"BUNNY," said Pinneberg, looking from his wife in person to her reflection in the mirror, and back again. "Bunny, I've dreamt of this. And now my dream has come true! Well, Helbutt, it may be a hard life and wretched pay, and we're treated as so much dirt by the brutes that batten on us—"

"Yes," said Helbutt, "we don't count."

"Of course not," said Pinneberg. "I always knew that. But this is the kind of thing they can't take away from us. Let them do and say what they like, they can't stop me from standing here and watching my wife in her bath wrap look at herself in the mirror."

"Have I been on exhibition long enough?" asked Bunny.

"Is the mirror good? Does it show you up well? . . . Many mirrors," he explained to Helbutt, "make you look as green as a drowned corpse, though I haven't seen any such corpses yet. Some flatten you out, and others make you look all spotty. . . . But this mirror is a good one, isn't it, Bunny?"

There was a knock at the door; it opened slightly, and Frau Pinneberg's face appeared in the gap. "Have you a moment, Hans?"

"In a minute, Mamma."

"It must really be in a minute; I want to speak to you urgently." The door shut again.

"Mamma wants the rent, of course," explained Bunny, Pinneberg looked strangely cast down; "Mamma can go..." he began.

"But, darling!"

"She needn't behave like that," he said angrily; "she'll get her money all right."

"Yes, but Mamma of course thinks that we've got a heap of money because we've bought a dressing-table. And the pay at Mandel's must be really good, isn't it, Herr Helbutt?"

"Good," said Helbutt doubtfully. "Well, opinions differ as to what is good. Now I suppose a dressing-table like that must have cost at least sixty marks."

"Sixty... nonsense, Helbutt," said Pinneberg excitedly. Then, as he noticed that Bunny was looking at him, he added: "I beg your pardon, Helbutt, you couldn't know..." And he added in a loud voice: "There shall be no more talk about money for the whole evening; let's all three go into the kitchen and see what we can find for supper. I, for one, am hungry."

"All right, darling," said Bunny, looking at him very hard. "Just as you like."

And they went into the kitchen. Later the whole story came out. Pinneberg had no money for rent, but Bunny had her dressing-table.

CHAPTER 9

ABONY finger rapped at their door, in the night, about midnight.

"May I come in?" asked a voice.

"Come in, Mamma," said Pinneberg loftily. "You are not disturbing us."

And he gripped Bunny's shoulder so as

to prevent her shrinking back to her division of the bed.

Frau Pinneberg came slowly in, and surveyed the scene.

"I do hope I'm not disturbing you. I saw your light was still on. But, of course, I didn't think you had already gone to bed. Are you sure I'm not disturbing you?" So saying, she sat down.

"Of course you aren't disturbing us, Mamma," said Pinneberg. "It doesn't matter in the least. Besides, we're married."

Frau Pinneberg sat, breathing heavily. In spite of her make-up she was clearly very flushed. She had certainly been drinking.

"Good Lord!" muttered Frau Pinneberg—Bunny's nightgowns were cut so unluckily low at the neck—"what a breast the girl



has. It isn't noticeable when she's dressed. You aren't going to have a baby, are you?"

"Oh, no," said Pinneberg, sagely contemplating his wife's chest. "Bunny's always like that. Ever since she was a child."

"Darling," said Bunny, warningly.

"You see, Emma," said Frau Pinneberg, with a sort of tearful indignation. "Your husband makes a fool of me. They all make fools of me. I've been out of the room at least five minutes, and I'm the hostess. But do you think anyone is asking where I am? No!"

Frau Pinneberg began to sob.

"Oh, Mamma," said Bunny, rather embarrassed and sympathetic, and would have got out of bed to go to her, but her husband held her fast.

"No, Bunny," he said unsympathetically; "we know all about that. You've had a drop too much, Mamma, that's all it is. She's always like that," he continued, quite unmoved, "when she's a bit tipsy. First she cries; then she starts a row, and then she cries again. I know her of old, since I was a schoolboy."

"Please, darling," whispered Bunny. "You mustn't say such things."

"AND what about my rent?" asked Frau Pinneberg, in a sudden fury, and plunged into her tears. "To-day's the thirty-first, rent always has to be paid in advance and I haven't had a penny." "You will get it," said Pinneberg. "Not to-day nor to-morrow. But you will get it—sometime."

"I must have it to-day; I must pay for the wine. No one asks me where I get my money from—"

"Don't be so silly, Mamma. You don't need to pay for the wine in the middle of the night. This is all nonsense. And please remember that Bunny does all your work for you."

"I want my money," said Frau Pinneberg wearily. "I didn't suppose Bunny minded obliging me a bit now and again. I made some tea for you to-day—I didn't ask to be paid for doing that, did I?"

"That's nonsense, Mamma," said Pinneberg. "Bunny cleans out the whole place every day, and you make a drop of tea."

"Never mind," said Frau Pinneberg. "It's give and take, isn't it?" But she looked very pale, and got up unsteadily. "I'll be back again in a minute," she muttered, and staggered out.

"Now we'll put the light out at once," said Pinneberg. "It's a cursed nuisance we can't lock the door. What a pigsty the place is. Oh, Bunny, I wish the old woman hadn't come and disturbed us."

"I can't bear it," said Bunny, and he felt her whole body quiver. "I hate your speak-

ing to Mamma like that. After all, she's your mother, darling."

"Unfortunately she is," said Pinneberg, who was not to be mollified, "unfortunately she is; and because I know her so well, I know what she's like. You still fall for her, Bunny, because in the daytime when she's sober she's good company and sees a joke. But that's all put on. She doesn't really care for anyone—do you believe she'll keep it up with Jachmann much longer? He's got his wits about him, too, and he knows she's just making use of him."

"DARLING," said Bunny, very gravely. "I will not have you speaking of Mamma in that way. You may be right, and I may be a sentimental little fool, but I won't listen to it. I can't help thinking that the boy might one day speak like that of me."

"Of you?" said Pinneberg. And his tone said everything. "The boy speak of you like that! But you're Bunny. . . . God damn it! there she is again at the door. We're asleep, Mamma."

"Dear children," and they were quite startled to hear Jachmann's voice this time, though they again noticed that the speaker was not entirely sober; "dear children, excuse me a moment."

"Certainly," said Pinneberg. "But please go outside, Herr Jachmann."

"One moment, young lady, and I'll go away."

"Go outside!" said Pinneberg.

"You're a charming woman," said Jachmann, sitting down heavily on the bed.

"It's only me, unfortunately," said Pinneberg.

"No matter," said Jachmann, and got up.

"I know my way about. I'll just go round the bed."

"Please leave the room," protested Pinneberg, rather helplessly.

"All right, all right," said Jachmann, feeling for the narrow passage between the wash-hand stand and the wardrobe. "As a matter of fact I came about the rent."

"Oh, Heavens!" groaned both the Pinnebergs.

"Is that you, my dear?" cried Jachmann. "Do turn the light on." And he stumbled across the room to the window side of the bed.

"You know your mother keeps on cursing because you haven't yet paid the rent. She's been going on about it the whole evening. And now she's crying over it. So I thought to myself as I'd made such a lot of money these last few days, why shouldn't I give some to the children instead of to the old lady? They'll give it to her, so it'll all come to the same thing. And then there'll be peace."

"Well, Herr Jachmann," Pinneberg began, "that's very kind of you—"

"Not at all—damn it, what's this? A new piece of furniture? A mirror! Well, I like peace and quiet. Here, my dear, here's the money."

For from without came a tearful voice.

"Holger! Where are you?"

"Quick, hide yourself. She's coming in," whispered Pinneberg.

A confused noise outside, and the door opened. "Is Jachmann here?"

And Frau Pinneberg turned on the light. Two pairs of eyes looked rather anxiously round, but he was not there; he was no doubt crouching behind the other side of the bed.

"I wonder where he can be? He sometimes runs out into the street. Just because he feels too hot. Bless my soul—"

Pinneberg and Bunny followed Mamma's eyes in dismay. However, it was not Holger she had spied, but some notes, lying on Bunny's red silk eiderdown.

"Yes, Mamma," said Bunny, who was the calmest of the pair. "We've just been talking it over. That's the rent for the next few weeks. Please take it."

Frau Mia Pinneberg took the money. "Three hundred marks," she said rather breathlessly. "Well, I'm glad you thought better of it. That will be for October and November. Then there'll be a little bill for the gas and electric light. We can reckon that up later. Right . . . thank you Good night—"

She talked herself out of the room, anxiously clutching her treasure.

From behind the bed emerged Jachmann's radiant countenance. "What a woman!" he



said. "Three hundred marks for October and November is pretty good. Well, excuse me children, I must go and see after her. I'm curious to know what she'll say about the money."

It was a gloomy, grey morning in November, and in the Mandel Store all was quiet. Pinneberg had just come; he was the first, or nearly the first, in the department. At the far end of the shop someone seemed to be busy.

Pinneberg was irritable and depressed—it was certainly the weather. He took out a roll of melton cloth and began to measure it out.

The person who had been occupied in the grey background of the shop was shuffling across to Pinneberg, not walking straight down the aisle as Heibutt would have done, but stopping here and there on the way. It would certainly be Kessler, and Kessler would be at him for something. He was by this time used to Kessler's nasty underhand ways. And unfortunately he could not forget Kessler's remark about "one of Lehmann's little gang," and he fell into a fury with the man at every fresh encounter.

"Morning," said Kessler.

"Morning," said Pinneberg; and did not look up.

"Still very dark to-day," said Kessler.

Pinneberg did not answer. There was no sound but the thud of the bale of cloth as he unrolled it.

"You'll want a drink of beer after all that," said Kessler, with rather an embarrassed smile.

"I don't drink beer," said Pinneberg.

Kessler seemed to be trying to make up his mind, or possibly considering how he should begin. Pinneberg was very nervous; there was something in the man's mind and he clearly meant no good.

"You live in the Spenerstrasse, don't you, Pinneberg?" asked Kessler.

"How do you know that?"

"I heard so."

"Ah," said Pinneberg.

"I happen to live in the Paulstrasse. It's odd that we have never met on the underground."

"The fellow is after something," thought Pinneberg. "If he would only out with it, damn him!"

"You're married, aren't you?" said Kessler. "Marriage isn't an easy job these days. Have you got any children?"

"I don't know," said Pinneberg savagely.

"Why aren't you doing something instead of standing around here?"

"I don't know, eh? That's good," said Kessler, now rapping out his words with open insolence. "Still, I daresay it's all right. It's pretty good when a father of a family says he doesn't know—"

"Listen, Herr Kessler—"

Pinneberg, raising his yard measure.

"Well, what's the matter?" said Kessler.

"You said it; or didn't you? The main thing is if Frau Mia knows—"

"What?" shouted Pinneberg. The other

assistants who had appeared in the mean-

time were staring at the pair. "What?" he said, involuntarily lowering his voice. "What are you after? I'll give you a sock in the jaw, you blackguard, if you don't watch out—"

"What about these discreet introductions into distinguished society, eh?" asked Kessler contemptuously. "Don't you try to take that line with me, my lad. I should like to know what Herr Jancke would say, if I showed him that advertisement. A man who lets his wife put such filthy advertisements in the paper—"

Pinneberg was not an athlete. He could not jump over the counter; he had to walk right round to get hold of the fellow.

"It's a disgrace to the whole department. . . . Now don't start a row here!"

But Pinneberg was on to him. As has been said, he was no athlete, but he gave the enemy a clout on the head; the other hit back, and the pair were soon locked in a clumsy scuffle.

"You wait, you swine," panted Pinneberg.

Assistants came running up from the other counters.

"Look here, this won't do."

"If Jancke saw you he'd sack you both on the spot."

"Suppose a customer came in."

Suddenly Pinneberg felt himself grabbed from behind, held fast, and pulled away from his enemy.

"Let me go," he shouted. "I'll smash that brute—"

But it was Heibutt, and Heibutt said quite coolly: "Don't be a fool, Pinneberg. I'm much stronger than you, and I certainly shan't let you go."

There stood Kessler straightening his tie. He was not very agitated. A man who is always stirring up trouble is used to finding himself in a bit of it. "I should like to know," he said to those standing round, "what he is so excited about. A man who lets his wife advertise in a newspaper!"

"Heibutt!" implored Pinneberg, struggling to free himself.

But Heibutt had no intention of letting him go.

"Come on, Kessler, out with it. What's this advertisement you're talking about? Let us see it."

"I don't take orders from you," said Kessler. "You can call yourself first salesman, but you're not my superior."

This aroused a general murmur of indignation: "Come on, let's see it, Kessler."

"You can't back out now."

"Very well, then, I'll read it," said Kessler, "though it's very painful to me to do so." And he unfolded a newspaper.

Again he hesitated, heightening the tension.

"Out with it, man."

"Kessler always was a dirty dog."

"It is among the small advertisements," said Kessler. "I wonder the police haven't got hold of it. It can't go on for long."

"Well, read it then!"

Kessler read it. He

did it very nicely. He had probably been practising that morning:

"Are you unhappy in your marriage? I can introduce you to a charming and unprejudiced circle of ladies. You will be delighted—Frau Mia Pinneberg, Spenerstrasse 92-II."

Kessler licked his lips over it. "You will be delighted. . . . Well, what do you say to that?" And he went on: "He told me definitely that he lived in the Spenerstrasse."

"Well, well!"

"Makes a bit out of it for himself, I suppose."

"I . . ." stammered Pinneberg, who was as white as a sheet, "never—"

"Give me the paper," said Heibutt suddenly, looking really formidable in his anger. "Where? Here . . . Frau Mia Pinneberg. . . . Pinneberg, your wife's name

Isn't Mia, is it? Your wife's name is—?"

"Emma," said Pinneberg tonelessly.

"Right; that's another smack in the eye for you, Kessler," said Heilbutt. "It doesn't refer to Pinneberg's wife. Rather caddish of you, I think—"

"Look here," said Kessler, "I won't stand this."

"And then," went on Heilbutt, "you can quite well see that our friend Pinneberg knows nothing about this business. You live with a relative, don't you?"

"Yes," whispered Pinneberg.

"Well, then," said Heilbutt, "I can't be responsible for all my relatives either."

Kessler, who began to find the general atmosphere of disapproval rather uncomfortable, pulled himself together. "Then you ought to be very grateful to me for calling your attention to this disgusting business. It is really rather strange that you didn't know anything about it—"

"That's enough," said Heilbutt, and the rest obviously agreed. "And now, gentlemen, as Herr Jancke may come in at any moment, I think the only decent thing to do is not to discuss the matter any more. I suggest it would be rather disloyal; don't you agree?"

They all nodded and moved off.

"Listen, Kessler," said Heilbutt, and took him by the shoulder. The pair disappeared behind a row of windows. There they talked for quite a while, mostly in whispers. Kessler could be heard protesting loudly once or twice, but finally he grew very quiet and subdued.

"There, that's over," said Heilbutt, going back to Pinneberg. "He'll leave you in peace. Forgive me for speaking so familiarly to you just now. May I go on doing so?"

"Please do . . . if you like."

"Good. . . . Well then, Kessler will leave you alone now; I've got him where I want him."

"I am very grateful to you, Heilbutt," said Pinneberg. "I knew nothing about it. I feel as if someone had hit me on the head."

"It's your mother, isn't it?" asked Heilbutt.

"Yes," said Pinneberg. "I've never had much regard for her. But such a thing as this . . . no."

"Come," said Heilbutt. "I don't think it's as bad as all that."

"Anyhow, I shall move."

"Yes, I should certainly move. And as soon as you can. If only because of the others, now that they know all about it. It's quite possible that they might go there out of curiosity."

Pinneberg shook himself. "Heaven forbid. When I'm away I don't know what goes on. They play cards. I thought it was just card-playing—but I've been terribly afraid sometimes. . . . Well, Bunny must find another place for us at once."

CHAPTER 10

BUNNY looked for a lodging, and Bunny walked up many, many stairs. She did not find this so easy as she had done six months ago. Then, a staircase was nothing—she went up it, ran up it, danced up it; hop-la and she was at the top. But to-day she found herself stopping on a landing, her forehead covered with sweat, which she had to wipe off, and her back ached badly. Did she mind these aches? Little she cared, provided the baby took no harm.

So she walked and climbed stairs, inquired and went on. She had to be quick and find a place, as she could not bear to see her husband looking as he did. He grew pale, and trembled whenever Frau Mia Pinneberg came into the room. Bunny had made him promise that he would not mention the matter to his mother; they would make their move in secret, and one morning they would be gone. But he found

it very difficult to keep that promise. He wanted to have a good stand-up row. Bunny could not understand why, but she understood her husband.

Anyone else would have smelt a rat, but in such a connection Frau Pinneberg senior was touchingly unsuspecting. She came into the room where the pair were sitting and said cheerfully: "Why, there you are, sitting around like a couple of hens in a storm. Well, I never! When I was your age—"

"Yes, Mamma," said Bunny.

"Cheer up! Cheer up! Life is bad enough already without your trying to make it worse. I wanted to ask if you would help me with the washing-up, Emma, there's such a fearful lot to be done."

"I'm sorry, Mamma, but I must sew," said Bunny, who knew that her husband would burst into a fury if she did help.

"All right, then, we'll leave it over for a day. Perhaps you'll feel more like it to-morrow. What are you sewing? Mind you



don't spoil your eyes. There's no point in sewing nowadays, you can buy everything cheaper and better ready made."

"Yes, Mamma," answered Bunny resignedly. And Frau Pinneberg departed, congratulating herself on having managed the young folk again.

But next day Bunny did not help with the washing-up; she was on her round's looking for a lodging. Every day she searched the great city; she had to find something soon, as her husband would not, she knew, hold out much longer.

ONE afternoon Bunny was standing in a small grocer's shop in the Spenerstrasse, buying a packet of Pearl, half a pound of soft soap, and a packet of bleaching soda.

Suddenly she felt faint, there was a black cloud before her eyes, and she had to hold on to the counter to prevent herself from falling.

"Hi! Emml!" cried the woman of the shop. And Bunny was given a chair, and a cup of hot coffee; her vision returned, and she whispered apologetically: "I've been walking about so much—"

"You shouldn't do that. It's good for you to walk a bit, but not too much—"

"But I must," said Bunny despairingly. "I've got to find a place to live."

Suddenly her tongue was loosened and she told the pair all about her fruitless search. She felt she simply had to talk; with her husband she had always to be making the effort to keep cheerful.

The woman was tall and thin, with a yellow, wrinkled face and black hair, and she looked rather forbidding. He was a fat, red-faced fellow, short-sleeved and looming in the background.

"Yes, young woman," he said, "they don't let the birds starve in winter, but the likes of us—"

"Nonsense," said the woman. "Think. Can't you think of anything?"

"How should I?" said he. "Shop assistants. They always make me laugh."

"That'll do," growled the woman. "I expect the young woman knows all about that, though she doesn't talk like you. She doesn't need you to tell her that. Try and think of something."

"Well, well: what do you want one to think of?"

"What about Puttbreese, Emml?"

"Oh! you want me to think of a lodging for the lady? You might have said so at first."

"Well, isn't his place empty?"

"Puttbreese? Does he want to let a place? What place would it be?"

"Where he had the furniture store. You know."

"First I ever heard of it. Well, if he lets that hole the young lady will never get to it up the hen-ladder."

"Rubbish," said the woman. "Listen, my dear, you go and lie down for a couple of hours, and then come round again, about four o'clock, and we'll go and see Puttbreese together."

"Oh, thank you so much," said Bunny.

"If," said the short-sleeved gentleman, "the young lady takes that place, I'll eat a broom; a stiff broom, at one mark eighty-five."

"Rubbish," said his wife.

Then Bunny went home and lay down. "Puttbreese," she thought, "Puttbreese. The moment I heard the name I knew it would do."

And then she went to sleep, quite pleased about her little fainting fit.

WHEN Pinneberg came home that evening, an electric torch was suddenly flashed on him, and a voice cried: "Hands up!"

"What's the matter?" he growled, for he was never in a very good temper just then. "Where did you get that torch?"

"We shall want it," cried Bunny delightedly. "In our new palace the staircase lights don't work."

"Have you found a place?" he asked breathlessly. "Oh Bunny, have you really found a place?"

"Yes," said Bunny triumphantly, "I really have. That is, if you like it; I haven't actually taken it yet."

"Good Heavens!" he said, in terror. "Suppose someone came along and took it before us."

"That won't happen," she said comfortingly. "I've got it definitely for to-day. Hurry up and eat your supper, and we'll go round and look at it."

While he was eating, he asked all sorts of questions, but she would tell him nothing. "No, you must see it yourself. Darling—I do hope you'll like it—"

"Come along," he said, and got up, still munching.

And they walked up the Spenerstrasse, arm in arm, and turned in the direction of Alt-Moabit.

"A home," he murmured. "A real home for the two of us."

"I don't know so much about that," said Bunny anxiously. "You may get a shock."

"Now don't you try to tease me."

Here was a cinema, and by the cinema they went through a doorway into a yard. There are two kinds of yards, and this was one of the other kind, more like a factory or a storehouse yard. A gas-jet flickered above a large double door, like the door of a garage. On it was inscribed: "Karl Puttbreese, Furniture Stores."

This is our entrance," said Bunny, opening the garage door inscribed Puttbreese.

"Well, I never!"

They found themselves in a large shed, crammed with old furniture. Overhead, the dim light of the little torch was lost in an array of rafters festooned with spiders' webs.

"I hope," said Pinneberg, holding his breath, "that this isn't our sitting-room."

"This is Herr Puttbreese's storeroom. Herr Puttbreese is a carpenter, and he also deals in old furniture," said Bunny. "You wait, and I'll show you everything. Do you see the black wall at the back there, that doesn't quite reach to the roof? We have to go over that."

"Do we?" said he.

"That's the cinema—you saw the cinema?"

"I did," he said cautiously.

"Darling, don't make a face like that, you'll soon see. . . . Well, then, that's the cinema, and we have to climb over it up to the roof."

As they approached, the torch flashed on to a narrow wooden stair, as steep as a lad-

der, against the side of the wall. Indeed, it was really more of a ladder than a staircase.

"Up there?" said Pinneberg doubtfully. "You, in your state!"

"I'll soon show you," she said. And she clambered up the steps. "Mind you hold on tight," she said. "There we are!"

The roof was close above their heads. They were in a sort of tunnel-vaulting; somewhere in the dim light to the left stood Puttbreese's furniture.

"Now follow me close, or you'll fall down."

Bunny then opened a door, a real door, this time, and turned on a light, a real electric light, and said, "Here we are."

"Yes, here we are," said Pinneberg, and looked about him. "So this is the place."

"This is it," said Bunny.

There were two rooms, or really only one, for the door between them had been removed. They were very low rooms, with thick beams across the whitewashed roof. The room in which they stood was the bedroom, with two beds, a cupboard, a chair, and a wash-hand stand. That was all; no window. But yonder was a fine round table and a gigantic white studded ottoman sofa, a writing desk, and a sewing table. All the furniture was old-fashioned mahogany; and there was also a carpet. It looked very cosy. There were pretty white curtains over the windows; three windows, all quite small, with square panes.

"And where is the kitchen?" he asked.

"There," said she, and opened the iron stove, which contained two ovens.

"In the water laid on?"

"It's over there, darling." And she pointed to a tap and sink between the desk and the stove.

"And what's the rent?" he asked, still doubtful.

"Forty marks," she said, "but really nothing."

"How do you mean—really nothing?"

"Well, look," she said; "what with the stairs and all, it's an odd sort of place, isn't it? Do you know why?"

"No," said he; "haven't an idea. Probably the builder went cracked. There's lots that do."

"Very well, dear," he said. "Then let's take it. It'll be your job to look after the place; I'm only too glad you like it."

"Of course I do," she said. "Come along."

"**Y**OUNG man," said Master Puttbreese, surveying Pinneberg and blinking his little blood-shot eyes, "young man, I'm not of course taking any rent for the place. You know that."

"Yes," said Pinneberg.

"You know that very well," said Puttbreese, raising his voice.

"Yes," said Pinneberg cheerfully.

"Now then," said Bunny. "Put down twenty marks on the table."

"Right," said the master appreciatively. "Good for you, my dear. The last half of November; quite correct. And don't you worry your head, young lady, about how you're going to get up there later on. If you get too fat and can't manage the chicken-ladder, I'll fix up a pulley and a chair, and we'll haul you up; I should enjoy doing that."

"Well," laughed Bunny. "That's all right, then."

"And when do we move in?" asked the master.

The pair looked at each other.

"To-day," said Pinneberg.

"To-day," said Bunny.

"But how?"

"Look here," said Bunny turning to the master, "could you possibly lend us a barrow? And would you give us a hand? There are only two boxes. Oh, and there's a dressing-table too."

"Dressing-table, indeed!" said the master. "It had better have been a perambulator."

Well, you never know what to expect. All settled then?"

All settled," says Bunny.

"Well, then, I'll come along with you. It'll cost you a drink or two. We'll have the stuff round in no time."

And they departed, with a hand-barrow. Later on, in the beer-shop, it was not so simple to make the master understand that the move was to be carried out with as little noise as possible.

"Ah," said the old man at last; "so you're getting out on the quiet, are you? Very well, my boy. But I warn you that with me it will be payment in advance, prompt on the first of the month. And if you don't tip up—well, I'll move your stuff right into the street, without charge."

And Master Puttbreese's little red eyes twinkled, and he burst into a roar of laughter.

All went off excellently. Bunny packed with a positively gnomelike agility; Pinneberg stood at the door and held the handle against a possible intruder, as the usual party was going on in the dining-room, and Master Puttbreese sat on the primrose bed, and said in amazement: "A girl bed—I must tell my old woman about it."

Then the men carried down the dressing-table, Pinneberg with one hand only, in the other he held the mirror; and when they got back the boxes were shut, the wardrobe gaping and empty, and the chest of drawers open.

"Off we go," said Pinneberg. Puttbreese grasped each of the two boxes at one end, and Bunny and the lad took the other. On the boxes lay a suitcase, Bunny's bag, and the egg-chest with the china.

"Walk, march," said Puttbreese.

BUNNY glanced behind her once; that was the first room she had had in Berlin, and it was hard to leave it. Suddenly she remembered she had not turned out the light.

"One moment," cried Bunny. "The light!"

And she dropped the handle of her box. The box slipped and fell on the floor with a very audible bang. The suitcase made even more noise, but the egg-chest—

"Young lady," said Puttbreese in his deepest bass. "If they didn't hear that, they deserve to lose their money."

The two Pinnebergs stared at the sitting-room door like detected criminals. Yes—the door opened, and there stood Holger Jachmann with a flushed and smiling face. The Pinnebergs stared at him fixedly; his expression changed, he closed the door behind him, and took one step towards the little group.

"Well?" he said.

"Herr Jachmann," said Bunny in an imploring whisper. "Herr Jachmann, we're moving. Please—but you know—"

Jachmann took another step. He said, and he spoke in quite a low voice: "You



ought not to be carrying a box in your condition."

He took the box in one hand, and the suitcase in the other.

"Now then."

"Herr Jachmann," said Bunny once again.

But Jachmann did not say another word; he carried the box in silence downstairs, silently laid it on the cart, and silently he shook hands with the Pinnebergs. Then he watched them disappear down the grey and foggy street; a cart with some oddments on it, a rather shabbily-dressed woman who was going to have a baby, an

insignificant youth dressed with sham smartness, and a fat old soaker in a blue overall.

CHAPTER 11

PINNEBERG was walking home from Mandel's; it was a Saturday afternoon, he had asked Herr Kropelin for leave off, as he was worried.

"You go along," said Herr Kropelin, who was a decent fellow. "And good luck to your wife."

"Thank you very much," Pinneberg had answered. "I'm so anxious."

"Well, then, go right along," Kropelin had said.

This year spring had come early; although it was only the middle of March, the shrubs were already green and the air was soft. He hoped Bunny would soon be well again, so that they could get out a bit. This suspense was horrible. The baby must hurry up and make its appearance.

He walked slowly up the Calvinstrasse, with his overcoat unbuttoned and flapping to the light spring breeze. "Everything is easier when the weather is fine. . . . I wish to God it would start!"

He crossed Alt-Moabit, and a few steps further on a man offered him a bunch of lily-of-the-valley; but though he longed to take them, the budget was exceeded. At last he turned into the yard, through the garage door, which stood open, and came upon Master Puttbreese, who was pottering around his furniture.

"Well, young man," said he, his red-rimmed eyes blinking from the darkness into the sunshine. "Are you a father yet?"

"Not yet," said Pinneberg. "But I soon will be."

"They take time, these women," said Puttbreese, who smelt strongly of schnapps. "When you come to think it over, what a game it all is! Lunatic, I call it. Over in a moment, and then? You're tied by the leg for the rest of your life."

"Quite right," said Pinneberg. "Well, I must go up and have my dinner."

Bunny came to meet him with a smile. Whenever he came home he always had a sense that something must have happened, but nothing ever had.

"Morning, wife," said Pinneberg, and gave her a kiss. "Kropelin has really given me the afternoon off."

"Morning, husband. Fine. But don't start smoking. Dinner's just ready."

"Oh, dear," said he; "and I was so longing for a cigarette. Isn't there a moment of two?"

"Of course," she said, and sat down on her chair. "How was it to-day?"

"Just as usual. And here?"

"All just as usual, too."

Pinneberg sighed.

That night the baby was born.

ASISTER spoke from the door: "If you want to see your son, Herr Pinneberg, come along now." And Bunny smiled and said: "Give my love to our baby."

He walked behind the Sister into a long narrow room. Some more Sisters were standing there; they looked at him, but he was not embarrassed because he had cried and was still sobbing a little.

"Well, my young parent, what does it feel like?" asked a fat Sister with a double-bass voice.

But another—why, it was the Sister who had been so nice to Bunny yesterday—said: "What's the good of asking him that before he's seen his son?"

But Pinneberg nodded and laughed.

Then the door into the next room opened, and the Sister who had called him stood in the doorway with a white bundle in her arms, and in the bundle was an ancient, ugly, wrinkled face, varnished red, with a

pointed, pear-shaped head, that squealed and wailed and yelled.

Pinneberg became suddenly wide awake. And while the Sisters smiled at the little ancient wrinkled dwarf, the fear within him grew and grew. Bunny could certainly not have seen this baby. At last he could not contain himself, and he said, with terror at his heart: "Sister, does he look all right? Do all new-born babies look like that?"

"Good gracious me," cried the Sister with the double-bass voice, "he isn't pleased with his son! You're much too nice for your father, my lad."

But Pinneberg was still afraid. "Please, was there another child born here last night? There was? Then will you kindly show it to me? . . . Just so as I know what it looks like."

"I never heard of such a thing," said the fair-haired Sister. "His is the nicest baby in the whole place, and he doesn't like it. Come along, young man, and have a look round." And she opened the door into the next room, and went in with Pinneberg; there, indeed, in sixty or eighty beds, lay dwarfs and gnomes, old and wrinkled, pale and red. Pinneberg surveyed them anxiously; and his mind was half at rest.

"But my child has got such a pointed head," he said, in lingering doubt. "Doesn't that mean water on the brain?"

"Water on the brain!" cried the Sister, and began to laugh. "These fathers are really too much! They're born like that, you silly man, and the tops of their heads grow together later on. Now go to your wife and don't stay too long."

Pinneberg threw a last glance at his son, and went back to Bunny. Bunny beamed at him, and whispered: "Isn't he sweet, our baby? Isn't he lovely?"

"Yes," he whispered. "He's sweet. He's lovely!"

It was a Wednesday at the end of the month of March. Pinneberg was walking slowly with a suitcase in his hand, up Alt-Moabit, and he turned into the park. At that hour he should really have been on his way to work, but he had again taken a day off; he was going to fetch Bunny from hospital.

In the gardens Pinneberg sat down for a while, there was plenty of time, he had not to be there before eight. He had been up since half past four tidying the room; he had actually scrubbed and polished the floor, and there were clean sheets on the beds. It was nice to have everything bright and clean, now that a new life, a different life, was to begin. There would be a child at home. All must be sunshine now.

Yes, it was pleasant here. The trees would soon be really green, the shrubs were green already. But later it would be nice for Bunny to sit with the baby in the Zoo, when he was a bit older. It was too depressing here, for even at this early hour there were unemployed sitting about. And Bunny took things so much to heart.

He reached the hospital. Bunny was still the old Bunny anyway; however beastly life might be, she smiled, and waved her hand: "Good-morning, darling." And she could not have been feeling up to much, as two days ago she had fainted when she got up.

So he stood and waited. There were several men standing there, waiting also; it had all been perfectly all right, of course, he had not been neglected in the least. They were very stupid to keep their taxis waiting so long, he could not bear to see money wasted in that way. The fathers were talking:

"Yes, I'm glad I've got my mother-in-law at home just now. She does all the work for my wife," said one.

"We've got a maid. The wife can't do everything with such a small baby."

Then the women appeared.

Here a door opened, and there a door opened, and they came, bearing long white

packages under their arms, three women, five women, seven women, all with the same package, and all with the same rather soft and melting smile.

The men were silent.

They looked at their wives. Their expressions, lately so self-confident, became a little uncertain. They took a step forward and then stopped. They no longer appeared to know each other. They look only at their wives, and the longish parcel that their wives are carrying, and they are all very embarrassed. Then suddenly they become very talkative, and noisily concerned about their wives. . . . "Good morning, dear . . . No, please let me . . . You're looking splendid . . . Quite well again . . . Did you think I couldn't carry it?"

. . . All right, just as you think . . . But the suitcase anyhow—where is it? . . . Why is it so light? Ah, yes, of course you're wearing all your clothes . . . Can you walk all right? A little shaky, eh? I've got a taxi outside, we'll get into it at once . . . Won't the little chap be astonished when he rides in a motor-car? It will be a new experience. He won't notice it? Oh, don't say that. We hear so much these days of repressed memory, I dare say it may amuse him." . . . While as this was going on, Pinneberg stood beside his Bunny, and merely said: "Oh, it's good to have you here again!"

"Oh, how glad I shall be to see our little home," said Bunny.

"It's all ready and tidied up," he said, beaming at his wife. "You wait until you see it. Do you want to walk, or shall I get a taxi—?"

"Nonsense, I don't want a taxi. I shall enjoy a walk in the fresh air. And we've got time—you've taken a day off, haven't you?"

"Yes, I took to-day off."

"Well, then, let's walk quite slowly. Give me your arm."

Pinneberg took her arm, and they walked out into the little yard in front of the building, as the taxis clattered off. Very slowly they made their way to the entrance gate, walking step by step as the taxis dashed past them. "It doesn't matter," thought Pinneberg. "I heard you high and mighty ones talk. I know now it doesn't matter not having any money."

It seemed to him quite absurd that all should be going on here just the same, and that fathers should be dashing to the hospital and ringing up on the telephone and getting into a state of terror, and then coming to fetch their wives, every day and every hour. It was really quite absurd.

They emerged from the gateway into the March sunlight and the March wind. For a moment Bunny stopped and looked up at the sky, and the white, fleecy clouds sailing across it. She looked at the green of the trees, and at the traffic on the street. And for a moment she was silent.

"Yes, Bunny?" said the lad.

"Do you know . . ." she began, and broke off. "No, nothing."

BUT he persisted: "Tell me: there was something in your mind?" "Oh, it's too silly. Because I'm outside again, you know. Inside the hospital one doesn't need to worry about anything. And now everything depends on us alone." She hesitated. Then: "We're still very young. And we have no one."

"We have each other. And the baby," he said.

"Yes, of course. But you understand—?"

"Yes, yes, I understand. And I worry about it, too. Life isn't very easy at Mandel's just now either. We must sell a quota or get out. But it'll be all right."

"Of course it will."

Then they went arm in arm across the roadway, and slowly, step by step, through

the park. Pinneberg said: "Will you give me the baby for a bit?"

"No, no, I can carry him all right. What do you mean?"

"But I should quite like to have him."

"No, no, let's sit down on a bench for a while."

This they did, and then went slowly on.

"He doesn't move at all," said Pinneberg. "He's asleep, of course. He was fed before we left."

"And when will he be fed again?"

"Every four hours."

HERE they were, at Master Puttbreese's furniture store, and Puttbreese was there, observing the approach of the trio.

"Well, did it go off all right, young



woman?" he asked, blinking. "Was the old Stork very troublesome, eh?"

"No, Master, thank you. It all went off very well."

"And how are you going to manage now?" asked the Master, jerking his head towards the ladder. "How are we going to carry the baby up, eh? Is it a boy?"

"Of course it is, Master."

"Well, how about that ladder?"

"Oh, it'll be all right," said Bunny, looking rather doubtfully at the said ladder.

"I'm getting well very quickly."

"Look here, young woman, you put your arms round my neck, and I'll carry you up pick-a-back. Give your son to your husband. He'll get him to the top safely."

"It's really quite impossible, of course—," began Pinneberg.

"What is impossible?" asked the Master. "The rooms do you mean? Can you find better ones? And can you pay for them? As far as I'm concerned, young man, you can clear out any day you like."

"I didn't mean that," said Pinneberg, hurriedly. "But you must admit it's a bit difficult."

"If you mean it's difficult for your wife to put her arms round my neck, then I agree with you," said Puttbreese angrily.

"Come along, Master," said Bunny. "Forward, march!"

And before Pinneberg knew what had happened, he found the long, firm package in his arms. Bunny laid her arms round the tipsy old carpenter's neck, and he grasped her gently round the waist and said: "Tell me if I pinch, and I'll let you go, young woman."

"I daresay you will half-way up," said Bunny laughing.

And with one hand clutching convulsively at the ladder, Pinneberg clambered up, rung by rung.

They stood alone in their room. Puttbreese had disappeared. They could hear him hammering below in his shop; but they were alone, the door was closed.

Pinneberg stood there with his bundle in his hand, a warm and motionless parcel. The room was bright and cheerful; there were a few patches of sunshine on the polished floor.

Bunny had flung her cloak on to the bed. Lightly she walked about the room, and Pinneberg watched her.

She walked up and down, with soft quick fingers she straightened one of the pictures that hung a little crooked. She banged the seat of the sofa. She passed her hand over the bed. She went up to the two primrose plants on the window ledge and bent over them very gently. Then she went up to the cupboard, opened

the door, looked inside, and shut it again. She turned on the tap at the sink, let the water run for a little, and then turned it off.

Suddenly she laid her arm round Pinneberg's neck: "I'm so glad," she whispered, "so very glad."

"And I'm glad, too," he whispered. And so they stood for a while, quite silent, she with her arm round his neck, and he holding the child. They looked out of the windows, shadowed already by the faint green of the tree-tops.

"How good it is," said Bunny.

"It surely is," he said.

"Are you still carrying the baby?" she asked. "Put him on my bed. I'll get his cot ready at once."

CHAPTER 12

IT was a Saturday evening, three days later. Pinneberg had just come home; he had stood by the cot for a moment and looked down on the sleeping baby. He was now sitting at the table with Bunny, eating his supper.

"Couldn't we both go out a bit to-morrow?" he asked. "It's such lovely weather."

She looked at him doubtfully. "And leave the baby here alone?"

"But you can't stay indoors all the time until the baby can walk. You look quite pale already."

"No," she said slowly. "We must buy a perambulator."

"Of course we must," he said. And he added cautiously: "What will it cost?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, it isn't only the perambulator. We must have pillows and blankets for it."

A shock of fear came upon him. "But the money's all gone."

"Bless me, so it is," she said. And suddenly something occurred to her. "You must get the money from the Sick Benefit Fund."

"Why, I'd forgotten that," he cried. "Of course." And he thought for a moment. "I can't go there myself. I couldn't ask for any more time off. And the midday interval is too short."

"Then write."

"I will. I'll write at once. And then I'll run out and post the letter."

"Listen," he said, while he searched for the writing pad that they so seldom used; "what do you say, Bunny, if I got a newspaper to see whether a second-hand perambulator is to be had anywhere? There are sure to be some advertisements."

"Second-hand? For our baby?" She sighed.

"But we must be as economical as we can," he warned her.

"Well, I shall want to see the child that used the perambulator," she said. "I won't have our baby using it after anybody's baby."

"That'll be all right," he said.

He sat down at once and wrote the letter to his Insurance Society, enclosing the discharge certificate from the hospital, and various papers about the baby, and he asked politely that the money due to him, after deduction of the hospital charges, might be sent at once.

After a little hesitation, he underlined "at once." Then he underlined it again. "Respectfully yours, Johannes Pinneberg."

On Sunday they bought a paper and found a few advertisements of perambulators. Pinneberg went out, and not far away he saw an excellent perambulator. He came back and reported to Bunny: "The man's a tram-conductor. But they seemed very nice sort of people. The child can walk, you see."

"What does the perambulator look like?" demanded Bunny.

"Very nice. It really looks almost new."

"I mean—is it a high or a low one?"

"Yes . . ." he said doubtfully. And he

added: "It's a proper perambulator, you know."

She tried again. "Has it high or low wheels?"

But he was cautious. "Just about medium size, I should think."

"What color is it?" inquired Bunny.

"I didn't notice that particularly," he said. And as Bunny began to laugh, he added in self-defence: "It wasn't very light in the kitchen." Suddenly he had an inspiration. "There was white lace all round the coverlet."

"Oh, dear," she said. "What I want to know is what you saw of the perambulator."

"It was a very nice one indeed. Twenty-five marks."

"Well, I shall have to see it myself. The ones in fashion nowadays are deep ones with low wheels."

This he felt he must counter at once. "I don't think the baby will mind whether his perambulator has low or high wheels."

"But the baby must have a nice one," said she.

When the baby had been fed and was lying peacefully asleep in his cot, they got ready to go out. Bunny stopped in the



doorway, went back, looked at the sleeping child, and again walked to the door.

"I hate leaving him alone," she said, as they went off. "Many people don't know how well off they are."

"We shall be back in an hour and a half," he said consolingly. "He's fast asleep, and he can't move."

"Still," she persisted. "I don't like it."

AND of course the perambulator was quite an old-fashioned high vehicle, very clean, but undeniably old-fashioned.

A small fair-haired child was standing beside it and surveying it gravely. "It's his perambulator," explained the mother.

"Twenty-five marks is a lot of money for such an old-fashioned perambulator," observed Bunny.

"I can throw in the pillows," said the woman; "and the horsehair mattress. That cost eight marks alone."

"Yes," said Bunny, still doubtful.

"Twenty-four marks," said the tram-conductor, with a glance at his wife.

"It is really as good as new," said his wife. "And the low wheels are not so practical."

"What do you think?" asked Bunny, hesitating.

"Yes," Pinneberg said. "You can't go tramping around after perambulators."

"No," said Bunny. . . . "All right, twenty-four marks, with coverlet and mattress."

They bought the perambulator and took it away with them. The child cried bitterly when he saw his perambulator go; and Bunny was rather reconciled to the old-fashioned object, when she observed the child so attached to it.

Then they both went out into the street; it could not be noticed that the perambulator was empty except for a couple of pillows. There might well have been a child inside.

Pinneberg kept on putting his hand on the edge of it. "Now we're a proper married couple," he said.

"Yes," she said. "We must keep the perambulator downstairs in Puttibreese's furniture store. It isn't pretty."

"No," he said.

When Pinneberg came home from Mandel's on Monday evening, he said: "Well, have the Insurance people sent the money?"

"No, not yet," answered Bunny. "It's sure to come to-morrow."

"Yes," he said. "It could really have hardly got here to-day."

But on Tuesday the money had not arrived, and it was almost the first of the month. Pinneberg's pay was spent, and of the hundred mark reserve barely fifty marks were left.

"We simply mustn't break into that," said Bunny. "That's our last."

"No," said Pinneberg, with rising irritation. "The money ought to be here. I'll go along to-morrow midday and hurry them up."

"I should wait till to-morrow evening," advised Bunny.

"No, I shall go to-morrow in the middle of the day."

So he went; time was short, he had to miss his lunch in the canteen, and it cost him forty pfennigs in fares; but he realised that he who has to pay out the money is not usually in such a hurry as he who has to receive it. He would not make a row, he would merely stir them up a bit.

HERE he was at the central offices of the Sick Benefit Society. An imposing building with porter, gigantic vestibule, and elaborately decorated rooms with long counters.

Here came the little man Pinneberg; he wanted a hundred marks; or perhaps it would be a hundred and twenty marks, he had no idea what would remain after the hospital charges had been deducted; and he walked into the vast, resplendent edifice. He looked so pathetically small and shabby in that mammoth hall. Pinneberg, my poor fellow, a hundred marks—? Here they deal in millions. The hundred marks are important to you? To us they are quite unimportant, they do not come into question at all. At least, that is not wholly true, as you will see later on. This building was, in fact, constructed out of your contributions, and those of people as insignificant as you, but you are not to think of that now. We use your contributions exactly as we are permitted to do by law.

It was a consolation to Pinneberg to observe that behind the barrier were seated employees, in some sense colleagues, of his own. Otherwise he might have been completely overwhelmed by all these sumptuous woods and marbles.

Pinneberg looked sharply about him; yonder was the right counter, "Letter P." A young man was sitting behind it; there were no formidable bars or grating between them, he was merely sitting on the other side of the counter.

"Pinneberg," said Pinneberg; "Johannes. Membership number 606,867. My wife has had a baby, and I wrote to you about the benefit due—"

The young man was busy over a card-index, and did not for the moment raise his head. But he reached out a hand, and said: "Membership card."

"Here it is," said Pinneberg. "I wrote a letter—"

"Birth-certificate," said the young man, again stretching out his hand.

Pinneberg said quietly: "But I wrote to you, and sent you all the papers I got from the hospital."

The young man looked up. He looked at Pinneberg. "Well, what do you want then?"

"I want to ask if the matter has been settled. Whether the money has been sent. I need the money."

"We all need money."

Pinneberg asked still more quietly: "Has the money been sent?"

"I don't know," said the young man. "If you applied for it in writing, your claim will have been dealt with by letter."

"Could you perhaps find out if it has been dealt with?"

"Everything here is dealt with promptly."

"But it ought to have reached me yesterday."

"Why yesterday? How do you know?"
"I reckoned up the time. If it had been dealt with promptly—"
"Reckoned up the time—? How can you know how matters are dealt with here? There are several departments."
"But if it has been dealt with promptly—"
"Everything is dealt with promptly here. You may rely on that."

Pinneberg said very quietly and firmly. "Would you mind finding out whether the matter has been dealt with or not?"

The young man looked at Pinneberg, and Pinneberg looked at the young man. They were both very neatly dressed—Pinneberg had to be, on account of his profession—they were both well washed and shaved, both had clean nails, and both were employees.

But both were enemies, deadly enemies, for one of them sat behind the barrier and the other stood in front of it. One wanted what he considered to be his right, and the other regarded his claim as a nuisance.

"Nothing but useless bother," growled the young man. But he felt Pinneberg's eyes upon him, and disappeared into the background.

IT was now April, a real capricious April, with sunshine, clouds, and showers of hail, green grass and daisies, budding shrubs and growing trees. Herr Spannfuss of Mandel's also began to blossom and to grow, and every day the salesmen in the Men's Outfitting had stories to tell of some new scheme of rationalisation. What it mostly came to was that one salesman had to do the work of two, or at the very most he was given the help of an apprentice.

In these days Heilbutt often said to Pinneberg: "How are you getting on? What's your total?"

Pinneberg looked away, and when Heilbutt asked again: "Tell me your total. I'm well in hand," Pinneberg said, with an embarrassed air: "Sixty." Or again: "A hundred and ten; but don't you bother. I shall manage."

And then they arranged that Pinneberg should come along when Heilbutt had sold a suit or an overcoat and enter it on his own sales book.

But they had to be careful. Janeske was always sniffing round, and Kessler, who would have given them away at once, was even worse. But they were very cautious; they waited for the moment when Kessler was at lunch, and when once he did happen to turn up, they told him that Pinneberg had come to help serve a difficult customer, and Heilbutt coolly offered to punch his head.

But where are the times when Pinneberg regarded himself as a good salesman? All was very different now. True, customers had never been so hard to manage. One day, for instance, a tall fat man came in with his wife and asked for an ulster: "Not to cost more than twenty-five marks, young man—understand? A friend of mine got one for twenty real English pure wool and properly lined—understand?"

Pinneberg smiled a wan smile: "Perhaps the gentleman exaggerated his bargain a little. A real English ulster for twenty marks—"

"Look here, young man, you needn't tell me my friend was lying. He's a respectable man, my friend is. I don't come here to have you insult my friends, do I?"

"I'm very sorry, sir," said Pinneberg humbly.

Kessler was watching, and Herr Janeske was standing behind a coat rack a little way off to the right. But no one came to his help; and he said nothing.

"Why do you annoy people?" asked Herr Janeske mildly. "You aren't to be like this, Herr Pinneberg." And Pinneberg knew quite well that he used not to be like this.

But it was the fault of the business. Since the damnable system of quotas had been introduced, everyone's nerve had given way,

At the beginning of the month it was fairly all right; people had money then and were inclined to buy. Pinneberg filled up his book and felt quite encouraged: "This month I certainly shan't have to borrow from Heilbutt."

But then came a day, and perhaps another, when not a single customer appeared. "To-morrow I shall have to sell three hundred marks' worth," thought Pinneberg, as he left Mandel's in the evening.

"To-morrow I shall have to sell three hundred marks' worth," was Pinneberg's last thought, when he had given Bunty her good-night kiss and lay in the darkness. It was hard to go to sleep with such a thought in his mind, and it was by no means the last waking thought.

"I shall have to sell three hundred marks' worth to-day," was in his mind as he awoke, drank his coffee, walked to his work, entered the department, and all day long: "Three hundred marks."

Then came a customer who wanted an overcoat—about eighty marks, a quarter of the total. How he prayed the man would decide to buy! Pinneberg pulled out all his stock, tried them on, fell into ecstasies over every coat, and the more excited he became—oh, God, if the fellow would only decide!—the more indifferent the customer became. Pinneberg tried every device, he tried obsequiousness: "You have such excellent taste, sir, everything looks well on you."

He realised that his customer was becoming uneasy and had begun to dislike him, but he could do no other. Then the customer departed saying he would think it over.

Pinneberg stood there, in a state of something like collapse; he knew he had bungled the affair, but it was fear that turned his heart sick, there were those two at home; it was hard enough to manage as things were, what would happen if—?

True, the worst had not yet come; Heilbutt was there. Heilbutt, the best of all his colleagues, and he would say: "How much, Pinneberg?"

He never gave him advice, nor told him to pull himself together. He did not talk cleverly like Janeske and Herr Spannfuss, he knew that Pinneberg was up to his job, but could not do it now. Pinneberg was not very tough, and if "meure was put on him he lost his form, and collapsed.

No, he did not lose his courage; he always recovered himself, and there were good days when he was quite on his old level, and not one sale went wrong. He thought his fear was overcome.

AND then his masters passed and said as they passed: "Can't you put a little more liveliness into your sales, Herr Pinneberg?" or: "Why are you selling no dark blue suits? Do you want them all kept in stock?"

They passed and went, and they said much the same sort of thing to the next salesman. Heilbutt was quite right, there



was no sense in minding it, they thought it their duty to be always finding fault.

No, there was no sense in minding what they said; but how could one help it? That very day Pinneberg had sold two hundred and fifty marks' worth, and the organiser came along and said: "You look tired, Herr Pinneberg. I commend you your colleagues in the United States as an example to follow; they look as bright in the evening as they do in the morning. Keep smiling. No tired salesmen in the States. They are not a credit to any business—"

He moved away, and Pinneberg cursed him in his heart. But of course he made

his little bow and kept on smiling, and his feeling of confidence was gone once more. He was, really, in none too bad a case. He knew of a few salesmen who had been summoned to the Staff Office and there warned or encouraged as the case might be.

"So-and-so has had the first injection," said the others. "He'll soon be dead."

Thence forward that salesman lived in fear; he knew that there would be only two more injections, and after that the end: unemployment, misery, charity, the end.

HE had not yet been summoned, but without Heilbutt his hour would long since have been at hand. Heilbutt was his tower of strength. Heilbutt was unassailable, Heilbutt could say to Herr Janeske: "Perhaps you would like to show me the proper way to sell."

To which Herr Janeske would reply: "I forbid you to use that tone to me, Herr Heilbutt."

And then one day Heilbutt was missing; he had been in the department, and he had sold something, and then, in the middle of that April day he had vanished; and no one knew where he had gone.

Janeske perhaps knew, for he had not asked for him. And Kessler probably knew, for he kept on inquiring about him, and in such a pointed and malignant way, that it was obvious something extraordinary had happened.

"Don't you know where your friend Heilbutt is?" he asked Pinneberg. "Ill," growled Pinneberg.

"I dare say! I'm glad I don't suffer from that sort of complaint," said Kessler triumphantly.

"Well, and what do you know about it?" asked Pinneberg.

"I? Nothing at all. How should I?"

"But you said—"

Kessler was greatly offended. "I know nothing at all. I only heard that he was sent for to the Staff Office—given his papers, you understand?"

"Nonsense!" said Pinneberg. And he growled out very audibly: "Idiot!"

Why should Heilbutt have been given his papers, why should they dismiss their best salesman? It was lunacy. Anyone rather than Heilbutt.

Next day Heilbutt was still missing.

"If he isn't here to-morrow," said Pinneberg to Bunty, "I shall go straight to his place when I leave the shop."

"Yes, do," she said.

But next day the mystery was solved. It was Herr Janeske who condescended to explain to Pinneberg that his friend had been dismissed.

But when Pinneberg got to Heilbutt's lodging Heilbutt had gone.

"No idea where, he's gone straight to an asylum, I dare say. He's quite mad enough—he wanted to get an old woman like me to join in his nasty little games."

Heilbutt had vanished.

CHAPTER 13

IT was evening, a lovely bright evening in late spring, now almost summer. Pinneberg had finished his day's work; he emerged from Mandel's Store, said good-night to his colleagues and hurried away.

A hand was laid on his shoulder! "Pinneberg, I arrest you."

"What do you mean?" said Pinneberg, not in the least startled. "God bless me, Herr Jachmann! I haven't seen you for an age."

"Well, you have a good conscience, anyhow," said Jachmann gloomily. "You didn't so much as start. What if it is to be young! How I envy you!"

"Do you, Herr Jachmann?" said Pinneberg. "I wish you could exchange three days with me. At Mandel's—"

"At Mandel's, indeed! I wish I had your job. It's safe and solid, anyway," said

Jachmann in a melancholy tone, and walked slowly on with Pinneberg. "It's all so depressing these days. How's your wife, my lad?"

"Very well," said Pinneberg. "There's a baby now."

"Bless me! Really? A baby?" Jachmann was genuinely surprised.

Then suddenly: "Be careful, Pinneberg. Do you mind if we look in this bookshop window—?"

"Yes—?" says Pinneberg expectantly.

"That is a most valuable book," said Jachmann, in very audible tones. "I learnt a great deal from it." And softly: "Look to the left. Quietly, now, quietly."

"Yes—?" says Pinneberg once more; he found all this very mysterious and the gigantic Jachmann much altered. "What am I to look at?"

"The fat old man with the spectacles and the curly beard, did you notice him?"

"Yes, of course," said Pinneberg. "He's walking away."

"Good," said Jachmann. "Just keep him in view. And now talk to me in just an ordinary way. That is—don't mention any names, and especially not my name. Now, say something."

PINNEBERG racked his brains. What was the matter? What was Jachmann up to? He hadn't said a word about his mother.

"Do say something," said Jachmann urgently. "Talk about anything—it looks so silly if we walk along without uttering a word. It must seem odd."

"Odd?" thought Pinneberg. "Who will think it odd?" And then aloud: "The weather still keeps lovely, doesn't it, Herr—?" and had almost blurted out the other's name.

"For God's sake, be careful," whispered Jachmann. And then, raising his voice: "Yes, it is really lovely weather."

"But a little rain wouldn't do any harm," said Pinneberg, looking doubtfully at the back of the elderly gentleman three paces in front. "It is very dry."

"Rain would certainly do good," agreed Jachmann quickly. "But we don't want it just at the week-end, do we?"

"No, of course not," said Pinneberg. "Not at the week-end."

And that was all, absolutely all. Nothing came into his head. Once he threw a side-long glance at Jachmann, and reflected that the man's familiar gaiety had gone. And he noticed that Jachmann, too, was anxiously surveying the grey back in front of them.

"For heaven's sake, say something, Pinneberg," said Jachmann nervously. "You must surely have something to tell me. If I hadn't seen a man for six months,



I should have something to say to him." "There, now, you mentioned my name," said Pinneberg. "But where are we going?" "Where? To your place. Where else? I'm going with you."

"Then we ought to have turned to the left just now," remarked Pinneberg. "I live in Als-Monabit."

"Well, why on earth didn't you turn off to the left?" asked Jachmann angrily.

"I thought we wanted to follow the grey gentleman in front—"

"God bless me," said the giant. "Don't you understand?"

"No," said Pinneberg.

"Then walk right on as if you were going home. I'll tell you all about it later. You must make conversation on the way."

"Very well, then we must turn off to the left again," said Pinneberg.

"Right; you lead the way, my lad," said Jachmann irritably. "How if you wife?"

"We've got a baby," said Pinneberg, in despair. "She's very well. Can't you tell me what really is the matter, Herr Jachmann? I can't make it out at all."

"Dummi! now you've mentioned my name," said Jachmann savagely. "He's sure to follow us. Don't on any account look round."

Pinneberg said nothing, and after this outburst Jachmann, too, said nothing. They walked past one block, round a corner, then past another block, across a road, and were then on Pinneberg's usual way home.

The traffic light was red, and they had to wait a moment.

"Can you still see him?" asked Jachmann anxiously.

"I thought I wasn't to . . . No, I can't see him any more. He has gone straight on."

"Ah," said Jachmann, and there was a ring of infinite relief in his voice. "I must have been wrong. One often sees ghosts."

"Can't you tell me, Herr Jachmann—?" began Pinneberg.

"No," said Jachmann. "That is—I'll tell you later on. I will, really. Now we'll go along to your place, and see your wife. So you've got a baby. Boy or girl? First-rate! Splendid! Did it all go well? Yes, of course it did; a woman like your wife wouldn't come to any harm. Flowers, no, chocolates. Wait a moment, I'm going in here."

"But you really mustn't—!" Jachmann had already vanished into a sweet-shop. But two minutes afterwards he re-emerged: "Have you any idea what sweets your wife likes best? Brandy cherries?"

"Nothing alcoholic, Herr Jachmann," said Pinneberg reproachfully.

"Of course, of course. No brandy cherries, then? I never knew that, I confess. It's a hard life." He had talked himself into the shop again.

After a while he again emerged, laden with a very substantial parcel.

"Herr Jachmann," said Pinneberg with misgiving: "What a large parcel! I don't know whether it will be good for my wife—"

"Well, she needn't eat it all at once. The trouble is that I don't know what she likes. There are so many kinds. And now look out for a flower-shop—"

"No, please, Herr Jachmann. That's quite superfluous."

"Superfluous, indeed! Listen to the lad. Do you know what superfluous means?"

"It means that there's no need for you to bring flowers to my wife."

"So you think so, do you? . . . Well, here's a flower-shop."

JACHMANN stopped for a moment and reflected. "I don't care to bring your wife any gaudy flowers, you know; I would rather take her something in a pot. That's more suited to a young lady. Is she still as fair-haired as ever?"

"Herr Jachmann, I do beg you—"

But Herr Jachmann had gone; some time passed, and then he came back.

"A flower-shop like that, Herr Pinneberg, would be just the thing for your wife. Somewhere in a good neighbourhood, where silly fools appreciate being served by a pretty woman."

"Pretty?" said Pinneberg awkwardly. "I don't know about that, Herr Jachmann—"

"Don't talk nonsense, Pinneberg, and don't talk about things you don't understand! . . . I suppose you admire the sort of woman you see on the films—manicured beauties, all greed and stupidity inside, eh?"

"I haven't been to the films for an age," said Pinneberg gloomily.

"Why not? You ought to go to the films constantly, every evening if possible, so long as you can stand it. It gives a man self-confidence, though I never felt much

need of that quality myself. I find other people such abysmal fools. . . . So let's go to the cinema. Now! This very evening! What's on, I wonder. We'll stop at the next clock—"

"But first," grinned Pinneberg, "you were going to buy my wife a flower-shop?"

"Why, of course, it's a first-rate idea. Money invested that way would certainly bring in good interest. But—" he sighed heavily; he collected two flower-pots and a parcel of chocolate under one arm, and slipped his other arm through Pinneberg's—"but it can't be done, my lad. I'm in the soup—"

"Then you oughtn't to be buying up all these shops for us," said Pinneberg indignantly.

"Don't talk rubbish! Not over money. I've got all the money I want still. But I'm in the soup all the same. In other ways. We'll talk about that later on. I'll tell you and your Bunny."

WHAT'S for supper?" "Baked potatoes," said Pinneberg, "and a bloater."

"And what is there to drink?" "Tea," said Pinneberg.

"With rum?" "My wife drinks no alcohol."

"Of course! Your wife drinks no alcohol. So you drink no alcohol either. Poor wretch!"

"But I don't like rum in my tea." "You imagine you don't because you are married. If you were a bachelor, you would like it; these are just the delusions of marriage. Now don't tell me I've never been married—I know that quite well. Well then, baked potatoes, herrings—"

"A bloater."

"A bloater, and tea. Do you know, Pinneberg, I must just run into that shop; but this is positively the last—"

And Jachmann vanished into a large and expensive grocer's shop.

When he reappeared, Pinneberg said with emphasis: "Now I've got one thing more to say to you, Herr Jachmann—"

"Yes?" said the giant. "Perhaps you wouldn't mind carrying a parcel for me." "Give it to me. The baby is a little over three months old. He can't yet hear, nor see, and he doesn't play—"

"Why are you telling me all this?"

"In case you should have the idea of going into a toy-shop and buying my son a teddy-bear, or a toy railway, you won't find me waiting for you outside."

"Toy-shop . . ." said Jachmann dreamily. "Teddy-bear . . . toy railway . . . How like a father he talks. Do we pass a toy-shop?"

Pinneberg began to laugh. "I'm going on, Herr Jachmann," he said.

"You really are a stupid fellow, Pinneberg," said Jachmann with a sigh. "Why, I'm in a manner of speaking your father!"

BUNNY and Jachmann had exchanged greetings, and Jachmann had dutifully bent over the cot for a moment and said: "A marvellously pretty child, of course."

"Just like the mother," said Bunny.

"Just like the mother," answered Jachmann.

Then Jachmann unpacked; and at the sight of such a display of delicacies, Bunny had dutifully said: "But you really shouldn't have bought all this, Herr Jachmann."

Then they sat down and ate and drank (tea, indeed, but not baked potatoes and bloaters); and then Jachmann leaned back and said comfortably: "So—and now comes the best moment of all—the cigar."

But Bunny answered with unwonted energy: "Unfortunately it doesn't; no one can smoke here on account of the baby."

"Are you serious?" asked Jachmann. "Absolutely serious," answered Bunny decisively. But Holger Jachmann sighed so

heavily that she suggested: "Why not do as my husband does, go out for a bit on the cinema roof and smoke out there? I'll put out a candle for you."

"We will," said Jachmann promptly.

The pair were soon outside and walking up and down. Pinneberg with his cigarette and Jachmann with his cigar. Both quite silent. The small candle was standing on the floor, and its flickering light hardly reached the dusty roof-beams.

Up and down—and down. Silent and side by side.

And as a cigarette is sooner at an end than a cigar, Pinneberg had in the meantime run in to Bunny and hurriedly told her all about this extraordinary affair.

"But what did he say?" asked Bunny.

"Nothing at all. He simply came along with me."

"Did you meet by accident?"

"I don't know. I think he was watching out for me. But I don't know."

"It all seems very mysterious," said Bunny. "What does he want here?"

"No idea. At first he'd got a notion that some old man was after him."

"How do you mean—after him?"

"The police, I think. And he's had a row with mother. Perhaps it's all connected."

"Ah," said Bunny. "And he said nothing more?"

"Yes, he did. He said he wanted to go to the cinema with us to-morrow evening."



"To-morrow evening? Does he mean to stay here? He can't stay here overnight. We haven't got a bed for him, and the sofa's too short."

"No, of course he can't stay here. But if he simply stays?"

"In half an hour," said Bunny decisively. "I'm going to feed the baby. And if you haven't told him by then, I will."

"There'll be trouble," said Pinneberg with a sigh. And he went out once more to the silent pacer up and down.

And after a while Holger Jachmann carefully trod out the remains of his cigar, sighed deeply, and said: "I often like to do a bit of thinking; mostly I prefer talking, but half an hour's thought now and again does one a power of good."

"You're pulling my leg," protested Pinneberg.

"Not in the least. Not in the very least. I was just thinking what I was like as a small child—"

"Well—?" asked Pinneberg.

"Yes, I don't know . . .," observed Jachmann slowly. "I don't fancy I'm very like that now." He whistled. "Perhaps I've made a mess of things. I'm often so damnably conceited. . . . I began life as a servant, you know."

PINNEBERG was silent. The giant sighed. "Well, there's no use talking about it. You're quite right there. Shall we go in to your wife?"

They went in, and Jachmann, in radiant good humour, started his usual flow of talk. "Well, Frau Pinneberg, this is the oddest place to live in that I've ever seen. I've seen a good many, but a place so odd and so delightful, too . . . It seems almost incredible that the police should have passed it."

"They haven't," observed Pinneberg. "We live here quite unofficially."

"Unofficially?"

"Yes, these rooms are really store-rooms, not living-rooms. And only the man who let us the place knows that we live here. Officially we live on the street with the carpenter."

"Ah," said Jachmann, pondering. "So no one knows you live here, not even the police?"

"No," said Pinneberg emphatically, and looked at Bunny.

"Good," said Jachmann. "Excellent." And he surveyed the room with a certain air of approval.

"Herr Jachmann," said Bunny, and in that moment she was the angel with the sword. "I must now feed the child and get him ready for the night—"

"Good," said Jachmann once more.

"Don't let me disturb you. And then I think we had all better go to bed. I've been running about all day; I'm very tired. In the meantime I'll fix up this sofa with cushions and chairs—"

The pair looked at each other. Then Pinneberg turned away, and tapped on the window; his shoulders quivered. But Bunny said: "Don't you dare. I'll fix up the bed for you."

"Right," said Jachmann. "Then I can watch you feed the baby. I've always wanted to see that."

With an air of angry resolve Bunny took her son out of the cot, and began to undress him.

And while Jachmann obediently went to the window, and look out at the dark and silent garden, and the branches of the trees swayed gently in the light from the window.

Not silent for long, Jachmann said: "Of course I've been all wrong, Pinneberg. The good and wholesome things of life." And he clapped his hand to his head: "Poor that I am!"

Then they went to bed.

CHAPTER 14

NEXT morning Pinneberg stood among his trousers in Mandel's shop, feeling a little confused in mind. It was not very easy for a young married man to put up with such a lodger in so small a place, which was, in fact, only one room. He could not help calling to mind how Jachmann had behaved that night when he brought the money for the rent, and how he had lurched across to Bunny's bed.

It was true that he had then had a lot to drink, and that last night he was quite different, really very nice indeed. He might be all sorts of a good fellow, but was he to be truly trusted?

Pinneberg felt as though he were standing on hot bricks behind that counter. How he longed to be at home! But of course all was well when he got there; they looked at the baby, and he greeted the lodger, who was rummaging in a trunk by the window: "Evening, Herr Jachmann."

"Evening, my lad," answered the other. "I must just—" He was at the door as he spoke, and they heard him clattering down the ladder.

"What was he like?" asked Pinneberg.

"Very nice," said Bunny. "He really is awfully nice. In the morning he was very nervous; he kept on talking about his trunks, and whether you would perhaps fetch them round for him."

"And what did you say?"

"That he'd better ask you. He just growled. Three times he ran down the ladder, and was back again in a moment or two. Then he rattled his key-ring to amuse the baby, and sang songs. After that he suddenly fled."

"So he's got over his fears?"

"Then he came back with the trunks, and since then he's been singing like a lark; rummaging around in his trunks and stuffing papers into the stove. Yes, and he's made a discovery. He can't bear to hear the baby cry. It drives him frantic; he says he can't endure the thought of a baby being at war with the world. I told him he mustn't take it so much to heart—that the baby was just hungry. He said I was to feed him on the spot. And when I

wouldn't, he told me I was cruel. He said all this rubbish about training was going to parents' heads. Then he wanted to carry him out for a walk; and then to wheel him out in the perambulator—just imagine Jachmann with a perambulator in the park! And when I wouldn't let him, and the baby went on crying—"

She broke off, for, just as though he had heard her, the baby lifted up its voice, and roared and yelled.

"There he is! And now you'll see what Jachmann has discovered—"

She fetched a chair and put it beside the cot. She put her bag on the chair, then she fetched the alarm clock, and put it on the bag.

Pinneberg looked on intently.

The clock ticked with the real harsh tick of a kitchen alarm clock, quite near the baby's ear. But of course when the baby yelled, such an insignificant sound was inaudible.

At first the baby went on yelling unceasingly, until he had to stop for a moment to draw breath. Then he went on again.

"He hasn't noticed it yet," whispered Bunny.

But perhaps he had noticed it. The next pause for taking breath came quicker and lasted longer. He seemed to be listening: Tick-tack-tick-tack.

THEN he yelled again. But he yelled without the real strength of conviction. There he lay, rather red in the face from his exertions, with a wisp of light fair hair across his skull, and his absurd little mouth screwed up. He looked straight in front of him, probably unseeing, his little fingers outspread on the coverlet. He certainly longed to yell, he was hungry, something was rumbling in his stomach, and when that happened, he had to yell. But now beside his ear there was a sound: Tick-tack, tick-tack. All the time.

No, not all the time. When he yelled it was not there. And when he listened, it was there again at once. He yelled for a bit—yes, tick-tack had gone. He was silent—tick-tack had come back. Then he was quite silent, and listened; probably there was no more room in his brain for anything else: Tick-tack, tick-tack. The rumbling below was far away, it did not reach the top-end.

"It seems really to work," whispered Pinneberg. "Well, Jachmann's a grand fellow to have thought of that."

"Hullo! Trying my discovery?" said the voice of Jachmann from the door. "Does it work?"

"Seems so," said Pinneberg. "The only question is—for how long?"

"Well, my dear, how goes it? Does your good husband know of our programme? And does he approve?"

"I haven't yet told him. Listen, darling, Herr Jachmann has invited us to go out with him, and we're to go out in style. Cabaret and bar; just think of it! And to a cinema first!"

"There!" said Pinneberg; "you've managed it. It has always been Bunny's ambition, Herr Jachmann, to go out once in style. Glorious!"

An hour later they were sitting in a cinema, in a box.

The picture of a man who stole money for his wife seemed to hold the Pinnebergs as though in a vice.

It was rather a gloomy little supper to which the three of them sat down in their bird-cage. And Jachmann looked meditatively at his two grown-up children, who seemed to take so little interest in the unwonted delicacies of yesterday's purchase.

But, contrary to his usual habit, he said nothing. Bunny cleared away and fetched the baby, and then Holger Jachmann said:

"Oh, children, children, it's a dreadful thing to see you like this. You needn't be so solemn about a story on the films!"

But Pinneberg said: "Of course we know it isn't all of it true to life, Herr Jachmann. There are no clerks like the man's friend, and probably there's no one like the little cashier with the bowler hat. But the actor quite carried me away—what's his name—Schluter, did you say?"

Jachmann nodded and began again:

"But—"
But Bunny said quickly: "I know what he means, and he's quite right. Even if it isn't all true to life, and is only make-believe, it's quite true that the likes of us must always be afraid, and that it's really a miracle if things go all right for a time. And it's true that anything may happen any time to strike us down, and that we



ought always to be astonished that it doesn't happen every day."

"Life is just as dangerous as you let it be," said Jachmann. "You just have to keep things off you. If I had been the cashier I should have simply gone home and got a divorce. And then I should have married again, a nice young girl—well, then, what's all the trouble about? And now I propose that, as the baby seems to have had enough, we should get ready as soon as possible, as it's already after eleven. We want cheering up a bit."

"I don't know," said Pinneberg, and looked questioningly at Bunny. "Shall we go out after all? I don't feel much like it."

Bunny, too, shrugged her shoulders doubtfully.

But this made Jachmann quite wild. "No, I can't have this. We can't sit around here at home pulling long faces over a lot of nonsense we've seen on a film. No, we'll go out right away. Pinneberg, you get along and find us a taxi, while your Bunny puts on her best dress."

Pinneberg looked up doubtfully, but Bunny said: "Run along, darling; he won't let us off."

Pinneberg went slowly out; Jachmann, like the good fellow he was, dashed after him, and pressed something into his hand. "There, put that away. It's always unpleasant to go out with empty pockets. And here's a little silver, too. And don't forget to give a little to your wife, women always need a bit of money. Now, then, don't talk, hurry up with that cab."

So saying, he went back into the room, and Pinneberg slowly descended the ladder, thinking: "He's a nice fellow. But one never feels quite sure about him. So he isn't really quite nice." And his hand closed on the notes. But when the taxi drew up in front of the house, he could not forbear putting his hand in his pocket, and looking at them. He counted them and said to himself: "But this is absurd. It's nearly a month's pay. He's mad. I must tell him at once."

But there was no opportunity; they were both waiting, and in the cab Bunny had to tell him that the baby had gone to sleep—once, and she wasn't worrying, or at least only a very little bit, and after all they weren't going to be out for so frightfully long. And where were they going to?

"Listen, Herr Jachmann," began Pinneberg.

JACHMANN said hurriedly: "I shan't take you up West, children. In the first place I'm very well known in the West, and that spoils half the fun, and secondly it's nothing like so amusing. There's more going on in the Friedrichstadt than anywhere—well, you'll see." Then they discussed where they

should go to first, and Jachmann made Bunny's mouth water more and more with his tales of bars and cabarets and variety shows, and Pinneberg came in for a word or two here and there.

They could not agree where to go, and the pair accepted Jachmann's proposal that they should first take a stroll down the Friedrichstrasse. They walked three abreast, Bunny in the middle, arm in arm with her two men. They were all in high good humor, and not merely stopped outside the Varieties, to admire the posters of the lovely ladies, who all somehow looked exactly alike, but stood and stared into almost every shop window. Pinneberg found this rather tedious, but Jachmann was the best companion in the world, and could grow just as enthusiastic as Bunny over a knitted frock from Vienna, and look at two and twenty hats in succession and give his opinion as to whether they would suit Bunny or not.

"Can't we go on now?" asked Pinneberg.

"Oh, these husbands," said Jachmann. "First, nothing is good enough for them, and then they get bored. However, I'm gradually getting thirsty. I propose we go right over now." And he pointed diagonally across the road.

So they crossed, and were almost at their destination when a car stopped behind them, and a high voice squeaked: "Hullo, Jachmann, is that you?"

But Jachmann turned, and said in a startled voice: "Uncle Knilli—haven't they nabbed you yet?" Here he broke off and said to the Pinnebergs: "Excuse me, I'll be back in a moment."

The car had pulled up quite close to the pavement, and there stood Jachmann talking to a fat, yellow man, and though they laughed together at first their voices gradually sank and the conversation took on a more serious tone.

The Pinnebergs stood and waited. Five minutes, ten minutes; they looked into a shop window, and when they had looked at everything there was to see, they waited once more.

"I think he might try to get away by now," growled Pinneberg. "Uncle Knilli he called the fellow; what odd people Jachmann does seem to know."

"He certainly doesn't look very nice," agreed Bunny. "Why does he talk in that funny voice?"

Pinneberg was going to explain to Bunny, but Jachmann came back and said: "I'm very sorry, children, but I can't take you out to-night. I must go with Uncle Knilli."

"Oh!" said Bunny doubtfully. "Herr Jachmann!"

"Business—business. But to-morrow mid-day at the latest I'll be with you again, children, punctually for dinner. And now look here, you go by yourselves. It will be much nicer for you without me—"

"Herr Jachmann," said Bunny once more. "Wouldn't it be better if you stayed with us to-day. I have a feeling—"

"No, I must go," said Jachmann. "Now you go along by yourselves. Have you got any money left, Pinneberg?"

"You just cut that out, Jachmann," cried Pinneberg.

And Jachmann muttered: "Oh, all right. I only thought . . . Then to-morrow at midday."

The taxi sped away, and Pinneberg told his Bunny about the hundred marks that Jachmann had so lavishly pressed upon him an hour before.

"But you'll pay it him back to-morrow," said Bunny energetically. "We'll go home now. Or do you want to go out?"

"Not a bit," said Pinneberg. "I never did. I'll return the money to-morrow."

But he did not. For a long, long time had passed, and Pinneberg's life had greatly changed, before they again saw

Herr Holger Jachmann, who was to have been back so punctually to dinner at twelve o'clock.

The next day Pinneberg was late for work.

He did indeed rush down the street—but it was no good. The tram simply would not come. Then the traffic signals burned red, and in Pinneberg's mind the anxieties of the night were swept away, the joy that the baby had a tooth and was not ill, vanished. Another anxiety appeared, and grew and grew, until it dominated all else: What would Janecke say to him for being late?

"Twenty-seven minutes late—Pinneberg," noted the porter. His face was impassive; every day some of the staff came late. Many of them begged for mercy; this one merely looked pale.

Pinneberg compared the time on his own watch. "I make it twenty-four minutes only."

"Twenty-seven," said the porter decisively. "Besides, a hop is as good as a jump. Twenty-four or twenty-seven." And in that he was right.

Thank heavens, Janecke, at any rate, was not in the department. Thank heavens the row would not start at once.

But it did start at once. There was Herr Kessler, always so concerned for the interests of the House of Mandel. He went up to Pinneberg, and said: "You are to go at once to the Staff Office; Herr Lehmann wishes to see you."

"Yes," said Pinneberg. "Right." He felt he ought to say something just to show Kessler he was not afraid—although he was indeed afraid. "Another spot of trouble, I suppose. I was a bit too late this morning."

Kessler surveyed Pinneberg and grinned, not too obviously, but in his eyes the grin was unmistakable. He said nothing; he merely looked at Pinneberg. Then he turned and marched away.

Pinneberg went down to the ground floor, and then across the yard. The elderly, yellowish Fraulein Semmler was still there.

"Go in," said Fraulein Semmler to Pinneberg.

And Pinneberg went in. His heart was hammering. "And now for me," he thought. "Now for me."

BUT his turn had not yet come; the gentlemen grouped around the writing-table behaved as though he were not there.

"Must the post be filled again?" asked Herr Lehmann.

"We can't do without it entirely," said Herr Spannfluss. "But in this slack time the work can be done by others. And when business gets livelier we can take on someone temporarily. There are plenty of people available."

"Of course," said Herr Lehmann.

The three men looked up, and looked at Pinneberg. Pinneberg took two steps forward.

"Now listen, Pinneberg," said Spannfluss in quite a different voice. The tone of grave and paternal concern had quite vanished, he was merely brutal. "You were again half an hour late to-day. What the intention of this conduct is I cannot conceive. Presumably you wish us to understand that you view the House of Mandel with complete indifference. Well, young man, it won't do—!" And he waved his hand in the direction of the door.

Pinneberg had begun by thinking that nothing mattered, that he was bound to be sacked. But suddenly hope sprang up again, and he said very quietly and humbly: "I beg your pardon, Herr Spannfluss, my child was ill last night, and I had to run round and get a Sister from the Clinic . . ."

He looked rather helplessly at the three men.

"Ah, your child," said Spannfluss; "so this time it was your child that was ill. Four weeks ago—or was it ten weeks?—"

you were constantly away because of your wife. In a fortnight your grandmother will probably die, and in a month your aunt will break her leg. . . . He paused. Then, with renewed energy: "You over-estimate the interest that the firm takes in your private life. Your private life is without interest for the House of Mandel. You will kindly arrange your affairs so that they can be settled outside business hours." Again a pause, then: "The firm makes your private life possible, sir. The firm comes first, the firm comes second, and the firm comes third, and then you can do what you like. You live by us, sir; we have preserved you from anxiety about your livelihood, do you realise that? You are punctual enough in claiming your pay on the last day of the month."

He smiled faintly, and the other gentlemen smiled; Pinneberg knew it would be a good thing if he too smiled slightly, but with the best will in the world, he could not.

In conclusion, Herr Spannfuss said: "Please understand that the next time you are late you will be dismissed without notice. And you'll find out what it's like to live on the dole. There are plenty doing it. . . . We understand each other, don't we, Herr Pinneberg?"

Pinneberg looked at him dumbly. Herr Spannfuss smiled. "Your face is certainly very expressive, Herr Pinneberg, but I should like you to confirm your meaning orally. Do we understand each other?"

"Yes," said Pinneberg faintly. "Right; then you can go." And Pinneberg went.

CHAPTER 15

BUNNY was sitting in her little castle, darning stockings. The baby was in his cot asleep. She felt gloomy, her lad had lately been in such a bad mood, distraught and depressed, sometimes bursting into fury and sometimes sunk in apathy. The other day she had thought to give him a little treat by providing an egg with his baked potatoes. When she brought it to the table, he flew into a rage, and asked if they were millionaires. He was struggling and worrying, and she—?

After that he had been silent and depressed for some days, and had been very gentle with her; his whole behaviour pleaded for pardon. There was no call for him to ask for pardon, it was not necessary. They two were one, nothing could come between them; a hasty word could cloud their relations, but not destroy them.

But in earlier days it had been quite different. They were young, they were in love, a flash of radiance gleamed through everything, a shining vein of silver even in the darkest stone. Now all was wrecked; a heap of melancholy ruins, with now and then a flicker. They were still young, they loved each other still—alas, perhaps they loved each other more than ever, they had grown to share each other's lives; but overhead the sky was dark—how could people like them laugh? How could one laugh, really laugh in such a world as this, a world where captains of industry were protected in all their mistakes, and little people who always did their best were degraded and trampled on?

"I wish there were a bit more justice in the world," thought Bunny.

Just as the thought came into her mind, she heard a clatter outside. It was Putt-breese, but Putt-breese in dispute with a woman. Bunny seemed to recognise the shrill sharp voice, and she listened; no she did not know it, they were probably bargaining over a cupboard.

But then Putt-breese called up to her. "Young woman," he shouted. "Frau Pinneberg!" he roared.

Bunny got up, walked across to the

ladder, and looked down. Yes, it was the voice she thought it had been. There stood her mother-in-law with Master Putt-breese, Frau Pinneberg senior, and the pair of them seemed to be at odds.

"The old party wants to come up," said the master, and trundled off. He trundled off to such purpose that he slammed the outer door, and left them both in almost darkness. But Bunny's eyes soon got used to it, and below her she could see the neat brown caped frock and the white fat face.

"Good day, Mamma, are you coming to pay us a visit? The lad is out."

"DO you propose to talk to me from up there? Or will you tell me how to get up?"

"The ladder, Mamma, right in front of you," said Bunny.

"Is that the only way?"

"Yes, Mamma."

"All right. I should very much like to know why you moved out of my flat. Well, we'll talk about that."

The ladder was achieved without difficulty; Frau Pinneberg senior was pretty active. She stood on the roof of the cinema, and peered up at the dark and dusty rafters. "Do you live here?"

"No, Mamma, over there, behind the door. Shall I show you?" She opened the door; Frau Pinneberg came in, and looked round her. "Well, I suppose everyone knows best where they belong. I prefer the Spritzenstrasse."

"Yes, Mamma," said Bunny. If her husband was not kept overtime, he would be home in half an hour. She found herself longing for his return. "Will you take your things off, Mamma?"

"No, thank you. I only came in for two minutes. There's no occasion for me to call, after the way you treated me."

"We were very sorry about it," said Bunny with hesitation.

"I wasn't," said Frau Pinneberg. "I shan't mention it. But it was pretty inconsiderate of you to leave me in the lurch, with no one in the house to do the work. You've got a baby, haven't you?"

"Yes, he was born six months ago. His name is Horst."

Frau Pinneberg looked up from the child.

"What is it? Boy or girl?"

"A boy," said Bunny. "Horst."

"Ah," said Frau Pinneberg. "I thought so. He looks just about as foolish as his father."

Bunny was silent.

"My dear child," said Frau Pinneberg, as she unbuttoned her jacket and sat down. "There's no sense in being sulky with me. I say what I think. Ah, there's the precious dressing-table. It seems to be your only bit of furniture. I often think one should be nicer to the lad; he isn't quite right in the head." And she sat down and stared at the wretched thing. It was a miracle that the veneer did not blister under her gaze.

Bunny was silent.

"When is Jachmann coming?" asked Frau Pinneberg suddenly, and with such sharpness that Bunny started. Frau Pinneberg was delighted. "You see I hear of everything. I found out your little hiding-place—there's nothing I don't know. When is Jachmann coming?"

"Herr Jachmann," said Bunny, "was here for one or two nights many weeks ago. Since then he has not been here again."

"So!" said Frau Pinneberg contemptuously. "And where is he now?"

"I don't know," said Bunny.

"Oh, you don't know," Frau Pinneberg spoke more slowly, but her temper was rising. She pulled off her jacket, "How

much does he pay you to keep your mouth shut?"

"I shan't answer such a question," said Bunny.

"I'll put the police on you, my dear child," said Frau Pinneberg. "then you'll soon answer. I suppose he told you there was a warrant out against him for fraud and cheating at cards, or did he say he was living here because he loved you?"

BUNNY PINNEBERG stood at the window. She was glad now that the lad would be back soon; she could not bring herself to turn his mother out. It was a job for Pinneberg.

"You'll soon see how he'll treat you. He swindles everyone. He can't help it. The way he's behaved to me—" Frau Pinneberg's voice had quite another ring. "I haven't seen Herr Jachmann for more than two months," said Bunny.

"Bunny," said Frau Pinneberg, "Bunny, if you know where he is, do tell me, Bunny." She paused. "Bunny, do tell me where he is?"

Bunny turned and looked at her mother-in-law. "I don't know. Really I don't know, Mamma."

The pair surveyed each other.

"All right," said Frau Pinneberg, "I'll believe you. I do believe you, Bunny. Did he really only stay here for two nights?"

"I think only two," said Bunny.

"What did he say about me? Do tell me. Did he curse me a lot?"

"Not a bit," said Bunny, "not a word. He didn't say anything about you to me."

"Ah," said her mother-in-law, "not a word. Well, your baby's a nice child. Can he talk yet?"

"At six months, Mamma!"

"No? Don't they talk at that age? I have forgotten everything—indeed, I never knew very much. But—" and she paused for quite a while. The pause grew longer and longer. There was something terrible in it—fury, fear and menace.

"There," said Frau Pinneberg, pointing to the trunks that were lying on the top of the cupboard. "Those are Jachmann's trunks. I know them. Those are his trunks. You liar, you shameless little liar—and I believed you. Where is he, and when is he coming? You've pinched him for yourself, and that wretched husband of yours knows all about it. Liar!"

"Mamma!" said Bunny, quite overwhelmed.

"They're my trunks. He owes me money, hundreds and thousands of marks. The trunks belong to me. He'll soon come if I've got the boxes."

She pulled a chair up to the cupboard.

"Mamma," said Bunny anxiously, and tried to hinder her.



"Let me go! Let me go at once! There's my trunk!"

She got on to the chair, and dragged at the handle of the first trunk, but the cornice of the cupboard was in the way.

"He left the trunks behind," cried Bunny.

She did not hear. She dragged at the trunks, and the cornice broke. The trunk slipped off. It was rather heavy. She could not hold it and it fell. It crashed against the cot, and the baby began to cry.

"Leave that alone at once!" cried Bunny with flaming eyes, and ran to the child. "I'll throw you out—"

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film. Why on earth didn't I notice it at once?"

The actor was delighted. "I am indeed. And which was the film?"

"What was it called? You played a bank-cashier, and your wife thought you were embezzling money for her, when it was really your friend that was giving it you—"

"I remember," said the actor. "So you liked it? Good. And which part of my acting did you like best?"

"There was so much I liked . . ."

The actor nodded.

"That bit where the other man had told your wife that you hadn't stolen any money and they were laughing at you. And suddenly you became quite small and shrunken. It was dreadful!"

"Ah. So that was the best bit. And why did you think so?" asked the actor inattentively.

"Because—ah, don't laugh at me—I felt as though it was so like us. You see, small people like ourselves aren't getting on very well just now, and it often seems that life was just making game of us, and we feel so small—"

"The voice of the people," said the mine. "However, I feel very much honored, Herr—what is your name?"

"Pinneberg."

"The voice of the people, Pinneberg. Right, my friend. And now we must turn to the serious affairs of life and find that suit. The property clothes they showed me were all rubbish. Let's see now—"

And they looked. For half an hour, an hour, they rummaged among the stock. They stood surrounded by piles of garments. Pinneberg had never so enjoyed serving in a shop.

"Good fellow," muttered Schluter, the actor, from time to time. He was a patient tryer-on. Even after the fifteenth pair of trousers he was anxious to put on the sixteenth.

"Very good fellow, Pinneberg," he muttered.

At last they had done. At last they examined and tried everything that might possibly suit the young man from the Ackerstrasse. Pinneberg was in ecstasy; Pinneberg hoped that Herr Schluter might perhaps take more than the one suit—perhaps the brown overcoat with the lilac cheeks. And he asked breathlessly: "And what shall I put on the account, Herr Schluter?"

The actor raised his eyebrows. "Account? But I was only looking at the stuff, you know. I'm certainly not going to buy any of it. For God's sake don't make a face like that. I have given you a bit of trouble, I know. I will send you cards for my next first night. Are you married? I will send you two cards."

But Pinneberg said hurriedly, in a low voice: "Herr Schluter, please—please, buy something. You have so much money—you earn so much. Do please buy! If you go away now without buying anything they will think it's my fault, and I shall be dismissed."

"But this is absurd," said the actor. "Why on earth should I buy this stuff? To please you? I never heard of such a thing!"

"Herr Schluter," said Pinneberg, raising his voice, "I've seen you on the films. You acted the part of the little poor man, and you know what we feel like. You see I've got a wife and a child. The child is still quite small, and it would be a bad business for him if I were dismissed—"

"But God in Heaven!" said Herr Schluter, "these are your own private affairs. I can't be expected to buy suits. I don't want just to keep your child cheerful!"

"Herr Schluter," said Pinneberg, "do it

for my sake. I've been serving you for an hour. Do at least buy the one suit. It's pure chevot. It will wear well, and I am sure you will be pleased with it."

"Look here," said Herr Schluter. "I'm getting tired of this."

"Herr Schluter," implored Pinneberg, laying his hand on the actor's arm just as he was about to leave the shop, "there is a quota fixed for us by the firm, and we have to make it, otherwise we are dismissed. I am short by five hundred marks. Please, please buy something. You know what we feel like, you've acted one of us."

The actor lifted the salesman's hand from his arm. And he said very loudly: "Listen, my lad, I forbid you to touch me. And your troubles are no concern of mine."

SUDDENLY Herr Jancke appeared. "If you please, I am the head of the department."

"I am Franz Schluter, the actor—"

Herr Jancke bowed. "You have very odd assistants here. They assault a customer to make him buy your stuff. The man says he is forced to do it. Somebody ought to write to the papers about it—these are blackmailing methods—"

"The man is a very bad salesman," said Herr Jancke. "He has been warned many times. I regret extremely that you should have come into contact with him. We will dismiss the man, he is quite useless."

"That is not in the least necessary, my dear sir; I don't ask you to do any such thing. He did take my arm—"

"Take your arm! Herr Pinneberg go at once to the Staff Office and ask for your papers. And all this about the quota, Herr Schluter, is quite false. Just two hours ago I told this man that if he could not reach it he was not to mind. He has no complaints. An incompetent man. I beg a thousand pardons, Herr Schluter."

Pinneberg stood there and looked after the two men.

He stood, and followed them with his eyes.

All—all was at an end.



CHAPTER 16

NOTHING was at an end; life went on. Everything went on. It was November in the following year, fourteen months since Pinneberg had left his work at Mandel's. A dark, cold, damp November, all very well when the roof is sound. The roof of their hut was indeed sound, Pinneberg had given it a fresh coating of tar a month before. He was now awake the illuminated dial of the alarm clock showed a quarter to five. Pinneberg listened to the November rain hissing and rattling on the timber roof. "It will keep the rain out," he thought. "I've fixed it properly. The rain can't hurt us anyway."

He was just about to turn round comfortably and go to sleep again, when it suddenly occurred to him that he had been awakened by a noise: the garden gate had clicked. Krymna would be knocking in a moment. Pinneberg took Bunny's arm, as she lay beside him in the narrow iron bed, and tried to awaken her gently. But she started up, and said: "What's the matter? Bunny had lost her joyful awakening of old days; if she was awakened out of time it was always for bad news. Pinneberg heard her quick breathing. "What's the matter?"

"Don't talk too loud," whispered Pinne-

berg. "You'll wake the baby. It isn't five o'clock yet."

"What is it?" asked Bunny again, rather impatiently.

"Krymna's coming," whispered Pinneberg. "Shall I go with him?"

"No, no, no," said Bunny passionately. "That's settled, do you hear? No. I'll have no thieving."

"But—" pleaded Pinneberg.

There was a knock outside. A voice called: "Pinneberg!" And: "Are you coming along, Pinneberg?"

Pinneberg jumped up, and for a moment he stood in doubt.

"So—" he began, and listened.

But Bunny did not answer.

"Pinneberg! Come out you old rascal!" came the voice once more.

Pinneberg felt his way in the darkness on to the verandah, and through the glass panes he could see the dark outline of the other man's form.

"At last! Are you coming or not?"

"I—" cried Pinneberg through the door, "I should like to—"

"Then you aren't?"

"Look here, Krymna, I would, but my wife—you know what women are—"

"Then you aren't," shouted Krymna from without. "All right. We'll go alone."

Pinneberg looked after him. He could recognise Krymna's squat figure against the slightly lighter sky. Then the garden gate slammed, and Krymna was swallowed up by the night.

Pinneberg sighed once more. He was very cold, standing there in his shirt, and he knew he ought to go in. But there he stood and stared. From within, the baby called out: "Pepp-Pepp! Memm-Memm!"

Gently Pinneberg felt his way back into the room. "The baby must sleep," he said; "he must get a bit more sleep." The child was breathing deeply, and his father heard him lying back in his bed. "Dolly," he whispered; "Dolly!"

Pinneberg groped about the room in the darkness, looking for the indiarubber doll. The child had to have it in his hand so as to get to sleep. He found the doll. "Here's dolly, darling; hold him tight. And now go to sleep." The child emitted a gurgle of satisfaction and of happiness, and was soon asleep.

PINNEBERG also went back to bed, and as he was so cold he tried to avoid any contact with Bunny, not wishing to alarm her.

There he lay, unsleeping, indeed it was then too late for that to matter much. He thought of all manner of things: whether Krymna was very angry with him for refusing to go out and "look for" wood, and whether Krymna could do him much harm in the neighborhood. Then he wondered how they were going to afford briquettes, now that they would have no wood. He reflected that he would have to go to Berlin that day, to draw the dole. And then, that he must also call on Puttbreese, to pay him six marks. The old man did not want the money, he would only spend it on drink; it made Pinneberg wild to think of the way that people wasted the money that others so sorely needed. Pinneberg then reflected that Hellburt must also be paid his two marks, and this would absorb all the dole. How he was going to get food and fuel for the coming week, heaven alone knew—or perhaps heaven didn't know—

And so it went on, for weeks and weeks, months and months.

That was what was so ghastly—it just went on and on. Had he ever thought that it would end? The appalling thing was that it always went on, on and on, just the same . . . future there was none.

Gradually Pinneberg grew warm and sleepy. He would try to snatch a bit of sleep. It was always a good thing to sleep. Then the alarm clock went off, it was

seven o'clock. Pinneberg was awake at once, and the baby called out lustily: "Tick-tack! Tick-tack! Tick-tack!" Over and over again, until the bell was turned off. Bunny did not wake.

Pinneberg lit the tiny oil lamp with the blue glass globe; the day had begun, and in this first half-hour he had a great deal to do. He was walking about in his shirt and trousers, and the baby called out: "Ka-Ka." In response to this, Papa brought him a very precious toy, a cigarette box full of old playing-cards. The little cast-iron stove and the fire were soon alight; he went to the pump in the garden, washed, made the coffee, cut the bread and spread it, while Bunny was still asleep.

As he did all this, Pinneberg thought of the film that he had seen some time—a very long while—ago. There, too, the wife lay asleep in bed, ruddy asleep, while the man ran around and did the chores—ah, but Bunny was not rosy; Bunny had to work all day; Bunny was pale and thin; Bunny made their budget balance. All was quite otherwise in this home.

Pinneberg dressed the baby. Then he said, turning towards the bed: "Time to get up, Bunny."

"Yes," said she obediently, and began to dress. "What did Krymna say?"

"Oh, nothing; he was very angry."

"I don't care. I won't have you mixed up with that sort of thing."

"Well," said Pinneberg, cautiously, "it's quite safe, you know. There are always about six or eight of them going out to get wood. So the foresters don't interfere."

"Never mind," said Bunny. "It's not our sort of game."

"And how are we going to get the money for the coal?"

"I've got another whole day's darning at the Kramers to-day. That makes three marks. And to-morrow I may get a day's mending at the Recklins. That's another three marks. And the next week I've got three days' work fixed up already. I'm doing well here."

The room seemed to brighten as she spoke; the air was sweeter for her presence.

"It's such tiring work," he said. "Nine hours' darning for so little money."

"But you must reckon in the food," she said. "I get a lot to eat at the Kramers. I shall be able to bring some back for you in the evening."

"You must eat your own food," said Pinneberg.

"But I get such a lot at the Kramers," said Bunny once again.



DAY had come. The sun had risen. He blew out the lamp, and they sat down to their coffee. The baby sat sometimes on his father's knee and sometimes on his mother's. He drank his milk and ate his bread, and his eyes glowed with pleasure in the new day.

"If you go to town to-day," said Bunny, "you might bring back a quarter pound of good butter for him. I don't think all this margarine is doing him any good. He's cutting so many teeth."

"Oh, and I must take Puttressie his six marks to-day."

"Yes, you must. Don't forget."

"And Hellbutt must have his ten marks. The day after to-morrow is the first of the month."

"Right," said Bunny.

"That does in all the dole money. I've got just enough for fares."

"I can give you another five marks," said Bunny. "I get three more to-day. So you can buy the butter, and you might see if you can get some bananas at five pfennigs on the Alex—the rubbers charge fifteen here. As if anyone would pay such a price!"

"I will," he said. "Try not to be too late; I don't like the boy being left alone so long."

"I'll see what I can do. I dare say I can be back by half-past five. I suppose you'll start about one?"

"Yes," he said. "At two I have to be at the Labor Exchange."

"It'll be all right," she said. "It's not nice, I know, to leave the baby alone in the hut. But nothing has ever happened."

"No, and won't until it does happen."

"You mustn't talk like that," said she. "Why should we be always out of luck? Now I've got all this mending and darning to do we aren't getting on badly."

"No," he said slowly. "No, of course not."

"Oh, my dear," she cried, "things will improve one of these days, I'm sure they will. Keep your chin up."

"I didn't marry," he said doggedly, "for you to keep me."

"Well, I'm not keeping you," she retorted. "Not on my three marks. Nonsense!" She reflected for a moment.

"Listen, darling, you might do something for me." She hesitated. "It isn't very pleasant, but it would be a great help."

"Of course I will," he said. "What is it?"

"I did some mending three weeks ago at the Ruche in the Gartenstrasse. Two days—six marks. I haven't had the money yet."

"You want me to go for it?"

"Yes, but you're not to make a row, you must promise me that."

"No, no," he said. "I'll get the money all right."

"Good," said she. "That will be a great relief. And now I must go. Bye-bye, darling, bye-bye, little one."

"Bye-bye, my girl," said he. "Don't darn too hard. Two more pairs of stockings don't make much odds."

CHAPTER 17

PINNEBERG put the baby on the floor, gave him a paper to look at, and set himself to clear up the room. It was a very large newspaper for such a very small child, and it lasted quite a while, until the baby had spread it all over the floor. The room was very small, only nine feet by nine, and in it was nothing but a bed, two chairs, a table, and the dressing-table. That was all.

The baby had discovered the pictures on the inner pages of the paper, and was chuckling with delight. "Yes," said Pinneberg encouragingly, "those are pictures, baby." Whatever the baby took for a man he called "Pepp-Pepp," and the women were all "Momm-Momm," and he was very lively and delighted because there were so many people in that paper.

Pinneberg hung the mattresses out of the window to air, tidied the room, and then went into the kitchen. The kitchen was just a strip cut off the other room, nine feet long and four-and-a-half feet wide, the stove was about the smallest ever made, with only one oven. The stove was Bunny's greatest affliction. Here, too, Pinneberg tidied and washed up and swept the floor, all of which he did with zest. But his next occupation he did not enjoy at all; he set himself to peel potatoes and scrape carrots for dinner.

After a while Pinneberg had finished all he had to do. He went for a few moments into the garden and surveyed the landscape. The hut with its little glass-paned verandah seemed so tiny, and the plot of

land so large—almost a thousand square metres. But the soil looked in poor condition, no work had been done on it since Hellbutt had inherited the place, now three years ago. Perhaps the strawberries could still be saved, but a shocking amount of digging would be needed; the place was thick with weeds, couch grass, and thistles.

After the rain of the morning the sky had cleared, and there was a crisp feeling in the air, but it would be good for the baby to come out.

Pinneberg went in again. "Now, baby, we'll go for a ride," he said, put on the child's woollen jumper and his grey water-proof leggings, and set his little white cap on his head.

But the baby eagerly cried "Ka-Ka! Ka-Ka!" and his father gave him what he meant. The cards always had to be taken out, the child needed to hold something in his hand. On the verandah stood the little cart which they had exchanged for the perambulator that summer. "Get in, babe," said Pinneberg, and the babe got in.

Slowly they set forth. Pinneberg did not go the usual way, he did not want to pass Krymna's hut just then, there would only have been a row. In his present hopeless mood Pinneberg would have gladly avoided a quarrel, but it was not always so easy to avoid. In winter, on three thousand little plots of land, hardly fifty persons were left; anyone who could raise the money for a room, or get himself taken in by relatives, had fled to the city to escape the cold and dirt and solitude.

Those that stayed, the poorest, the most enduring and courageous, felt somehow that they ought to hang together, but, unluckily, they did not hang together at all. They were either Communists or Nazis, and thus involved in constant quarrels and conflicts.

PINNEBERG had never been able to come down on one side or the other; he had thought that this would be an easy way out of the dilemma, but it often appeared to be the hardest of all.

On some of the plots there was much sawing and chopping going on—these were the Communists who had been on the night expedition with Krymna. They quickly reduced the wood to firewood, so that when the forest-guard came along he would find no evidence. When Pinneberg politely said "Good-day," they growled a brusque "O-day" in answer. They were certainly angry, and Pinneberg felt uneasy.

Finally they reached a respectable district of long sidewalks and rows of little villas. Pinneberg unhitched the straps of the cart, and said: "Out with you!"

The baby looked at his father, and in his blue eyes sat a little rogue.

"Out with you," said Pinneberg again, "and push your cart."

The baby surveyed his father, put a leg out of the cart, smiled, and drew it back again.

"Come on out," said Pinneberg firmly.

The baby lay back as though about to fall asleep.

"Tight," said Pinneberg, "then Pepp-Pepp will go on by himself."

The baby blinked, but did not stir.

Slowly Pinneberg went on, leaving the cart and the baby behind him. He walked on for ten paces, twenty paces, not a movement. He walked another ten paces, very slowly, and then the child cried: "Pepp-Pepp! Pepp-Pepp!"

Pinneberg turned; the child had got out of the cart, but still made no attempt to follow his father; he held out the straps to be tied round him.

Pinneberg went back and tied the straps. This done, the child's sense of order was satisfied, and for quite a while he pushed the cart alongside his father. Soon they reached a bridge, beneath which a broad swift stream flowed across a meadow. Each side of the bridge

the ground sloped down to the stream. After the rain the stream was full, and the turbid water surged along in swirling eddies.

Pinneberg left the cart standing above, and, with the child's hand in his, walked down to the edge of the stream; and they both surveyed the speeding water. After a while Pinneberg said: "That is water; water—the friend of man."

THE child uttered a faint small sound of applause. Pinneberg repeated his words several times, and each time the child enjoyed hearing his father repeat them.

But it seemed to Pinneberg unfair that he should stand up so tall beside his boy, telling him what was what; so he crouched down on his heels and said once more: "That is water; water—the friend of man."

When the child saw his father crouching on his heels, he thought it was the right thing to do, and he crouched down too. Thus they both sat for a while, and watched the water. They went on. The baby was tired of pushing his cart, so he walked by himself. First, for a while, beside his father and the cart; then he began to notice things and stop—chickens, or a shop window, or the grating of a drain that caught his eye in the expanse of pavement.

Pinneberg waited for a while; then he walked slowly on, stopped again, and called and waved to the child, who pattered on for a few short steps, laughed at his father, turned, and went back again to his grating.

This happened a few times, until Pinneberg was quite a distance in front, much too far—so the child thought. He called to his father, but his father went on. There the child stood, shifting from one small leg to another, with a very earnest look on his little face. He snatched at the edge of his woolly cap, and pulled it down over his face, so that he could no longer see. Then he called out: "Popp-Popp!"

Pinneberg looked round. There stood his little son in the middle of the street, his face quite covered with his cap, and swaying on his little legs, as though at any moment he might fall. Pinneberg rushed back to him, his heart pounding against his chest, and he thought: "Well, fancy being as cute as that at one and a half; covering his eyes so that I'd have to fetch him!"

He pulled the cap off the child's face, and the child beamed up at him. "Well you are a little rascal and no mistake," said he.

Pinneberg said it over and over again, and the tears stood in his eyes.

THEY turned down the Gartenstrasse, towards the house of Busch the manufacturer, whose wife had sewed Bunny six marks for three weeks. Pinneberg repeated to himself his promise that he would not make a row, and firmly resolved he would not; then he rang the bell.

The villa stood in a garden, a little way back from the street; it was a large and pleasant villa with a large and pleasant orchard behind it. It looked very good to Pinneberg.

He surveyed it leisurely, and then he slowly became aware that no one had answered the bell, and he rang again.

A window in the villa was flung open, and a woman called out: "What do you want? We have nothing to give to beggars."

"My wife did some mending in your house," said Pinneberg. "I have come to fetch the six marks."

"Come again to-morrow," shouted the woman in reply, and slammed the window.

Pinneberg stood for a while and considered how much scope was left to him by his promise to Bunny. The baby was sitting quite quiet in his cart, quite aware that his father was angry.

Then Pinneberg pressed the bell-button again, and pressed it for a long while. But there was no sign. Pinneberg felt he had better go away, but he recollected the drudgery of eighteen hours of darning and

mending, and he pressed his elbow firmly against the bell-button. Thus he stood for a long time; several people passed and looked at him. But he stayed, and the baby did not utter a sound.

Then the window was flung open again, and the woman shouted: "If you don't get away from the bell at once I'll call the police."

PINNEBERG took his elbow off the bell, and shouted back: "I wish you would. And I'll tell the policeman—"

But the window was closed again, and Pinneberg began to ring once more. He had always been a quiet and peaceable man, but these virtues had begun to collapse. As a matter of fact, he would have been in a very awkward position if a policeman had in fact appeared, but he did not care. It was very cold, too, for the baby to sit so long in his cart, but of that he did not think. Here stood the little man, Pinneberg, ringing the bell at the house of Busch the manufacturer. He wanted his six marks; he was obdurate, and he intended to get them.

The hall door opened, and the woman came out. She was wild with rage. She had two dogs on a leash, a black and a grey, who no doubt guarded the house and garden at night. The beasts had understood that here was an enemy, they tugged



at their leashes and growled ominously. "I'll set the dogs on you if you don't go away at once."

"I want six marks from you," said Pinneberg.

The woman grew yet more furious when she saw the dogs were no help, as she could not really let them loose. They would have been over the railings in an instant and would have torn him to pieces. Pinneberg knew that as well as she did.

"You must be used to waiting," she said.

"I am," said Pinneberg, without moving.

"You're one of the unemployed," said the woman contemptuously. "I can see that quite well. I'll put the police on you for not reporting your wife's earnings."

"All right," said Pinneberg.

"And I'll take the taxes and sick insurance off your wife's six marks," said the other, trying to soothe the dogs.

"If you do," said Pinneberg, "I'll come along to-morrow and make you show the receipts."

"You wait until your wife comes and asks for some work!" shouted the woman.

"Six marks, please," said Pinneberg.

"You impudent ruffian!" said the woman.

"If my husband was here—"

"Yes, but he isn't here," said Pinneberg.

Here, at last, were the six marks. There they lay, two three mark pieces, on the top of the railing. Pinneberg could not pick them up at once; the woman had first to take the dogs back to the house. Then Pinneberg picked them up.

"Thank you very much," he said, taking off his hat.

The baby gurgled something. "X-x; money," cried Pinneberg. "Money, little one. A-h now we'll go home."

CHAPTER 18

IN former days Pinneberg had often walked down the Friedrichstrasse; it was an old haunt of his. He walked on thinking of this.

Pinneberg thought of Bunny and the boy. "We aren't so badly off," Bunny would often say. She was certainly right.

There seemed a certain amount of excitement among the police, all the patrols were doubled, and every minute or

two he passed a pair of constables parading the pavement. Pinneberg had nothing against the police. They had to exist, of course, especially the traffic police; but he could not help feeling that they looked provokingly well-fed and clothed, and behaved, too, in rather a provocative way. They walked among the public like teachers among schoolchildren during the play interval: Behave properly, or—!

Well, let them be.

For the fourth time Pinneberg was pacing that section of the Friedrichstrasse that lies between the Leipziger and the Linden. He could not go home. He simply revolted at the thought. When he got home everything was again at an end. Life flickered into a dim and hopeless distance; but here something still might happen.

He just wanted to tell some human being what his life had once been, the smart suits he had had, and talk about his boy—His boy!

He had entirely forgotten the boy's butter and bananas. It was now nine o'clock and all the shops would be shut. Pinneberg was furious with himself, and even more sorry than angry. He could not go home empty-handed. What would Bunny think of him? Perhaps he could get something at the side door of a shop. Yonder was a great grocer's shop, radiantly illuminated. Pinneberg flattened his nose against the window. Perhaps there was still someone about whom he could knock up. He must get that butter and bananas.

A voice behind him said in a low tone: "Move on please!"

Pinneberg started—he was really quite frightened, and looked round. A policeman stood beside him.

Was the man speaking to him?

"Move on there, do you hear?" said the policeman, loudly now.

There were other people standing at the shop window, well-dressed folk, but to them the policeman had undoubtedly not addressed himself. He meant Pinneberg.

Pinneberg was utterly taken back: "What? But why? Can't I—?"

He stammered. He simply did not understand.

"Are you going?" asked the policeman, "or shall I—?"

The loop of his rubber truncheon was slipped round his wrist, and he raised the weapon slightly.

EVERYONE stared at Pinneberg. Some passers-by had stopped, and a little crowd began to collect. The people looked on expectantly. They took no sides in the matter. On the previous day shop windows had been broken on the Friedrich and the Leipziger.

The policeman had dark eyebrows, bright resolute eyes, a straight nose, red cheeks, and a small black toothbrush moustache.

"Well?" said the policeman calmly.

Pinneberg tried to speak. Pinneberg looked at the policeman. His lips quivered, and he looked at the bystanders. A little group was standing round the window, well-dressed people, respectable people, people who earned money.

But in the mirror of the window still stood a lone figure, a pale phantom, collarless, clad in a shabby ulster and tattered trousers.

And suddenly Pinneberg understood. In the presence of this policeman these respectable persons, this gleaming window, he understood that he was outside it all, that he no longer belonged here, and that he was rightly chased away. He had slipped into the abyss, and was engulfed. Order and cleanliness. They were of the past. So, too, were work and safe subsistence. And past, too, were progress and hope. Poverty was not merely misery, poverty was an offence, poverty was evil, poverty meant that a man was suspect.

"Well, am I to shift you?" asked the policeman.

Pinneberg obeyed. He was like a man bereft of sense. He was aware of nothing but a longing to hurry to the Friedrichstrasse station, and catch his train and get back to Bunny.

Pinneberg was conscious of a blow on his shoulder, not a heavy blow, but just enough to land him in the roadway.

"Hop it, my lad," said the policeman, "and hop it quick."

PINNEBERG went. He shuffled along in the roadway close to the kerb, and he thought of a great many things, of fires and bombs and street shooting, and how Bunny and the baby were done for, too. It was all over . . . but, really, he was not thinking of anything at all.

Pinneberg came to the junction of the Jagerstrasse and the Friedrichstrasse. He wanted to cross to the railway station, and so get home to Bunny and the baby, where he would be somebody . . . But now another policeman gave him a push. "That's your way, my lad." And he pointed down the Jagerstrasse.

Once more Pinneberg tried to mutiny. He had to catch his train, "But I must . . ." he said.

"That's your way, I tell you," repeated the constable, and pushed him into the Jagerstrasse. "Now then, get a move on." And he gave Pinneberg an emphatic shove in the desired direction.

Pinneberg began to run. He ran very fast. He realised that the police were no longer behind him, but he did not dare look round. He ran along the roadway into the night, straight ahead, into the darkness, into the night—though the night was not really dark anywhere.

After a long, long time he slackened step. He stopped and looked round. No one. Nothing. No police. Cautiously he raised one foot and placed it on the pavement. Then the other. He stood no longer in the roadway; he stood upon the pavement.

Then Pinneberg went on, step by step, through the city of Berlin. But it was nowhere very dark, and it was very difficult to slip past the policemen.

On Street No. 87A, in front of allotment 375, a car stopped, a taxi from Berlin. The driver had for many hours been sitting in Pinneberg's hut, in the little kitchen, which he almost entirely filled.

The man had drunk a pot of coffee, then smoked a cigar, and then walked for a while in the garden, but there was nothing to be seen in the darkness. He went back to the kitchen, drank another pot of coffee, and smoked another cigar.

But those within were still talking and talking, especially the big fair-haired man. The taxi-driver could, if he had liked, have listened to what they were saying, but it did not interest him in the least. In a taxi, where there is almost always a crack in the glass panel between the driver's seat and the interior, a man can hear enough intimacies in a week to last him for a lifetime.

After a while the man made up his mind. He got up and knocked at the door. "Aren't we going to start soon, sir?"

"Don't you want to earn money?" roared the big fair-haired man.

"Sure," said the driver. "But all this waiting costs a pot of money."

"Well, it's my pot of money," said the big man. "You sit down on your hind-quarters again and see if you can remember your catechism. What you need is a drink. You'll be surprised at yourself."

"All right," said the driver, "then I'll have a bit of a nap."

"Just as you like," said the other.

And Bunny: "I really don't understand where the lad can be. He's always home by eight at the latest."

"He'll soon be here," said Jachmann.

"How's the young father, little mother?"

"Poor dear," said Bunny, "it's a bad time for him. When a man's been out of work for fourteen months—"

"Something will turn up," said Jachmann. "Now I'm around again, you'll soon see something doing."

"Were you really away on a trip, Herr Jachmann?" asked Bunny.

"Yes, I was away for a bit," Jachmann



stood up and walked over to the baby's bed. "It's strange that a father can stay out when he's got something like this waiting for him!"

"Oh, God, Herr Jachmann," said Bunny. "Of course the baby's lovely, but we can't think only of the baby. You see I go out sewing by the day—"

"You mustn't do that! It must stop at once!"

"I go out sewing by the day, and he looks after the house and the food and the child. He doesn't grumble, he's even glad to do it, but what sort of life is that for a man? Tell me, Jachmann, is this to go on for ever—men sitting at home and doing the housework, and the women going out to work? It's impossible!"

"Come," said Jachmann. "How do you make that out? In the war the women did the work, and the men killed each other, and everyone thought it was all right. This arrangement is even better."

"Everyone didn't think it was all right."

"Well, nearly everyone, young woman. Man is like that, he learns nothing, he always does the same foolish things over again. I know I do," Jachmann paused a moment. "I'm going back to your mother-in-law."

BUNNY said slowly: "Well, Herr Jachmann, you ought to know best. Perhaps it isn't so foolish after all. She is very clever and amusing."

"Of course it's foolish," said Jachmann angrily. "It's damned foolish. You don't know what you're talking about, my dear! However—"

He sank into meditation.

After a long pause Bunny said: "You mustn't wait, Herr Jachmann. The ten o'clock train is through, too. I really believe the lad has gone on the loose tonight. He had quite a lot of money with him."

"What? A lot of money? Have you still got a lot of money?"

Bunny laughed. "What we call a lot, Jachmann. Twenty marks. Or five and twenty marks. Enough for a night out."

"Yes," said Jachmann gloomily.

And again there was a long silence.

After a while Jachmann again raised his head. "Are you worrying, Bunny?"

"Of course I'm worrying. You'll soon see what these last two years have made of my husband. And he's really a decent lad—"

"He is."

"I don't know why he's been made to suffer like this. And if he starts drinking—"

Jachmann reflected. "He won't do that," he said; "there's always been a kind of freshness about Pinneberg, and getting drunk is a nasty business—he won't drink. He might go off the rails a bit, but never really take to drink—"

"The half-past ten train has come through," said Bunny. "I'm really anxious now."

"Don't you worry," said Jachmann. "Pinneberg will win through."

"Through what?" asked Bunny angrily. "What is he to win through? There's no sense in what you say, it's just to comfort me. That's the worst of it—he sits around here in the country and has nothing to fight against. He can only wait—what for? What can happen? Nothing. Wait—that's all he has to do."

Jachmann surveyed her for a while. He had turned his great leonine head round towards Bunny, and looked her full in the face. "You mustn't be always thinking of the train, Bunny," he said. "Your man will come back again; he'll certainly come back."

"It isn't just the drink," said Bunny; "drink would be bad, but not so very bad. But you see he's so done in, that anything might happen to him—he went to see Puttibrese to-day, who was very likely rude to him, and that's the sort of thing that upsets him these days. He can't stand much, you know, Jachmann, and he might—"

She gazed at him with large, wide-open eyes. Suddenly those eyes filled with tears, large, bright tears that ran down her cheeks, and the soft, firm mouth began to quiver helplessly. "Jachmann," she whispered, "he might—"

Jachmann got up; he stood half behind her and grasped her by the shoulders. "No, my dear," he said, "that can't happen. He wouldn't do that."

"Anything can happen." She shook herself free. "You'd better go home. You're wasting your money keeping that taxi waiting. It's just one of our bad times."

JACHMANN did not answer. He took two steps forward and two steps back. On the table lay the tin cigarette-box full of old playing-cards which the baby so loved. "What did you say that the boy called the cards?" asked Jachmann.

"What boy? Oh, the baby. Ka-ka, he always says."

"Shall I lay the Ka-ka, the cards, for you?" said Jachmann with a smile. "Just you wait, your fortune is quite different from what you think."

"Don't trouble to do that," said Bunny. "There'll be a bit of money coming to us—the dole for next week."

"I'm not very flush at the moment," said Jachmann; "but I can gladly let you have eighty or even ninety marks." He corrected himself: "Lend you, I mean, of course."

"That's very nice of you, Jachmann," said Bunny. "It would come in useful. But money doesn't help, you know. We shall manage. Money is no help at all. Work would help, and a little hope would help the lad. Money? No."

"Is it because I'm going back to your mother-in-law?" asked Jachmann, looking meditatively at Bunny.

"Partly," said Bunny. "I have to keep everything from him that might torment him, Jachmann. You can understand that."

"I understand," said Jachmann.

"But the main reason is because money doesn't help at all. What's the advantage of being a little better off for six or eight weeks? None."

"Perhaps I could get a job for him," said Jachmann reflectively.

"Ah, Herr Jachmann," said Bunny, "you mean well. But don't go to any trouble, if he's to get another job, it mustn't be through fraud and lying. The lad must shake off his fears and feel himself free again."

"Yes," said Jachmann gloomily; "if you want such luxury to-day without fraud and lying . . . I can't find it for you!"

"You see," said Bunny eagerly; "the others steal wood for their firing. I don't think it's so very wrong, you know; but I told the lad he wasn't to do it. He must not fall below himself, Jachmann, I won't."

have it. He must keep his self-respect. Luxury—yes, if you like, but it's our only luxury, we must stick to it, and we'll be all right, Jachmann."

"My dear," said Jachmann. "I—"
"Look at the baby in his cot—perhaps things will improve and the lad will pull himself together and get a job and some work that interests him, and earn money again. And then he'll always be thinking about what he was and what he did. It isn't the wood, Jachmann, and it isn't the law; I don't think much of the law when we can be brought down to this state and no one suffer for it, while we have to go to gaol for three marks' worth of wood. It makes me laugh, Jachmann, there's not much disgrace about that—"

"My dear . . ." Jachmann tried to begin again.

"But the lad can't do it," said Bunny energetically. "He's like his father. He gets nothing from his mother. Mamma has told me ten times over what an old stickler his father was. In his work as a lawyer's managing clerk, everything had to be just so and not otherwise. And it was exactly the same with his whole private life. If a bill had come in during the morning, he went out and paid it the very same evening. He used to say that if he did and the bill was overlooked it might be said that he had been a dishonourable man. The lad is just like that. So it isn't any luxury, Jachmann, he must stick to it, and if he often thinks he can do as the others do, he just can't. He must keep clean. And that's why I won't let him take any job that's founded on fraud."

"WHAT on earth, am I doing here?" asked Jachmann. "Why am I sitting here? Nothing the matter with you, I fancy. You're quite right, my dear, you're plumb right. I shall go home."
But he did not go, he did not even get up from his chair, he stared wide-eyed at Bunny. "This morning at six o'clock, Bunny," he said, "I was let out of gaol. I've done a year, my dear," he added.

"Jachmann," said Bunny, "since you stayed away that night I've always supposed something of the kind had happened. Not at once, but it did occur to me. You see—" Bunny did not know exactly how to put it—"you are so—"

"Of course I am," said Jachmann.

"To the few people that you like, you are nice, and to all the rest you are probably as nice as all."

"Right," said Jachmann; "and I like you, my dear."

"And then you enjoy yourself, and you like having a lot of money and plenty going on, and you always need to have something on hand—yes, that's your line. When Mamma told me there was a warrant out for you, I knew at once I was right."

"And do you know who gave me away?"

"Mamma, wasn't it?"

"Mamma, of course. Frau Marie, called Miss Pinneberg. You know, Bunny, I'd been off on my own a bit, and Mamma's a devil when she's jealous. Well, Mamma came in for a stretch, too, not so very bad—only a month."

"And now you're going back to her? But I understand. You belong to each other."

"Right, my dear, we do. She's a splendid woman all the same, you know. I like her greed and her egotism. . . . Did you know that Mamma has more than thirty thousand marks in the bank?"

"What? More than thirty thousand?"

"What did you suppose? Mamma's a sensible woman. Mamma looks ahead; Mamma thinks of old age; Mamma's not going to be dependent on anybody. No, I'm going back to her. For anyone like me she's the best pal in the world, through thick and thin, horse stealing, and everything else."

Then there was silence for a while; after which Jachmann got up suddenly, and

said: "Then good-night, Bunny, I'm off."
"Good-night, Jachmann, and I wish you the very, very best of luck."

Jachmann shrugged his shoulders: "The cream's all gone, Bunny, when a man's in the fifties; it's all skim milk after that." He paused, and then said softly: "There's no chance for me, Bunny, is there?"

Bunny smiled at him, out of the very depths of herself. "No, Jachmann, none at all. The lad and I—"

"Then don't you be afraid about the lad. He'll be here very soon. Bye-bye, Bunny, and perhaps we'll meet again."

"Good-bye, Jachmann, I'm sure we shall. When things are better. Now don't forget to take your trunk. They were the main point."

"Why, so they were, my dear. Right as always, plumb right."

BUNNY had gone into the garden with her visitor; the sleepy chauffeur could not get the chilled engine to start at once, and the two stood in silence beside the car. Then they shook hands again, and again said good-bye. Bunny watched the reflection of the headlights dwindle into the distance, for a time she could still hear the hum of the engine; then all was dark and silent.

The sky was clear and starry, and there was a light frost. Among all the huts, as far as she could see, not a light was visible; only behind her, in the window of her own hut, shone the soft, reddish glow of the oil lamp.

There Bunny stood, the baby slept—was she waiting? What was she waiting for? The last train was through, he could not now get back until to-morrow morning. He had gone off on the spree—one more affliction that she had not been spared. She had been spared nothing. She could go to bed and sleep. Or lie awake. It was all one. What did it matter how one lived?

Bunny did not go in. She stood there; but that silent night there was something that made her heart uneasy. Up yonder the familiar stars glittered in the chill air. The bushes in the garden and in the neighboring garden were crude compact masses of blackness, and the next hut stood up like a great dark tent.

No wind, not a sound, nothing; far away in the distance rumbled a train. There in that garden the silence was tense and still, and Bunny knew she was not alone. Someone was standing in the darkness, just as she was, motionless. Did he breathe? No, not a breath. And yet there was someone there.

Yonder was an elder bush, and yonder was another. Since when had there been something between them?

Bunny took a step forward, her heart was hammering, but she said very quietly: "Darling, is that you?"

The bush, the bush that she had never noticed, was silent. Then it moved very slowly, and said, in a hoarse and halting voice: "Has he gone?"

"Yes, Jachmann has gone. Have you been waiting here long?"

Pinneberg did not answer.

For a while they stood thus, silent; Bunny longed to know how her lad was looking, but his face was not visible. And yet, from that silent figure that confronted her, she was conscious of a wait of peril, something still darker than the night, something more menacing than this strange rigidity of the man she knew so well.

Bunny stood still, then she said lightly: "Shall we go in? I'm feeling cold."

He did not answer.

Bunny understood, something had happened. It was not that the lad had been drinking, or at least it was not only that—he had, perhaps, been drinking too. Something else had happened, something worse.

There stood her husband, the lad whom she so loved, in the darkness, like a

wounded beast, and dared not come into the light. They had got him down at last.

She said: "Jachmann only came to fetch his trunk. He's not coming back."

But Pinneberg did not answer.

Once more they stood for a while. Yonder on the road beneath them Bunny could hear a car, far away, then the hum of it approached, grew louder, and then gradually faded into silence. What should she say? If only he would speak!

She said: "I've been doing some mending at the Kramers to-day, you know."

He did not answer.

"At least—I didn't do any mending. She had a bit of stuff, and I cut out a house-frock and made it up for her. She was very pleased; she's going to let me have her old sewing-machine cheap and recommend me to all her friends. I get eight marks for making a dress, and sometimes ten."

She waited. She waited quite a while. Then she said cautiously: "I dare say we shall be making good money soon; our troubles may be over."

HE moved slightly; then he again stood still and was silent.

Bunny waited. Her heart was heavy within her, and she felt very cold. She had no more words of comfort. She could do no more. It was futile. Why should she struggle further; and for what? He might as well have gone out to steal wood with the rest.

Once more she gazed up at the myriad stars; the heavens were still and solemn, but strange and vast and very far away. She said: "The boy kept asking for you all the afternoon. He suddenly stopped calling you Pepp-Pepp, he now says Pappo."

No answer.

"Oh, my darling!" she cried. "What is it? Do say just one word to your Bunny. Am I nothing to you any more? Are we so hopelessly apart?"

Alas, it was no good. He came no nearer, he said nothing; he seemed farther and farther away.

The cold had risen to Bunny's heart; it gripped her until she was chilled through and through. Behind her shone the warm red light of the hut window, where the baby was asleep. Alas, children depart also, they are ours only for a while—six years? Ten years? We are all of us alone. She turned towards the red glow she must go in—what else could she do?

Behind her a voice called from far away: "Bunny!"

She went on; it was no use, she went on. "Bunny!"

She went on. There was the hut, there was the door, one step more and her hand was on the latch—

She felt herself held fast, the lad was clutching her. He sobbed and stammered out: "Oh, Bunny, do you know what they've done to me . . . the police . . . they shoved me off the pavement . . . they chased me away . . . How can I look anyone in the face again—?"

And suddenly the cold had gone, an infinite, soft green wave raised her up, and him with her. They slid onwards, and the twinkling stars came very near. She whispered: "But you can always look at me. Always and always. You are here with me, and we are together—"

The wave rose and rose. They sat on the sea-shore by night between Lennahin and Wick, where they first met; once more the stars were close above their heads. It was the old rapture, the old love. Higher and higher, from the polluted earth towards the stars.

And then they both went into the hut, where the baby lay asleep.

THE END.

All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

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